

Featuring:

DICK COLE

★ EDISON BELL ★

April

BLUE BOLT



ALSO

BLUE BOLT
SERGEANT SPOOK
SUB-ZERO
SUPERHORSE
AND
KRISKO and JASPER

EDISON BELL'S PAL,
JERRY, SAVED THE DAY
BY HIDING IN THE
HEADHUNTERS'
MECHANICAL IDOL!

Vol. 2
No. 11



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

Thank you for your cooperation in sending us your local comic polls. Now, in return, we realize you would like to know how our records add up. Of course there is no argument about Dick Cole, The Wonder Boy, ranking "tops." Edison Bell is second favorite, but Krisko and Jasper are making more and more friends each month and we wouldn't be surprised to have them competing for the second place before long.

All of the other features have their enthusiastic followers which makes it hard for us to classify them, but we feel that this shows that your Editors are quite right when they insist on variety and that each of you derives something special in way of enjoyment from at least one story in BLUE BOLT.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Dear Editors:

I think Dick Cole is your best feature, and I am glad he and Simba are friends now. If you would leave Blue Bolt's hood off he would look better and we would like him better.

You should have more pages of Edison Bell and Krisko & Jasper.

Sincerely yours,
Robert Seigler
Miami, Florida

—(We would like to have a vote on whether Blue Bolt's hood should be on or off. How about it, readers?)

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have enjoyed reading BLUE BOLT Comics immensely. I think it is the best comic book I ever read. The character I like best is Sub-Zero. He is different from most comic magazine characters because he can freeze things and make it mighty uncomfortable for gangsters. It has improved Sub-Zero a lot to have Freezum along on his adventures helping him.

Sincerely yours,
Dean Hamilton
Jackson, Michigan

—(Are we right in thinking that it is Freezum's sense of humor that makes you like him, Dean?)

Dear Editors:

My brother and I are ardent fans of BLUE BOLT Comics. I feel that Krisko & Jasper add to the thrilling enjoyment and are exceptionally witty. I wish that it were possible to add two or more pages to this strip—it being my favorite, I naturally want to see more.

I think BLUE BOLT is the best comic magazine on the market and I shall continue to read and enjoy it.

Yours very truly,
Eugene Kelly
Brooklyn, N. Y.

—(Eugene Kelly makes a motion to have more of those two crazy seafaring cow-punchers—any "nay"s, or shall we make it unanimous?)

* * *

Dear Editors:

About two weeks ago my history teacher told me to look up some particular person in history. That night I looked in a history book, but I could not find anything about this person. I looked and looked and then decided to sit down and read a comic magazine. It was BLUE BOLT Comics. While I was turning the pages I stumbled upon "Old Cap Hawkins' Tales." Boy, was I surprised when I read the story and it was the one the teacher told me to find. The next day when I took

in my work the teacher said it was very good.

Robert Weinert
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

—(More surprises in each new BLUE BOLT, •Robert.)

* * *

Dear Editors:

I read a letter to the Editors in the November issue of BLUE BOLT Comics that I did not agree with. In this letter, the writer said that Old Cap Hawkins' Tales should be taken out. I think that this suggestion should be ignored because Old Cap Hawkins' Tales is short, adventuresome, interesting, and educational—and it's also something different in comic magazines.

Dick Cole is a good model for American boys to try to follow and Sub-Zero is just like most other comic strips. Sergeant Spook is my favorite next to Old Cap Hawkins. Make it a little longer.

Eugene Breetveld
New York, New York

—(Everyone has a right to his opinion, Eugene, and that is why we do not intend to take out Old Cap Hawkins, because even though there are a few that do not like him, there are many who enjoy reading his tales as much as you do.)

\$1.00 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

DICK COLLE

WONDER

BOY!

By
Bob Davis.



MYSTERY! DICK - A CADET AT FARR MILITARY SCHOOL - RECEIVES A LOCKED GREEN BOX IN THE MAIL, ACCOMPANIED BY A TERSE LETTER FROM HIS GUARDIAN, PROF. BLAIR....

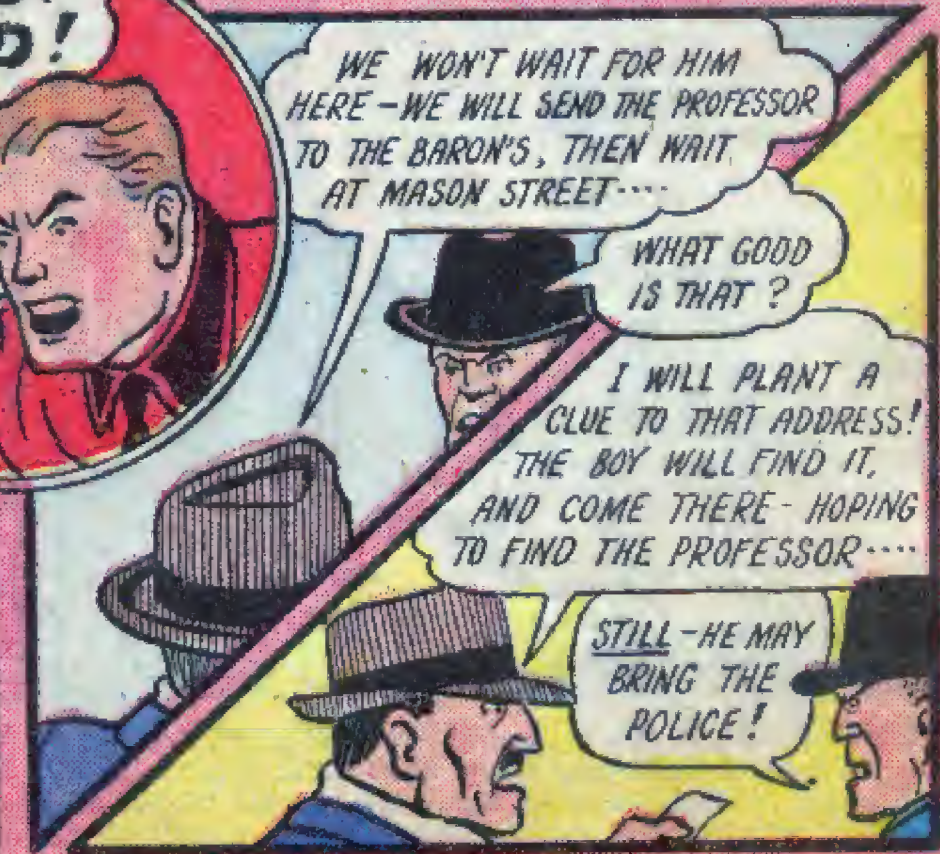
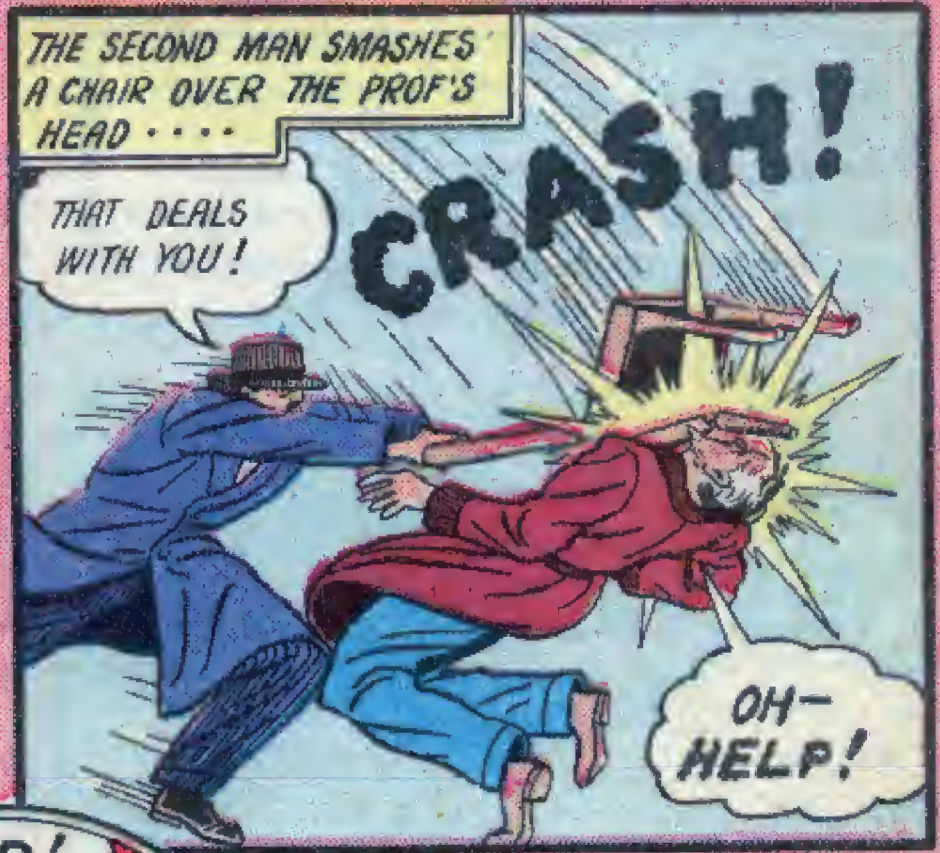
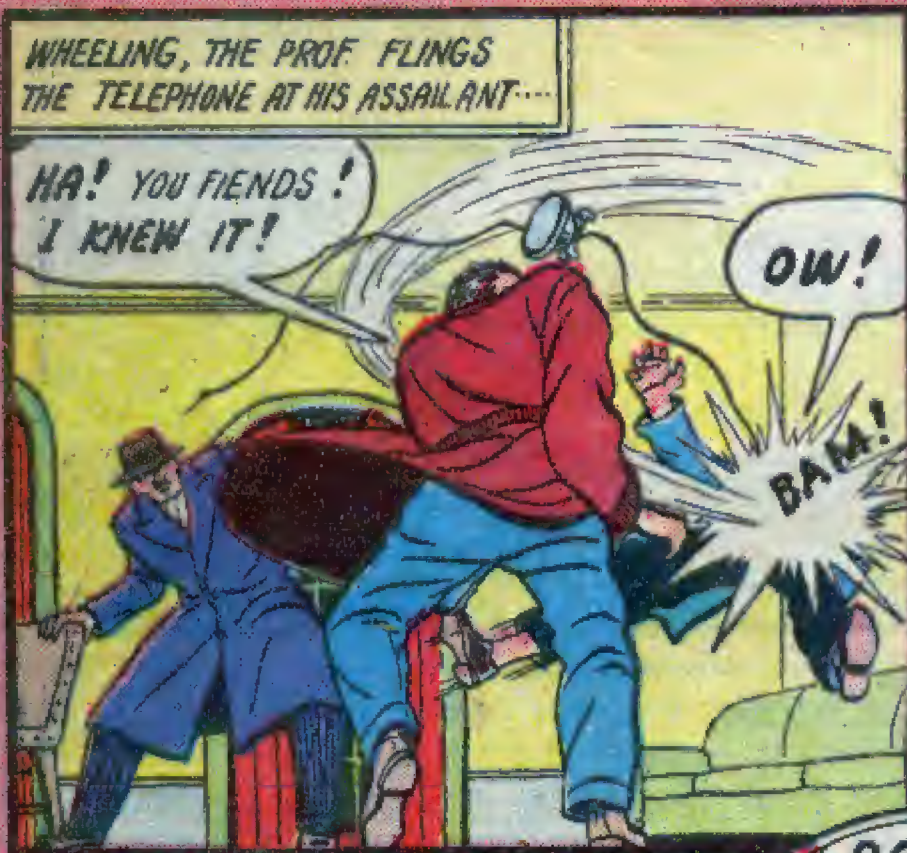
"DICK, GUARD THIS BOX WITH YOUR LIFE.... I WILL TELEPHONE YOU AT NINE TONIGHT AND EXPLAIN!"
SIGNED - "DAD!" HMMM-!
I WONDER - ?

THAT NIGHT, SHARPLY AT NINE, THE PROFESSOR TELEPHONES... HIS VOICE IS TENSE....

YES, DAD - I RECEIVED THE BOX - YES - ? WHAT?

DICK, MY BOY, THAT BOX CONTAINS A SCIENTIFIC FORMULA THAT COULD BRING COMPLETE RUIN TO THIS POOR WORLD IF IT GOT INTO THE WRONG HANDS! NOW-

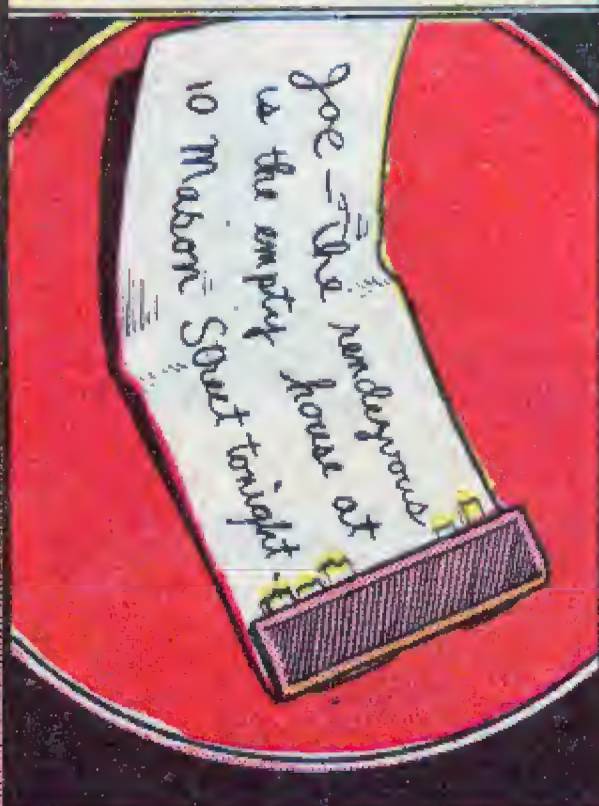
AS THE PROF. TALKS, TWO DARK FIGURES ARE SLINKING INTO THE ROOM....



STUPID!--- WE CAN WATCH HIS APPROACH! IF THE POLICE ARE WITH HIM--WE SLIP QUIETLY OUT THE BACK WAY!

AH-YES-!

SO THE CLUE IS PLANTED ON AN EMPTY MATCH COVER



AND THE UNCONSCIOUS PROFESSOR IS CARRIED FROM HIS HOUSE, SENT OFF INTO THE NIGHT . . .

IT SHOULD BE EASY TO PERSUADE THE BOY TO GIVE UP THE BOX WHEN WE TELL HIM WE HAVE THIS OLD DUCK!

THE BARON WILL BE FURIOUS IF WE DON'T!



BACK AT SCHOOL, DICK IS FILLED WITH DIRE APPREHENSION . . .

DICK-! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE!

MY DAD! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM!

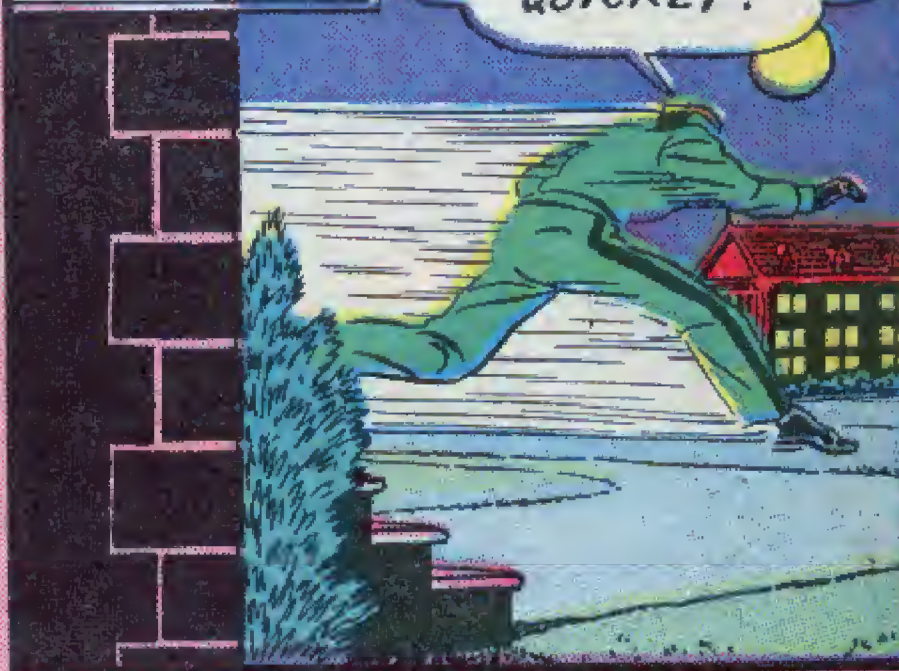
I'VE GOT TO TEAR INTO TOWN--IMMEDIATELY!

GOSH-!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, HE LEAPS OUT OF THE DORM . . .

LAURA'S CAR! I'LL HAVE TO BORROW IT--QUICKLY!



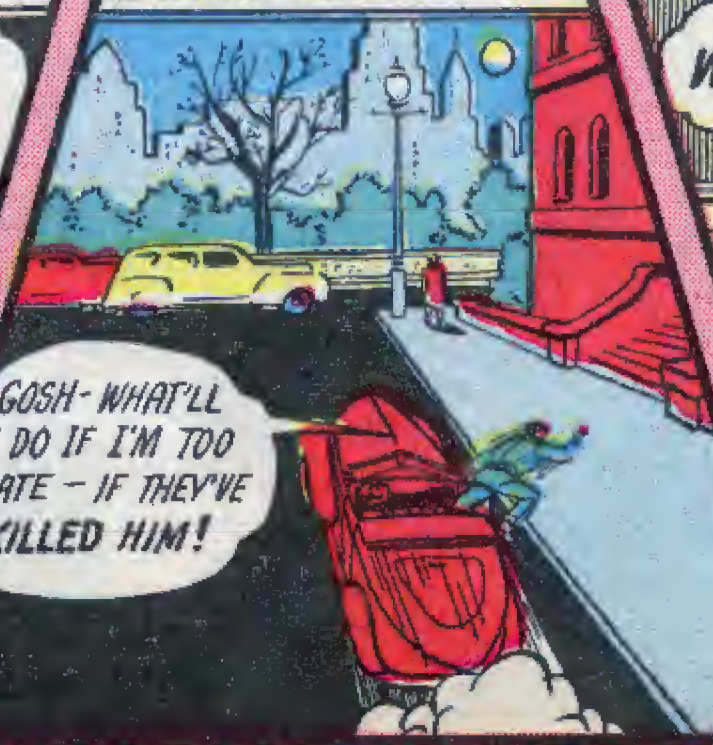
IN THE CAR, HE RACES TOWARD THE CITY, FULL TILT . . .

A FORMULA - THE BOX! AND AGENTS! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! THEY GOT TO HIM! OH-C'MON-FASTER-FASTER-!



REACHING THE PROF'S HOUSE, HE SPRINGS FROM THE CAR . . .

GOSH-WHAT'LL I DO IF I'M TOO LATE - IF THEY'VE KILLED HIM!



DASHING INSIDE -

A SHAMBLES! AND HE'S GONE! - WHAT?-I WONDER IF -

WOW!



ABRUPTLY, HE SPOTS
THE MATCH-COVER....

"MASON STREET—
RENDEZVOUS!" THIS MAY
BE A CLUE! THEY MAY
HAVE TAKEN HIM THERE!

HE LEAPS FROM THE HOUSE....

MASON STREET—
JUST AROUND THE
CORNER!

ARRIVING AT THE HOUSE,
HE RINGS THE BELL....

THIS IS IT!
GLOOMY DUMP!
-DARK-

SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS—
RUDE HANDS SNATCH THE BOY—
HAUL HIM INSIDE....

HEY!

GOT
HIM!

COME
IN HERE—
YOU!

THEY CRASH
TO THE FLOOR....

THAT'LL HOLD
HIM!

BANG!

QUICK!
CROWN
HIM!

ALL RIGHT,
NOW, SONNY—
RELAX!

WE HAVE YOUR DAD!
GIVE US THAT GREEN BOX
AND WE'LL LET YOU BOTH
GO FREE!

WHAT? AH!
SO THAT'S IT? GO
HANG YOURSELVES!

LISTEN, BLONDE BRAT!
WE ARE SERIOUS! EITHER
WE GET THAT BOX, OR YOU
AND YOUR DAD WILL BE
TORTURED INTO MADNESS!

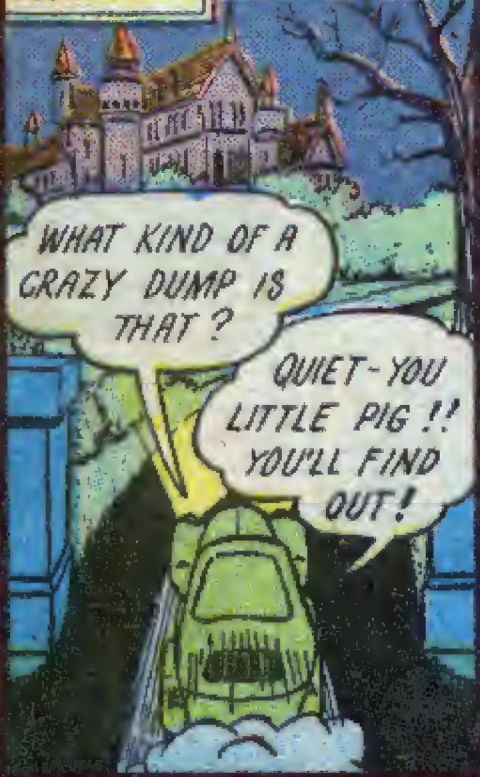
YOU BLACK RATS—WHISTLE THAT
TUNE TO SOMEBODY WHO'S INTERESTED!
WHERE IS MY DAD?

WE'D BETTER TAKE
HIM TO THE
BARON!

SO THE THREE OF
THEM HEAD OUT OF TOWN
IN ANOTHER CAR....

YOU'LL GET
THAT BOX, PRETTY-BOY,
WHEN THE BARON
GET'S THROUGH
WITH YOU!

WITHIN AN HOUR, THEY ARE ENTERING A HUGE COUNTRY ESTATE....



WHAT KIND OF A CRAZY DUMP IS THAT?

QUIET-YOU LITTLE PIG!! YOU'LL FIND OUT!

ENTERING THE HUGE, MUSTY, CASTLE-LIKE STRUCTURE, THE TWO MEN LEAD DICK THROUGH LONG, DARK HALLWAYS-FINALLY ENTER A HIGH-VAULTED ROOM....

HAIL!
WE HAVE BROUGHT THE BOY, BARON! HE WOULD NOT TALK!

HAIL! HE
NEEDS YOUR PERSUASIVE INFLUENCE, SIR!

ACH-YOU DUMMKOPFS! BRING THE WERSEL IN!

APPROACHING, THE BARON EYES DICK GOOLLY....

HELLO, LITTLE PIGEON....YOU MUST BE SENSIBLE ABOUT THIS....THE BOX WE NEED AS MUCH AS YOU AND YOUR DEAR PAPA NEED YOUR LIVES....



LISTEN, MISTER-THE POLICE OF THIS COUNTRY AREN'T FOOLS!

YOU-

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR PAPA HAS DONE? HE HAS MADE ONE OF THE GREATEST STRIDES FORWARD IN-

TUT-TUT! LET ME TALK, PIGEON! I VILL CONVINCE YOU TO SEE REASON!

-THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE! HE HAS BROKEN DOWN THE ATOM! HE HAS DISCOVERED A FUND OF ENERGY-SO VITAL-YET, SO CHEAP- THAT HE COULD DRIVE AN OCEAN LINER ACROSS THE SEA WITH ONE LUMP OF COAL! THINK OF THAT!!! LOOK-I VILL SHOW YOU SOME MOVIES OF HIS EXPERIMENTS!



THE ROOM IS DARKENED-A CAMERA BEGINS TO GRIND....

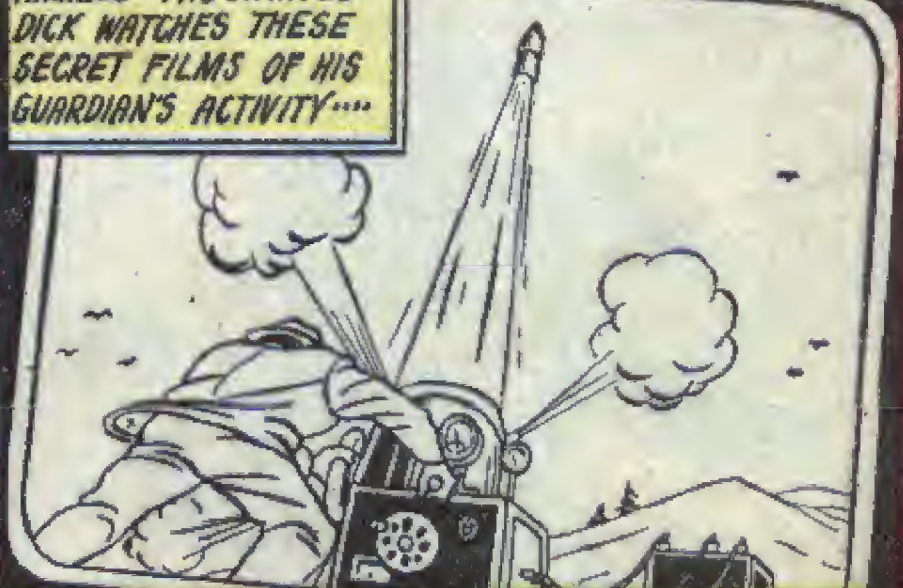


WE TOOK THESE FILMS OFF YOUR PAPA WITH A TELESCOPIC CAMERA! SEE THE SMALL PILL IN HIS HAND?

YES-

NOW SEE THE TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION HE CAUSES WITH IT!! IT WOULD TAKE A TON OF T.N.T. TO DUPLICATE IT! ACH! SUCH A SECRET!

AMAZED-FASCINATED-DICK WATCHES THESE SECRET FILMS OF HIS GUARDIAN'S ACTIVITY....



"YOUR PAPA DID NOT KNOW WE WERE PHOTOGRAPHING HIM.... SEE THAT ROCKET HE IS SENDING INTO SPACE WITH HIS LITTLE PILLS? IMAGINE THIS! THOSE ROCKETS NEVER CAME BACK TO EARTH-THEY WERE BLOWN COMPLETELY OUT OF THE STRATOSPHERE!"



"NOW SEE THAT AIR-SHIP! IT RAN FOR THREE WEEKS IN THE AIR ON ONE OF THOSE PILLS! SUCH A FORMULA! MY GOVERNMENT IS PROGRESS-MINDED!! WITH THAT FORMULA VE CAN BRING UNTOLD BENEFITS TO THE WORLD! BUT YOUR PAPA DENIES IT! VE—

BENEFITS-BENEFITS! YOU FILTHY BEAST! YOUR GOVERNMENT WANTS TO CONQUER THE WORLD WITH THAT FORMULA! WELL-YOU WON'T GET IT!

HO—IS THAT SO, WEASEL? WELL—VE SHALL SEE! VE SHALL NOW CHANGE YOUR MIND!



BRING IN THE OLD CROW—DRAG HIM HERE TO RATTLE HIS CHAINS FOR THE BOY'S AMUSEMENT—! VE SHALL SEE HOW MUCH HE LOVES HIS POOR, CRACKED OLD PAPA!



HEH-HEH-

A DOOR CREAKS OPEN, THE PROFESSOR IS BROUGHT IN—A PITIFUL SIGHT....



DICK—! THEY'VE GOT YOU TOO! OH, MY BOY—!

MY BOY—DEFY THEM! DON'T GIVE UP THAT BOX! THESE MEN WILL ENSLAVE THE WORLD WITH THAT FORMULA!



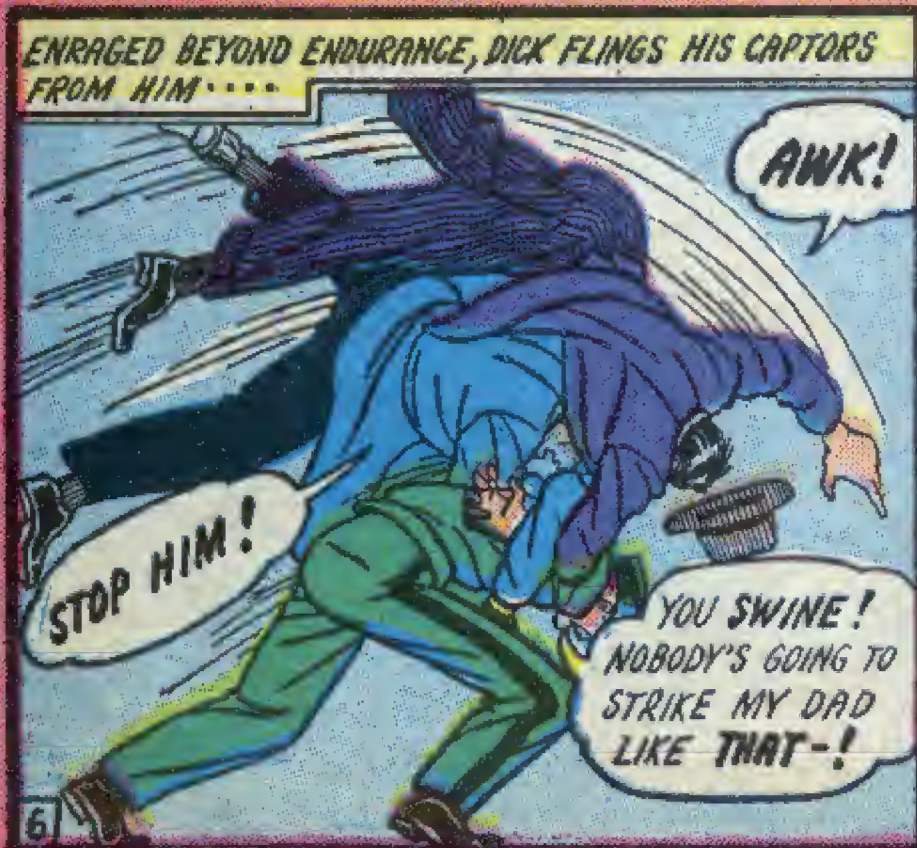
DAD—DAD! LET ME GO!

SILENCE—WRETCHED ONE!

KEEP YOUR FLABBY MOUTH SHUT!!



ENRAGED BEYOND ENDURANCE, DICK FLINGS HIS CAPTORS FROM HIM....

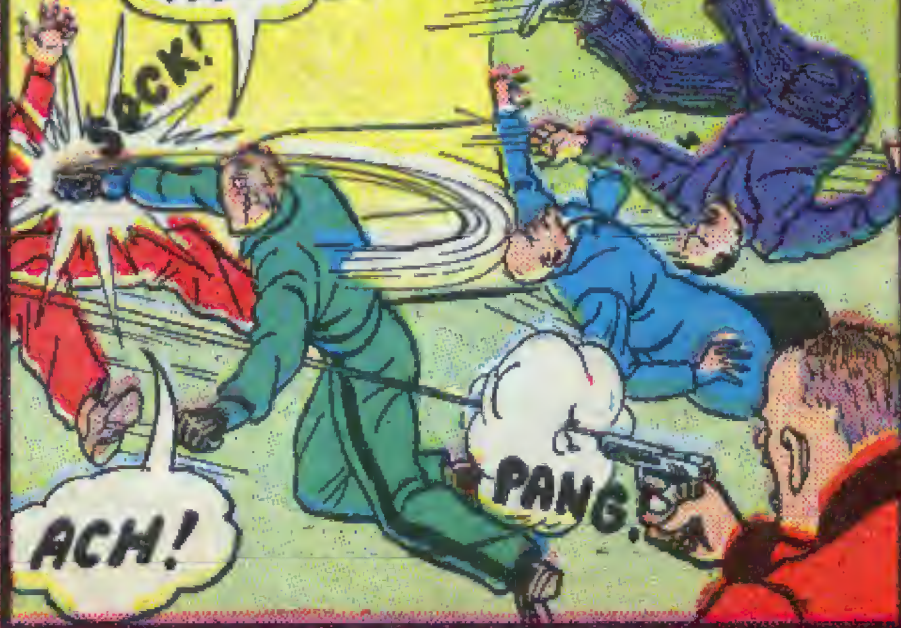


AWK!

STOP HIM!

YOU SWINE! NOBODY'S GOING TO STRIKE MY DAD LIKE THAT—!

TAKE THAT—YOU DOGS OF THE DEVIL! YOU FIENDS—YOU—



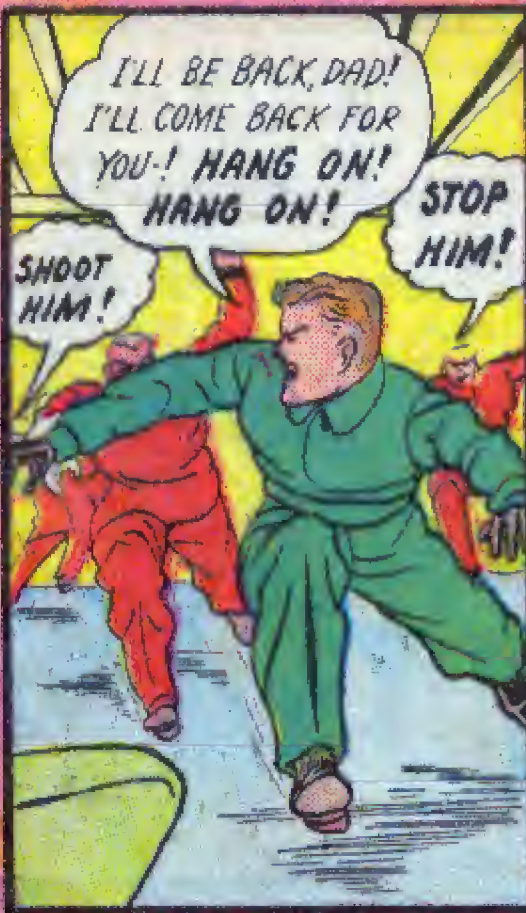
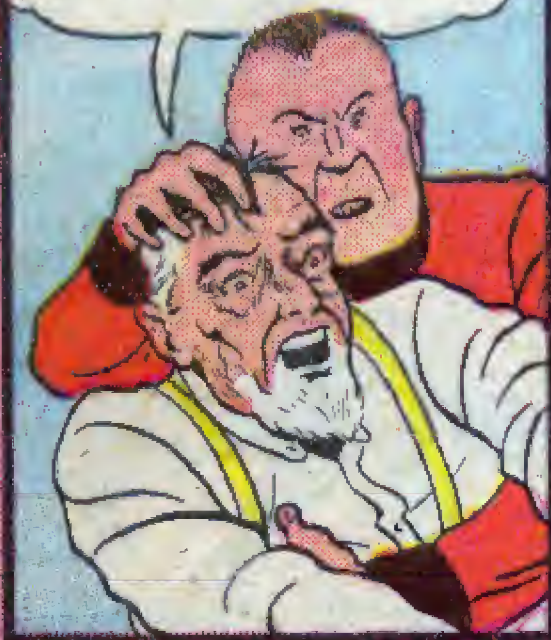
HALP!

ACH!

PANG!

STRUGGLING-THE PROFESSOR YELLS AT DICK....

RUN, DICK! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! NEVER MIND ME-I'M CHAINED! RUN! RUN!



I'LL BE BACK, DAD! I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU! HANG ON! HANG ON!

STOP HIM!

SHOOT HIM!

THERE'S A WILD HAIR-RAISING CHASE-THROUGH HALLWAYS-UP STAIRWAYS-FINALLY DICK EMERGES ONTO A HIGH TOWER-

HOLY CATS- THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE LINE !!

WE GOT HIM NOW!

CORNERED!



ONE GLANCE AT THE SICKENING DROP FROM THE TOWER-THEN DICK DIVES....

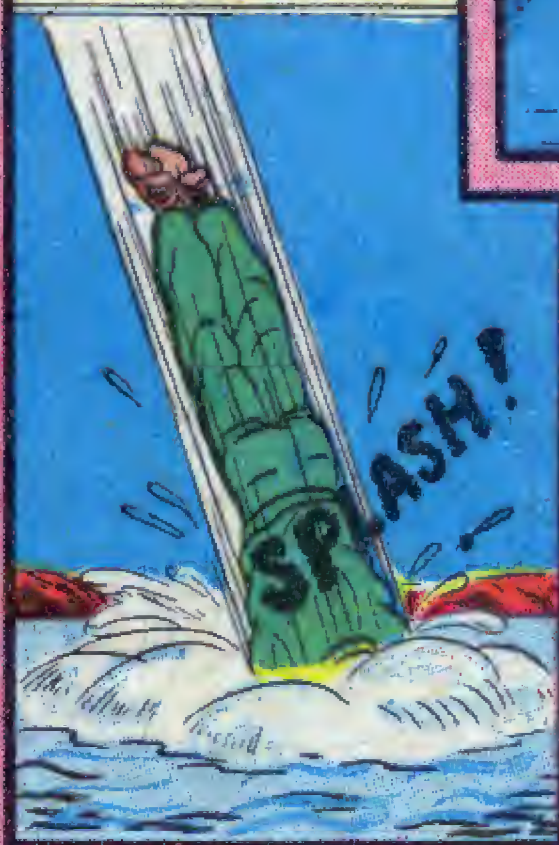
LIKE A COMET-HE KNIFES INTO THE ICY WATER-



HIMMEL!

ACH! HE'S GONE OVER!

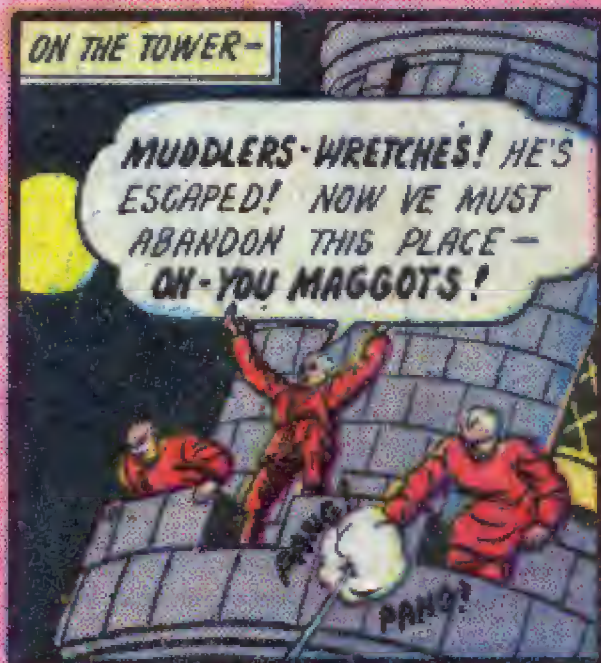
WOW! I'LL GO RIGHT ON THROUGH TO CHINA!



SPASH!

ON THE TOWER-

MUDDLERS-WRETCHES! HE'S ESCAPED! NOW WE MUST ABANDON THIS PLACE- OH-YOU MAGGOTS!

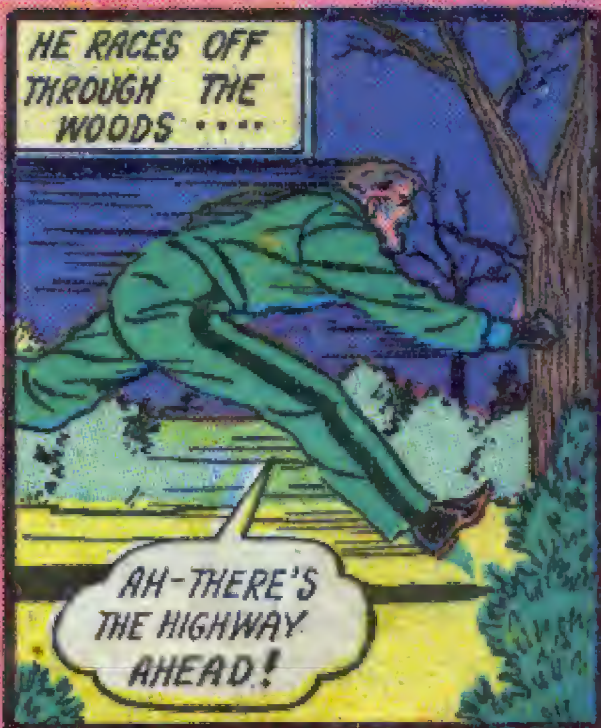


WHEW! WAS THAT CLOSE! NOW TO GET THE POLICE- FAST-!

HE RACES OFF THROUGH THE WOODS....

AH-THERE'S THE HIGHWAY AHEAD!

SWIMMING HURRIEDLY FOR THE SHORE, DICK SCRAMBLES UP ONTO THE ROCKS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER HE BURSTS INTO A NEARBY STATE-POLICE BARRACKS....

HELLO? HEY-POLICE-THAT OLD CASTLE-UP ON THE BLUFF-FOREIGN AGENTS! THEY'RE HOLDING MY FATHER IN THERE-TORTURING HIM! HURRY! COME!

GREAT SCOTT-THE KID'S A WRECK!

LEAPING INTO CARS, THE POLICE RACE TO THE CASTLE.... IT HAS BECOME SUDDENLY DARK AND STILL....

COME ON! THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE YET!

WE'LL TAKE THE SIDE ENTRANCE!

THE PLACE LOOKS DESERTED!

YEAH-!

BUT INSIDE-ONLY DARKNESS AND ECHOES GREET THEM-NO SIGN OF LIFE-NO AGENTS-NO PROFESSOR....

OKAY, SON - QUIET DOWN! THIS JOINT'S EMPTY!

HUH-! FALSE ALARM!

LOOKS LIKE THE KID HAD A PIPE-DREAM!

I TELL YOU THEY WERE HERE! I WAS JUST HERE!

DAD! DAD!

BUT, MISTER-PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! I TELL YOU, THEY WERE AGENTS-AND 'THEY WERE TORTURING MY FATHER! HE-

YES-I KNOW-SONNY...RELAX! WE'LL SEND OUT AN ALARM...YOU GO HOME AND KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON!

AND THAT'S THAT!

DICK IS SENT BACK TO FARR... THE POLICE AUTHORITIES GET THE SCANTY DETAILS, THEN BEGINS A COUNTRY-WIDE SEARCH FOR THE PROFESSOR AND THE MYSTERIOUS "AGENTS." BUT AS THE DAYS PASS, NO WORD OR CLUE COMES FROM THEM....

DICK, HEARTSICK, DESPAIRING, PONDER'S SOME MEANS OF HELPING OR FINDING - HIS BELOVED GUARDIAN....

SIMBA-DICK'S FRIEND-TRIES TO CONSOLE HIM....

DON'T WORRY, KID! HE'LL TURN UP!

ANYWAY-I'VE STILL GOT THE FORMULA-

ONE DAY THE DORM PHONE RINGS-IT IS FOR DICK....

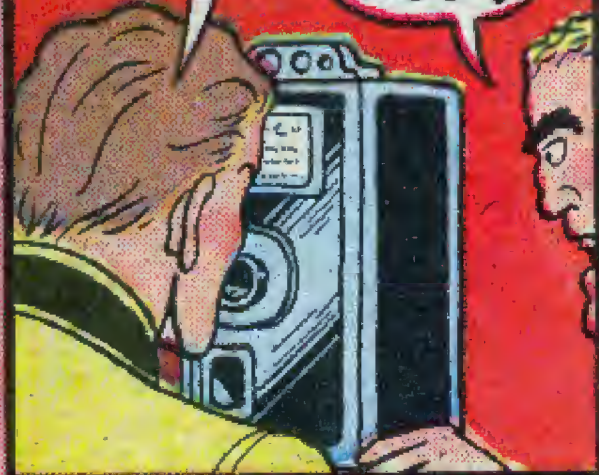
FOR YOU, DICK! AND IT WAS A FUNNY-FOREIGN-VOICE! HURRY!

FOR ME?

HE HURRIES INTO THE HALL....

HELLO-? **WHAT?**
YOU? YOU-MY DAD!
IS HE ALL RIGHT?
IS HE ALIVE?
WHAT?

IT'S
THEM!
BOY!



YES, PIGEON - HE IS VERY WELL!
NOW-HOW ABOUT THE BOX, PIGEON?
I FANCY YOU'LL GIVE IT UP NOW, EH?
WHAT? YOU WILL! OH,
THAT'S FINE! NOW
LISTEN!



YOUR FRIEND,
THE COACH, HAS
A PRIVATE
PLANE! GO TO
HIM, AND-

YES - FLY NORTH - FOLLOWING
ROUTE 118 - YES.... I SEE -
WHEN WE SPOT A SHEET ON ROAD
WITH A BLACK X PAINTED ON IT,
DROP BOX - YES-THEN KEEP
RIGHT ON - **YES-YES!**
ALL RIGHT! **RIGHT AWAY!**



-YOU GOING TO GIVE UP
THE FORMULA,
DICK?

THAT WAS IT! OH BOY!
HE'S ALIVE! NOW I CAN
GET NEAR THEM ANYWAY!

I'M GOING WITH YOU!
I'M GOING! DICK-YOU
GOING TO GIVE 'EM THE
FORMULA? **HEY!**



I AM NOT! I'LL
KEEP THIS - PUT A
PHONEY ONE IN THE
BOX! NOW, TO FIND
THE COACH!

**SWELL! C'MON! HE'LL
FLY US UP THERE!**



IN THE
COACH'S
OFFICE -

-AND THEY STILL HAVE
DAD! WILL YOU FLY US
UP, COACH?

I SURE
WILL, DICK!

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THEY TAKE TO THE AIR....



WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DROP
THE BOX-THEN KEEP RIGHT
ON FLYING! BUT-IF WE
CAN SPOT 'EM-

-YOU CAN ZOOM LOW, COACH -
AND I'LL DROP OUT OF THE
PLANE!

NO HE ISN'T, COACH!
WE CAN DO IT! WE'VE
GOT TO KEEP TRACK
OF THEM!



LAD - YOU'RE
CRAZY! YOU'D
BREAK YOUR
NECK!

MEANWHILE - THE BARON, HIS HENCHMEN, AND THE PROFESSOR ARE DRIVING NORTH ON DESERTED ROUTE 118 IN A TRAILER....

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE BOY IS REALLY GOING TO TURN THE FORMULA OVER TO YOU FIENDS!

HEH-HEH - WELL, HE IS - YOU OLD CROAKER - HE IS!! YOU'LL SEE!

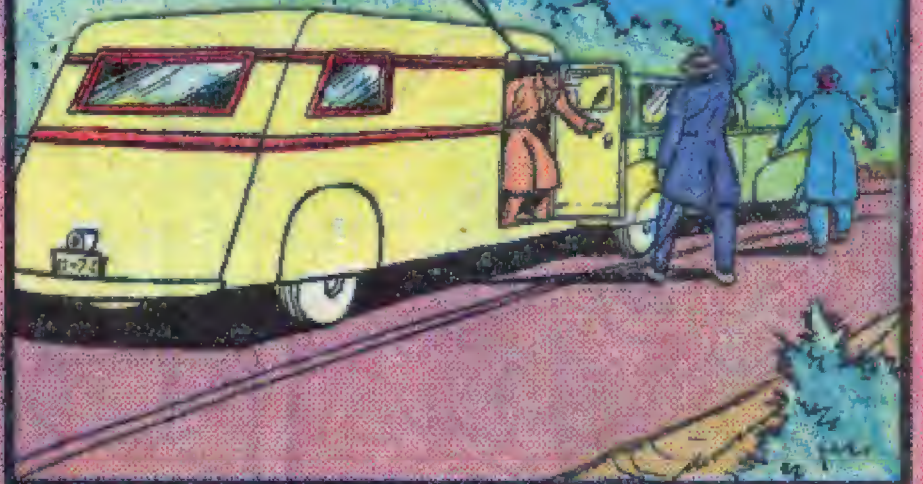
ALMOST THERE!



THEY STOP....

HA! THE PLANE!
GET THIS TRAILER INTO
THE BUSHES - OUT OF SIGHT!
SPREAD OUT THE SHEET!
HURRY!

YES - THAT'S
THE PLANE,
SIR!

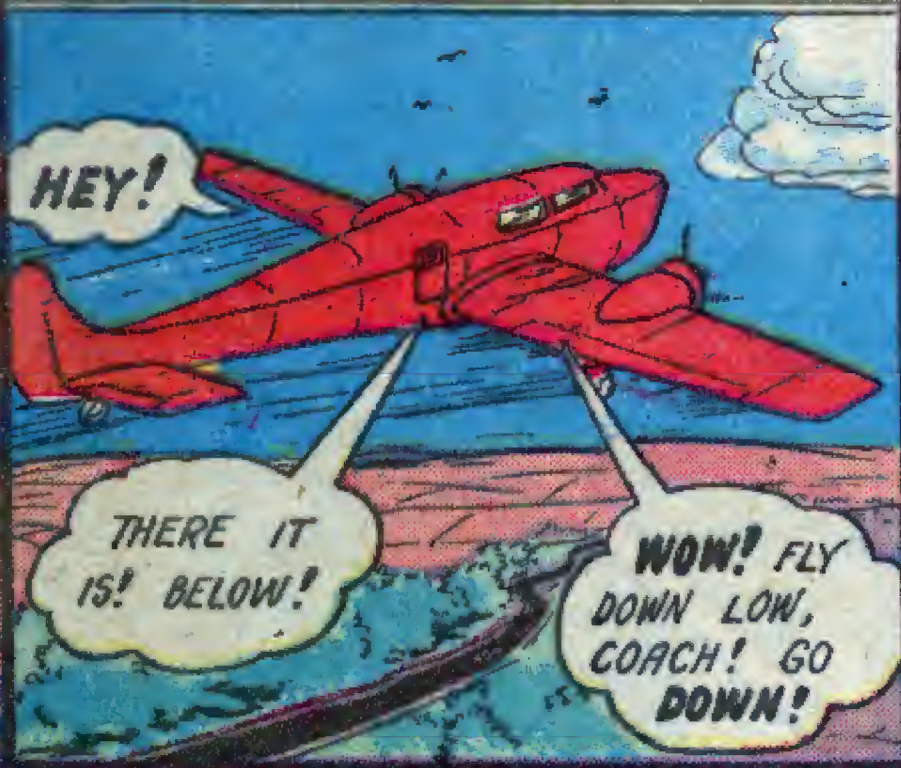


FROM THE PLANE THE BOYS SUDDENLY SEE THE SHEET....

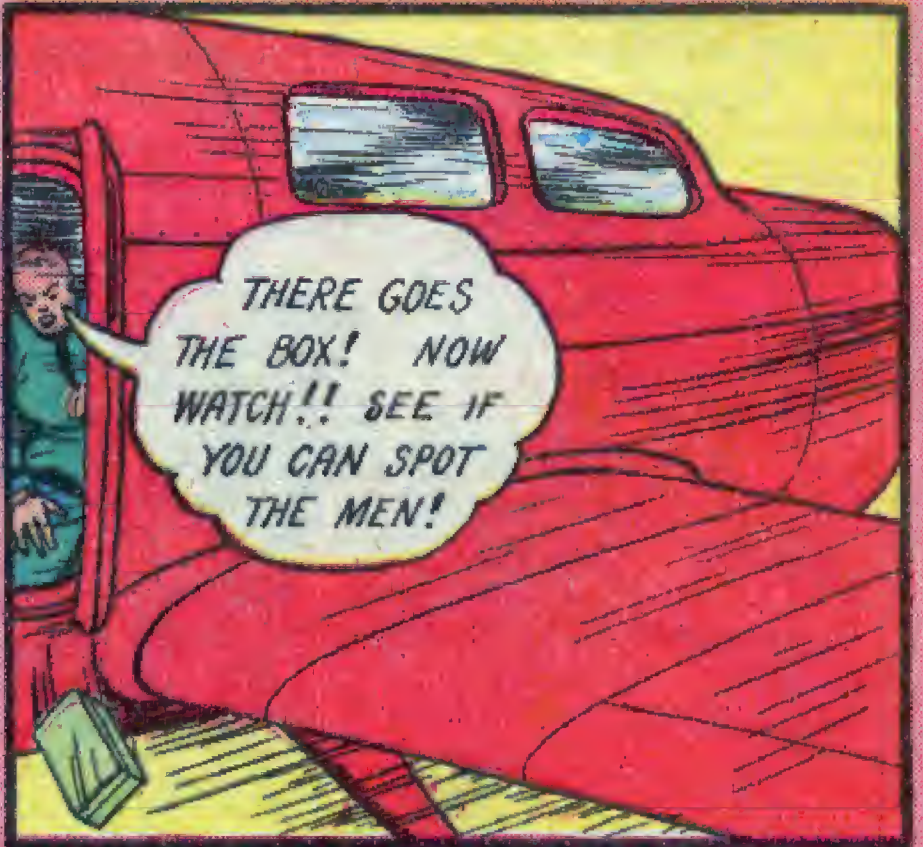
HEY!

THERE IT
IS! BELOW!

WOW! FLY
DOWN LOW,
COACH! GO
DOWN!



THERE GOES
THE BOX! NOW
WATCH!! SEE IF
YOU CAN SPOT
THE MEN!



THE PLANE STARTS UP AGAIN -

ACH! HOORAY!
THERE IS THE
BOX!

GOOT!

GO GET IT!
QUICK!



ONE OF THE MEN GETS THE BOX -
THE BARON HURRIEDLY CALLS HIM
BACK TO THE TRAILER....

I GOT
IT!

ALL RIGHT! COME!
WE MUST GET AWAY
NOW - FAST!



FROM ABOVE, THE BOYS SPOT THE
TRAILER PULLING OUT OF THE BUSHES.

YEEOW! THERE IT IS! GO
DOWN, COACH -! GO DOWN!!

YES, SIR!
THAT'S THEM!

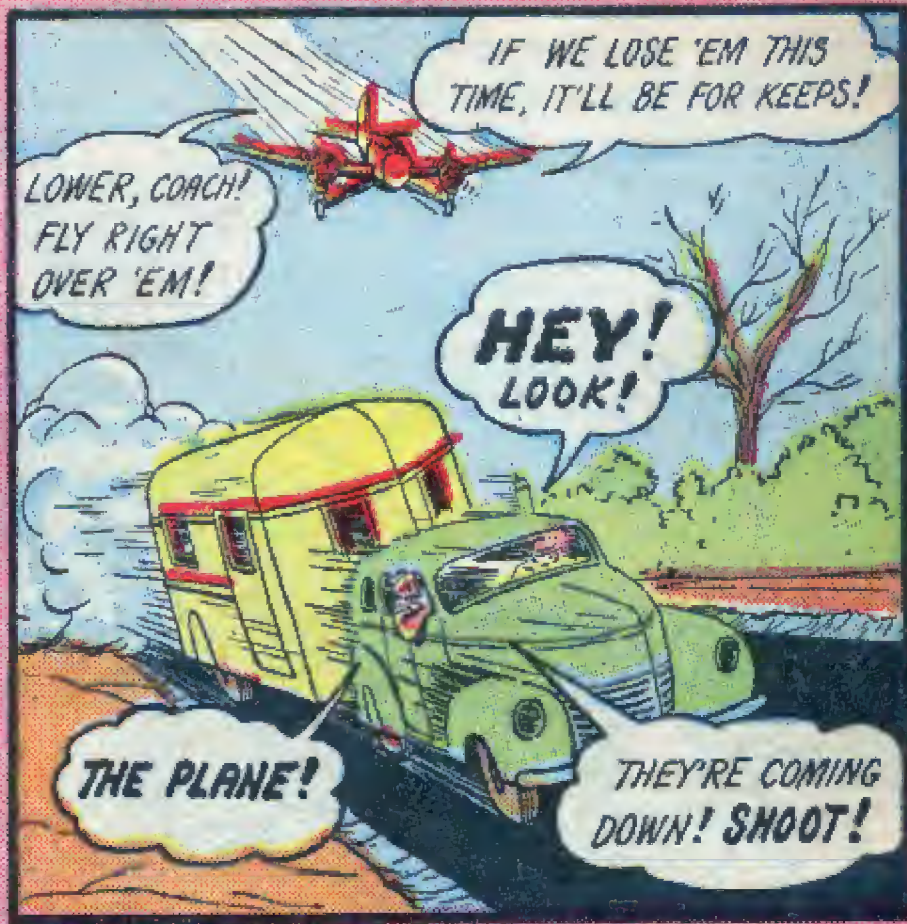




THIS IS CRAZY! THEY MAY KILL YOUR DAD WHEN THEY SEE US!

THEY MIGHT, ANYWAY!

THEY PROBABLY WILL ANYWAY! YOU CAN'T TRUST THOSE DEVILS!



LOWER, COACH! FLY RIGHT OVER 'EM!

HEY! LOOK!

THE PLANE!

THEY'RE COMING DOWN! SHOOT!

AS THE PLANE ZOOMS OVER THEIR HEADS, THE AGENTS BEGIN TO SHOOT!



PANG!

PANG! PANG!

GET 'EM!

DICK AND SIMBA PREPARE TO LEAP OUT OF THE PLANE!



I'M GOING DOWN!

SHOOT, PAL! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

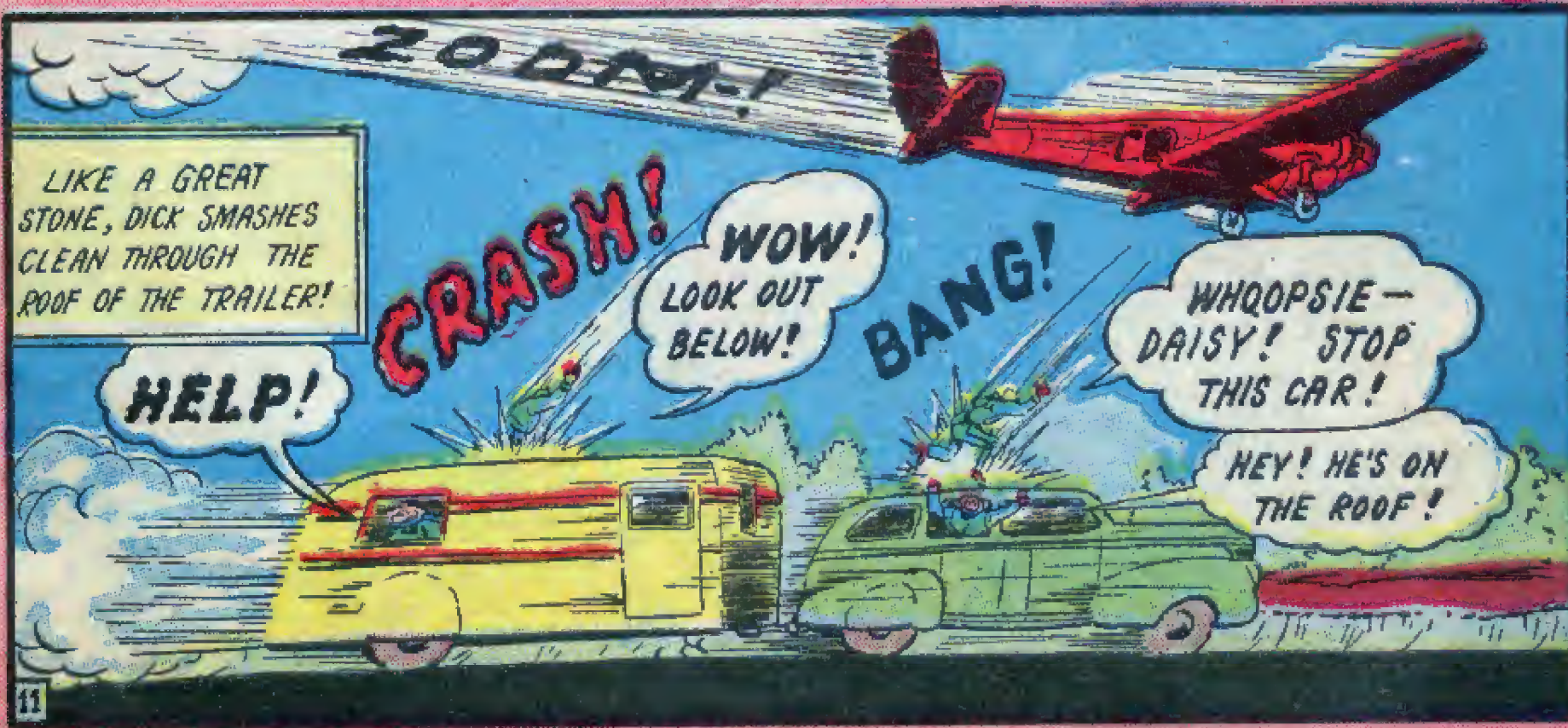
SUDDENLY THE TWO WONDER-BOYS DROP



HAPPY LANDING, PAL!

HERE'S HOW!

PANG! PANG!



LIKE A GREAT STONE, DICK SMASHES CLEAN THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE TRAILER!

HELP!

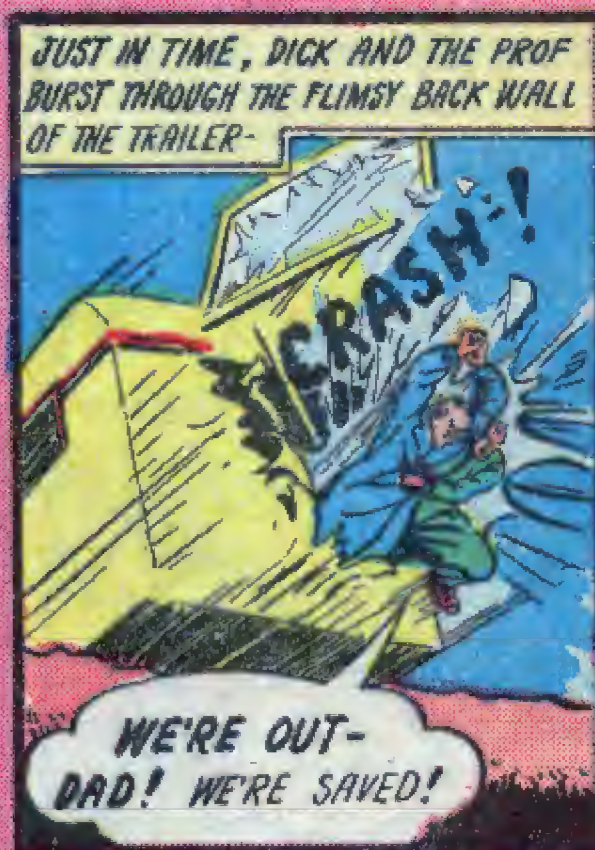
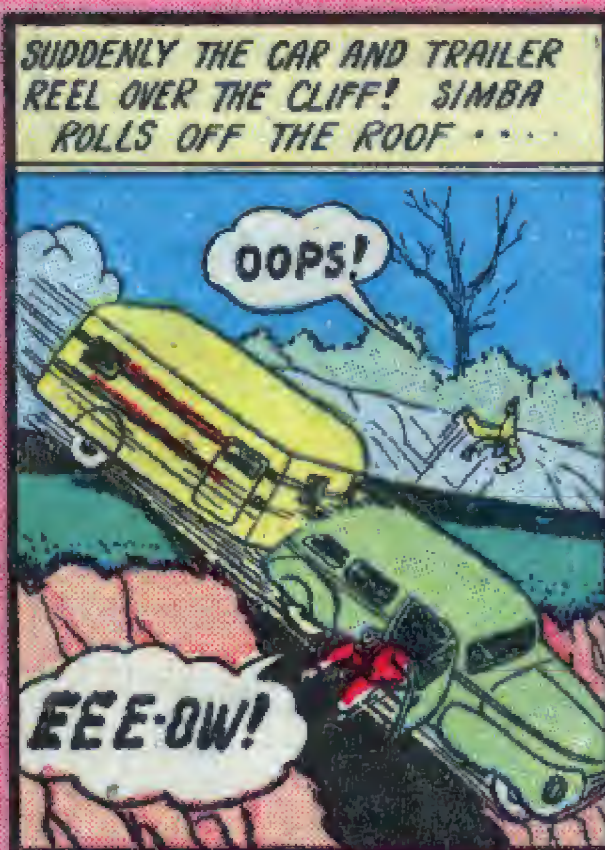
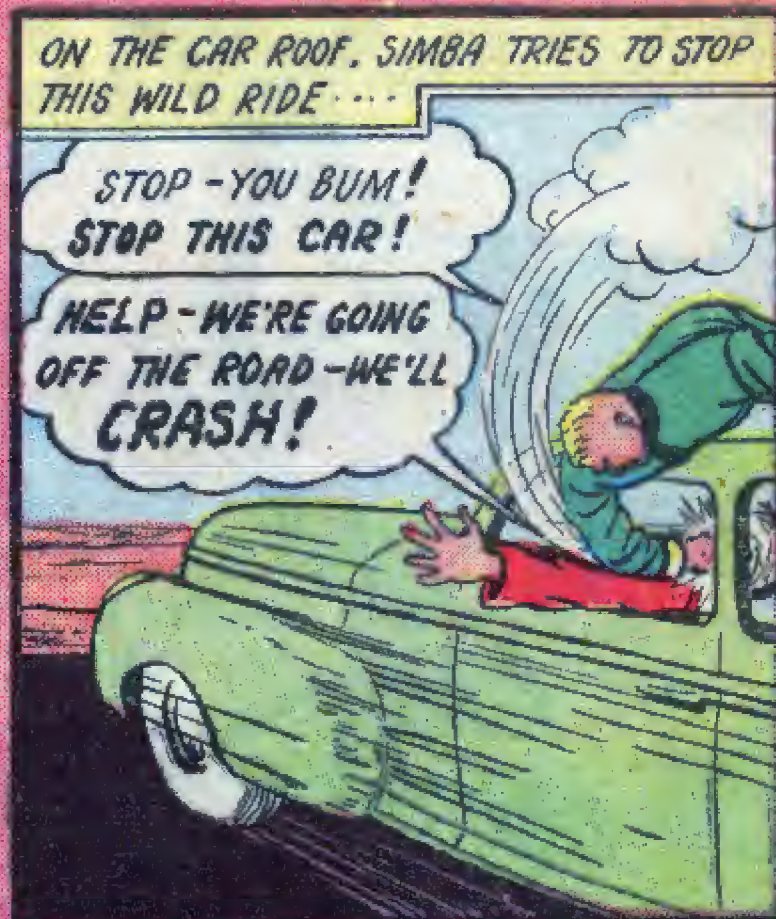
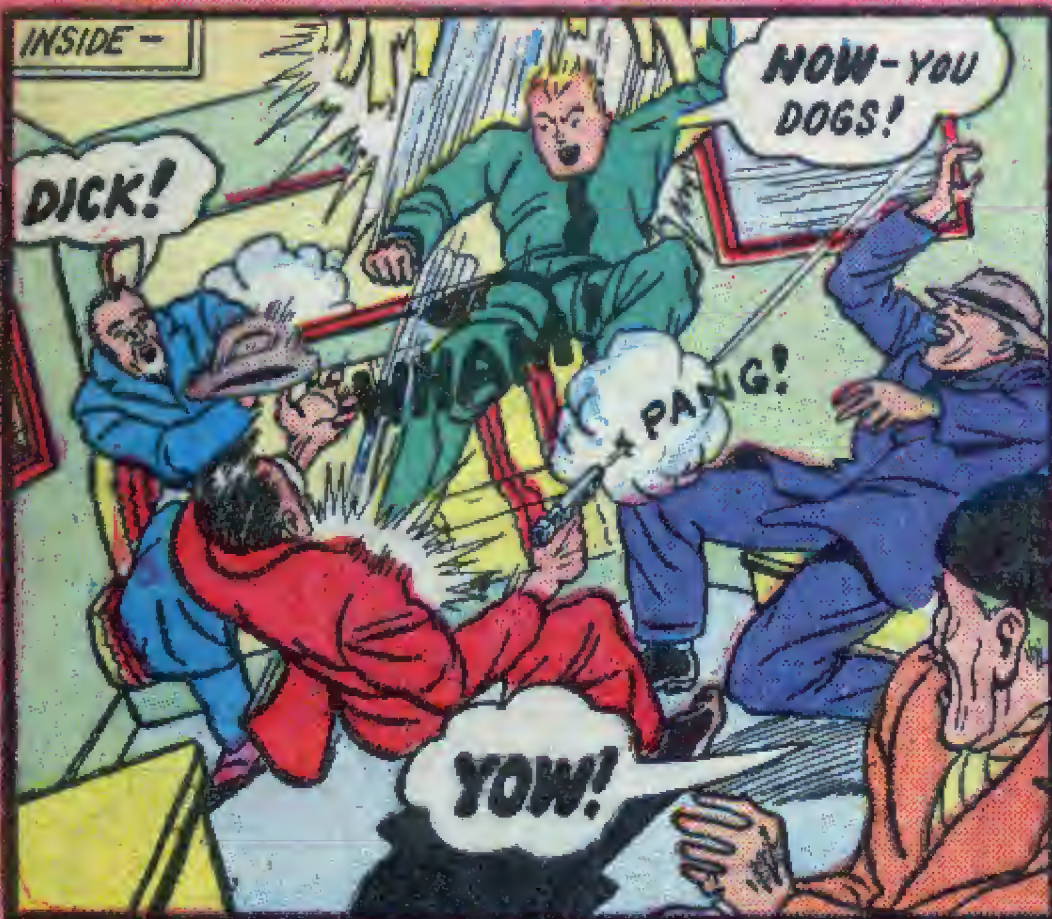
CRASH!

WOW! LOOK OUT BELOW!

BANG!

WHOOOPSIE—DAISY! STOP THIS CAR!

HEY! HE'S ON THE ROOF!



Sergeant Spook

JERRY'S TEACHER TOOK THE CLASS ON AN 'EDUCATIONAL TOUR' TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY—AND WHAT AN 'EDUCATION' IT TURNED OUT TO BE, WHEN **SERGEANT SPOOK** AND A GHOST NAMED PUT-HAMET CAME OUT OF THE SPIRIT WORLD TO TACKLE A MOB OF CURIO THIEVES!

JAE DIKER
JORDAN

WHAM!!

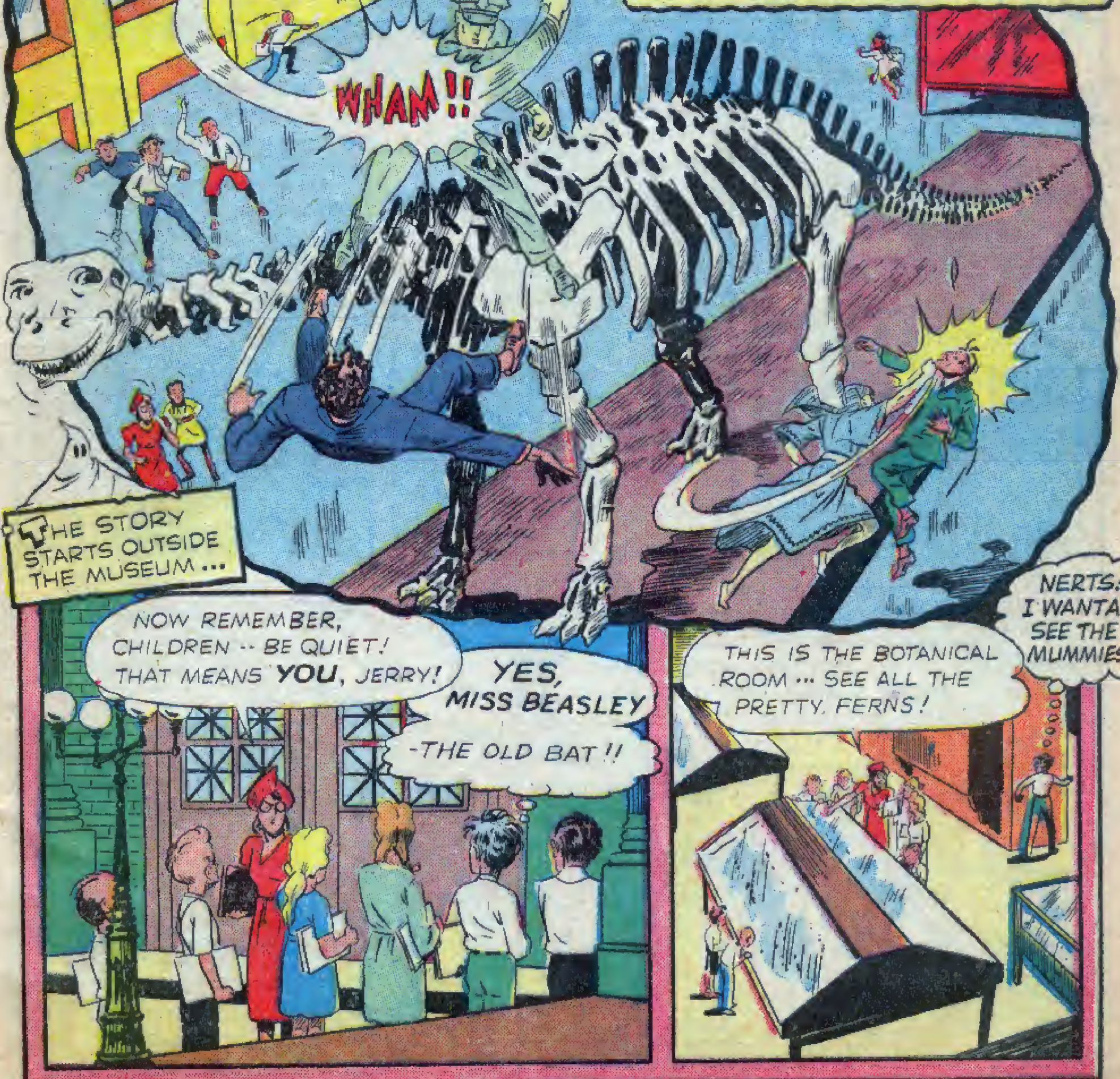
THE STORY
STARTS OUTSIDE
THE MUSEUM ...

NOW REMEMBER,
CHILDREN -- BE QUIET!
THAT MEANS **YOU**, JERRY!

YES,
MISS BEASLEY
-THE OLD BAT!!

THIS IS THE BOTANICAL
ROOM ... SEE ALL THE
PRETTY FERNS!

NERTS!
I WANTA
SEE THE
MUMMIES!



MEANWHILE...

THE EGYPTIAN ROOM!
--AND THE SACRED MUMMY!

FOIST WE GOTTA
GET THE GUARD!...

OKAY, BOSS...
GO TO IT!

THERE IT IS!
THE MUMMY OF KING
PUT-HAMET! PRICELESS!

?

UGH!

CRACK!

AT THIS MOMENT, JERRY ENTERS THE ROOM.

JERRY
GOES INTO
ACTION!

YEOW!

WHAT
TH--?

SPLAT!

TAKE THIS ---
YOU LITTLE
GUTTERSNIPE!

OW!

BAM!

DAT RUNT
KICKS LIKE
A YALE
FULL BACK.

HE'LL KEEP QUIET
NOW --- BRING HIM
OVER TO THE CASKET!

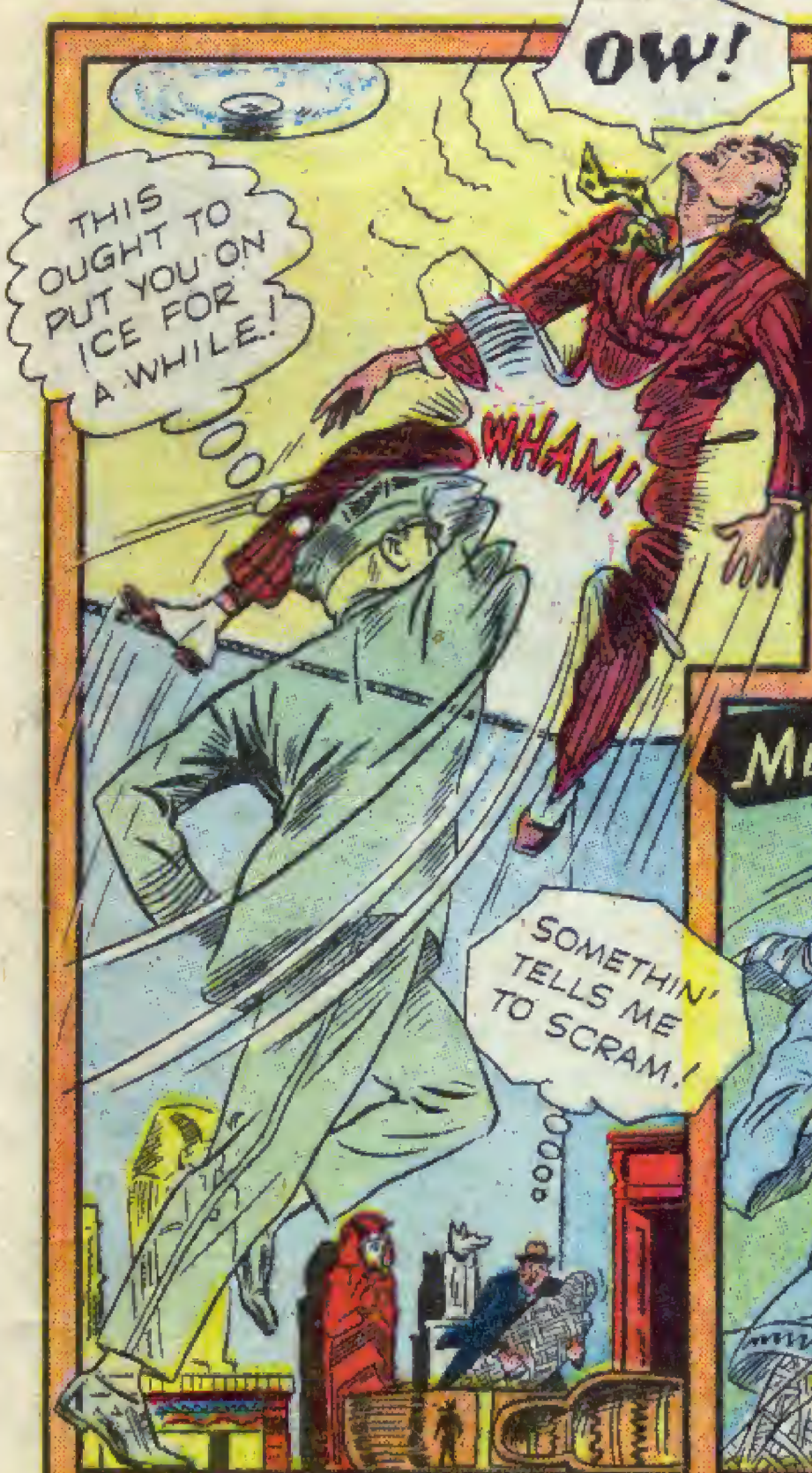
THE TWO MEN REMOVE
A MUMMY FROM ITS CASKET---

NOW, SMITTY ---WE'LL DUMP
THE KID AND GUARD IN THIS
---AND SCRAM WITH THE
MUMMY!

SUDDENLY,
SERGEANT
SPOOK
APPEARS!

CURIO THIEVES,
EH! WHEN I GET
THROUGH WITH THEM,
THEY'LL WISH **THEY**
WERE IN A CASKET!





OW!

THIS OUGHT TO PUT YOU ON ICE FOR A WHILE!

WHAM!

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME TO SCRAM!



WHAT? -- OH-OH-- IT MUST BE ME GHOST PAL, SERGEANT SPOOK!

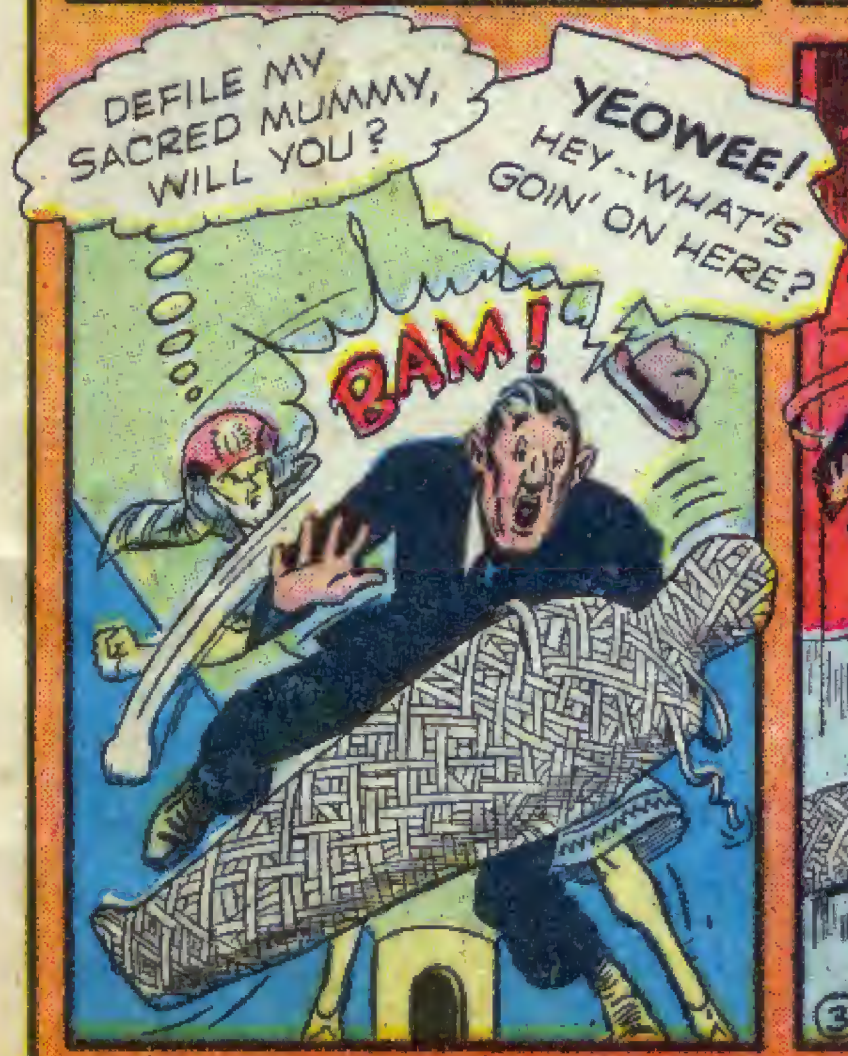
IN PERSON!... I'LL GET YOU FREE IN A JIFFY! -- THEN THE GUARD!



MEANWHILE

NOW TO GET MISTER MUMMY DOWN TO THE TRUCK!

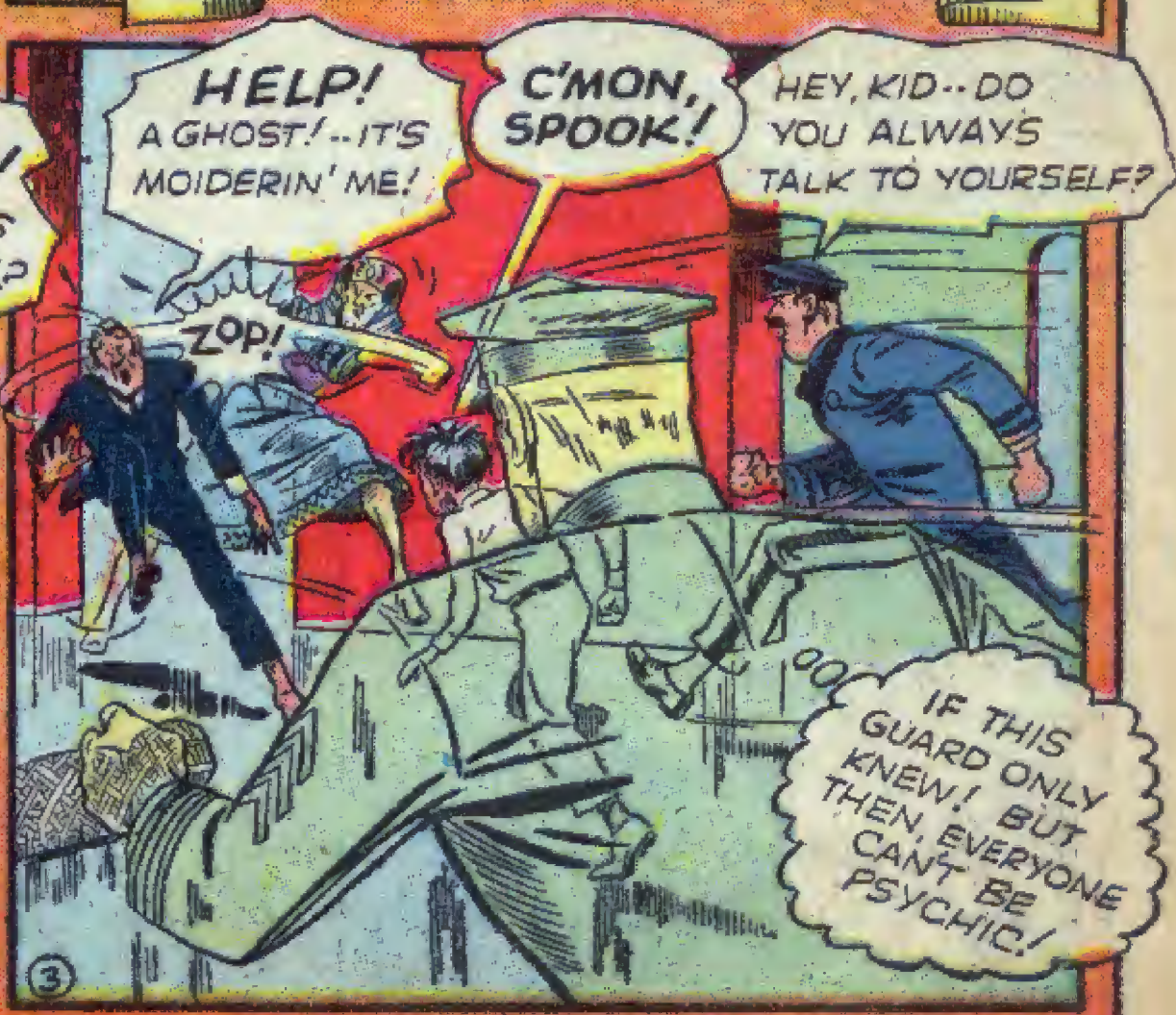
BUT, UNKNOWN TO SMITTY, THE GHOST OF THE DEAD EGYPTIAN KING IS RISING FROM THE DUMMY!



DEFILE MY SACRED MUMMY, WILL YOU?

YEOWEE! HEY--WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

BAM!



HELP! A GHOST!..IT'S MOIDERIN' ME!

C'MON, SPOOK!

HEY, KID--DO YOU ALWAYS TALK TO YOURSELF?

ZOP!

IF THIS GUARD ONLY KNEW! BUT THEN, EVERYONE CAN'T BE PSYCHIC!

FORGOTTEN IN THE
EXCITEMENT, ROSS
RECOVERS HIS SENSES...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
HIT ME-- BUT IT SURE HIT
HARD-- I'D BETTER YELL DOWN
TO THE MOB FOR HELP!



WATCH OUT FOR INNOCENT
BYSTANDERS -- TOO MANY OF
'EM GETTIN' KNOCKED OFF
LATELY! SOMEONE MIGHT
GET SORE!



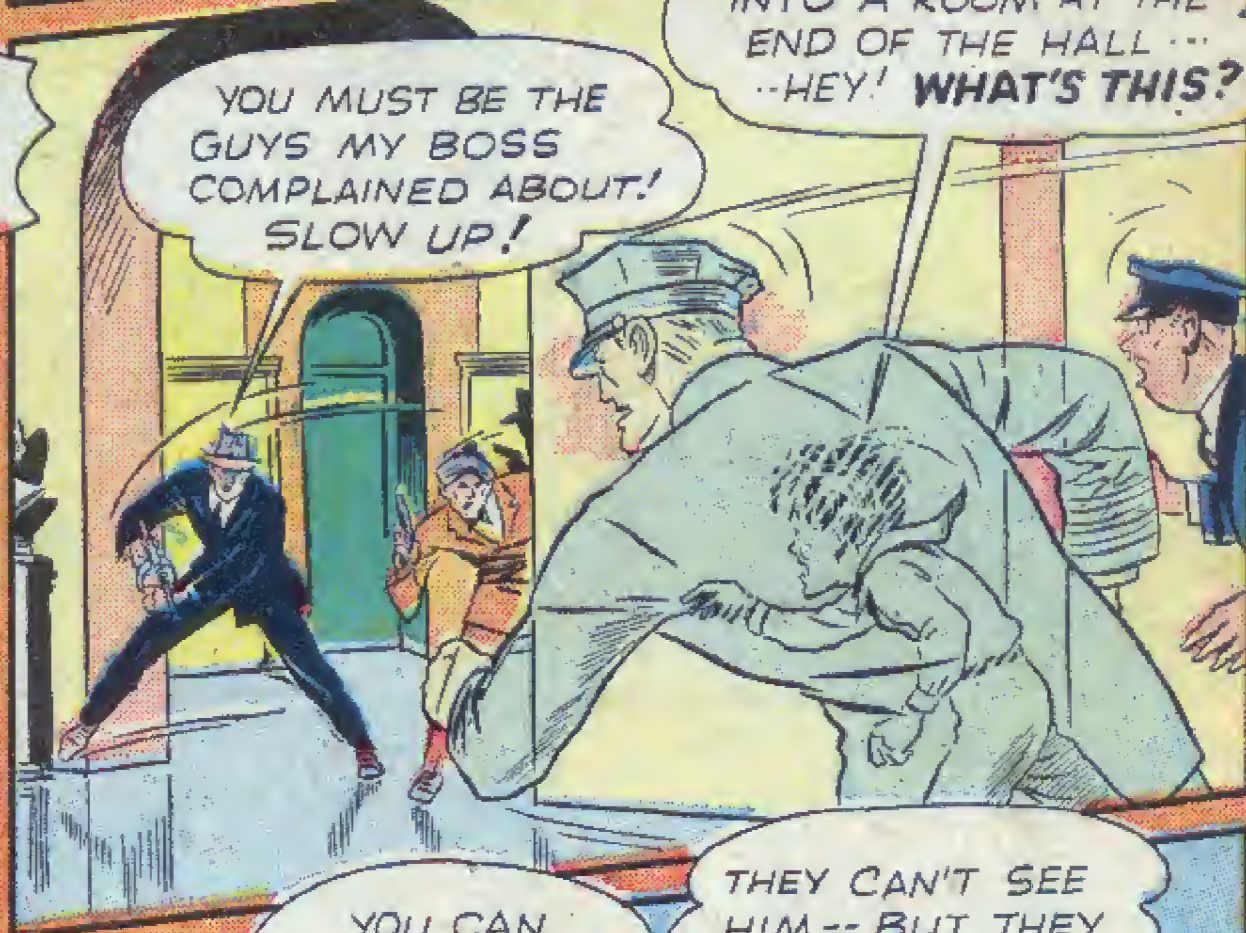
C'MON, BOYS, AN' DON'T
FORGET THE MUSIC!

WE WON'T! WHAT A
TUNE I'M GONNA PLAY
ON DIS!



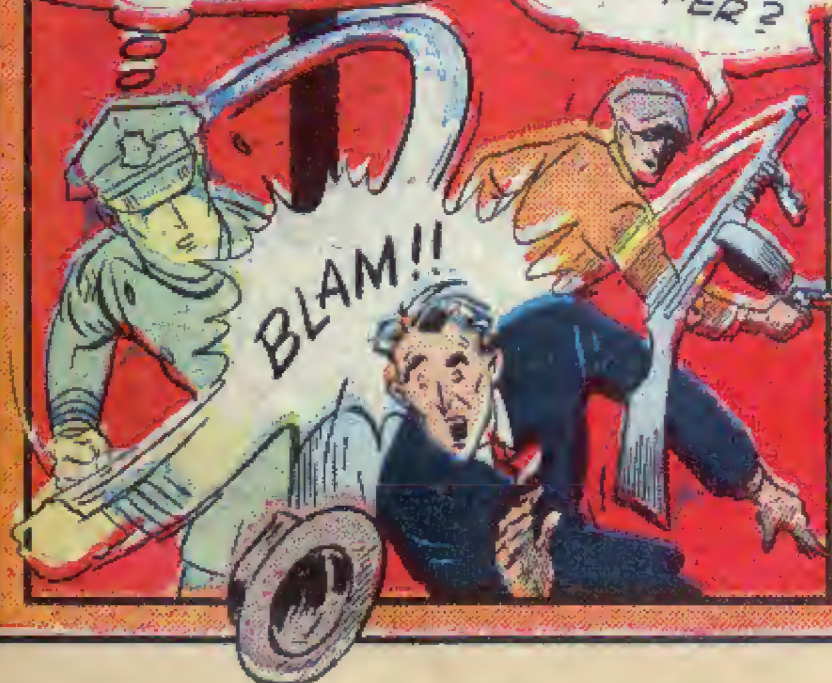
THAT THIEF RAN
INTO A ROOM AT THE
END OF THE HALL --
--HEY! **WHAT'S THIS?**

YOU MUST BE THE
GUYS MY BOSS
COMPLAINED ABOUT!
SLOW UP!



YOU SLOW UP!
WE'VE GOT THE
RIGHT OF WAY!

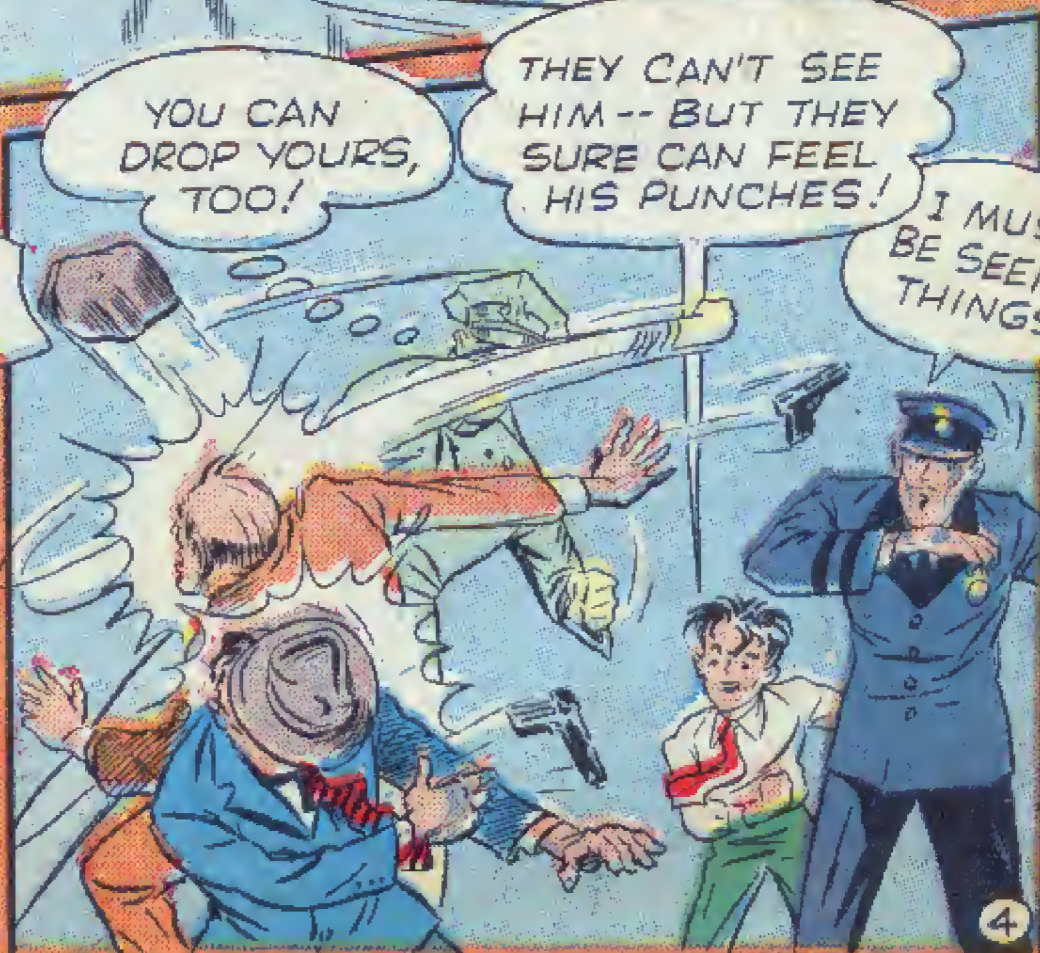
HEY!...
WHAT ARE YA
DROPPIN' YER
GUN FER?



YOU CAN
DROP YOURS,
TOO!

THEY CAN'T SEE
HIM -- BUT THEY
SURE CAN FEEL
HIS PUNCHES!

I MUST
BE SEEIN'
THINGS!



ROSS SNEAKS OUT
WITH THE MUMMY!...

GANGWAY!

--NOW TO GET TO
THE TRUCK!

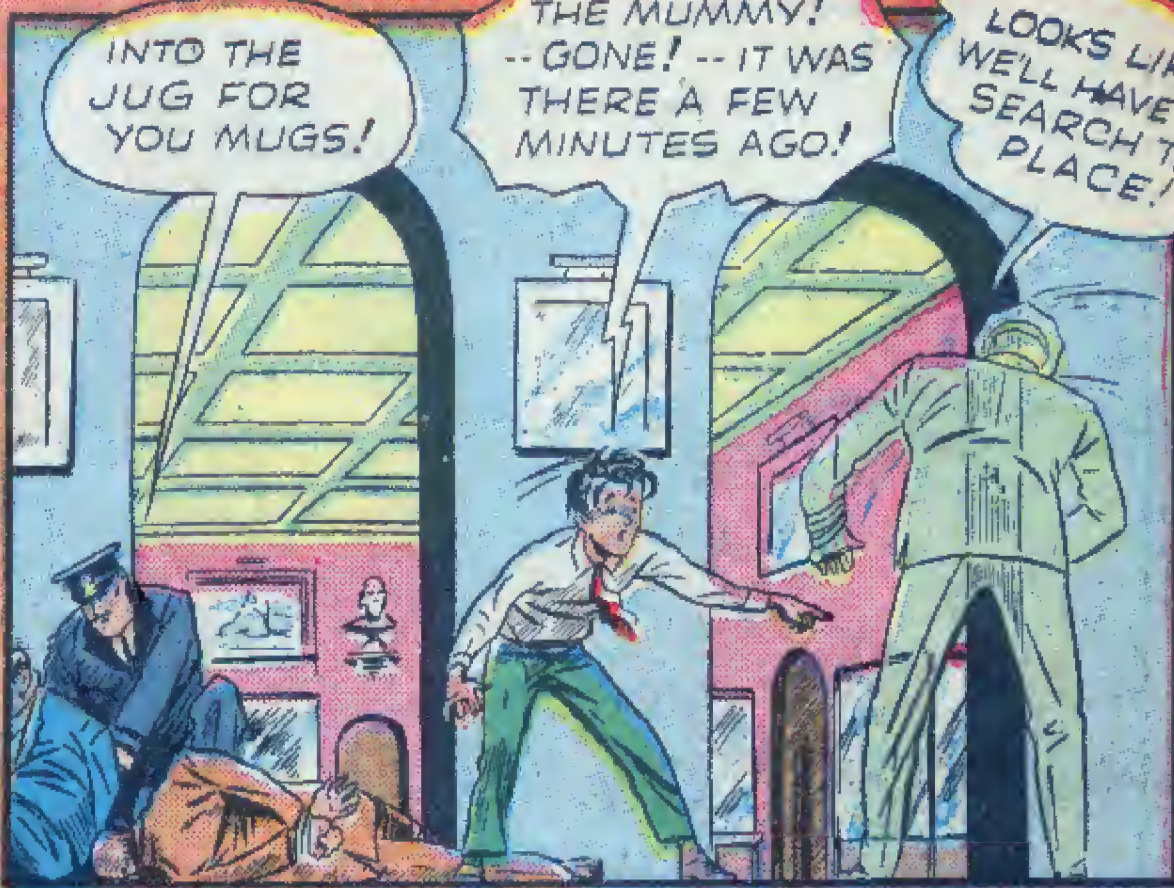
HEY!



INTO THE
JUG FOR
YOU MUGS!

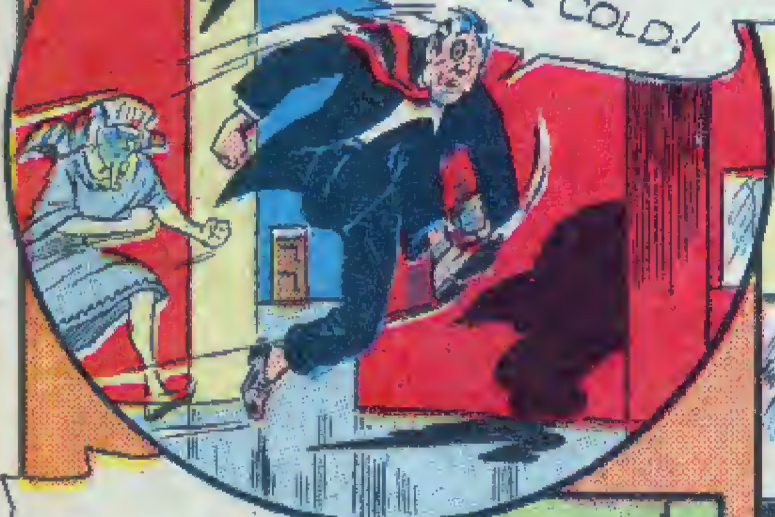
THE MUMMY!
--GONE! -- IT WAS
THERE A FEW
MINUTES AGO!

LOOKS LIKE
WE'LL HAVE TO
SEARCH THE
PLACE!

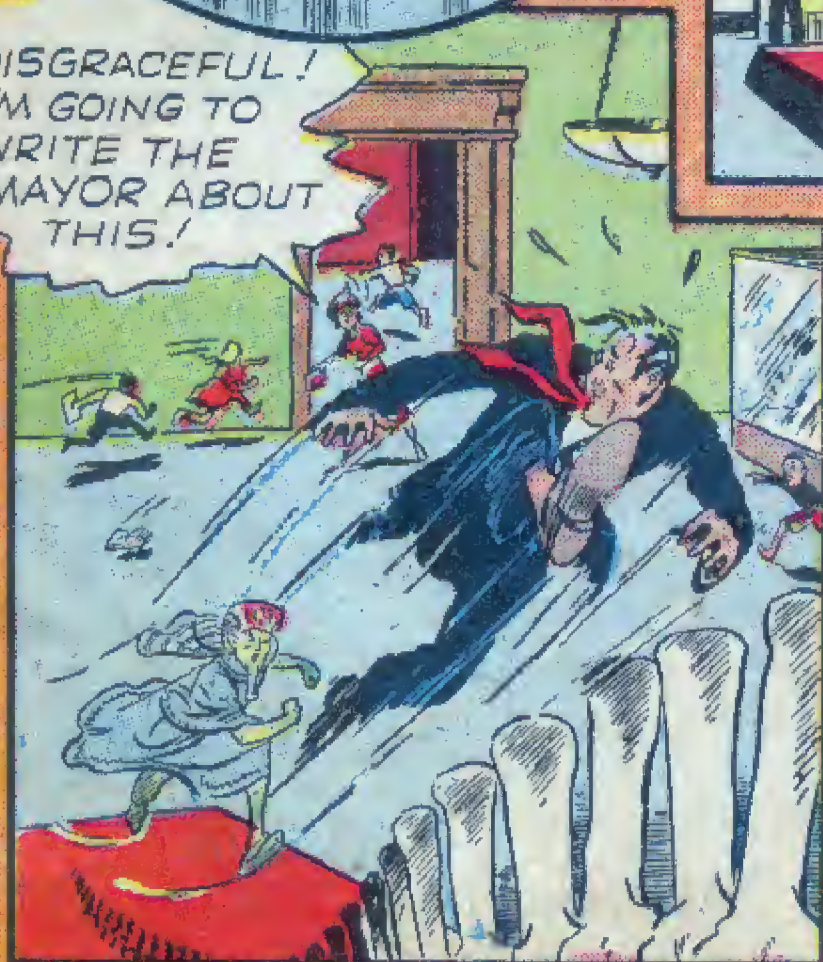


Meanwhile...

DIS SPOOK HANGS
ON LIKE A
SUMMER COLD!



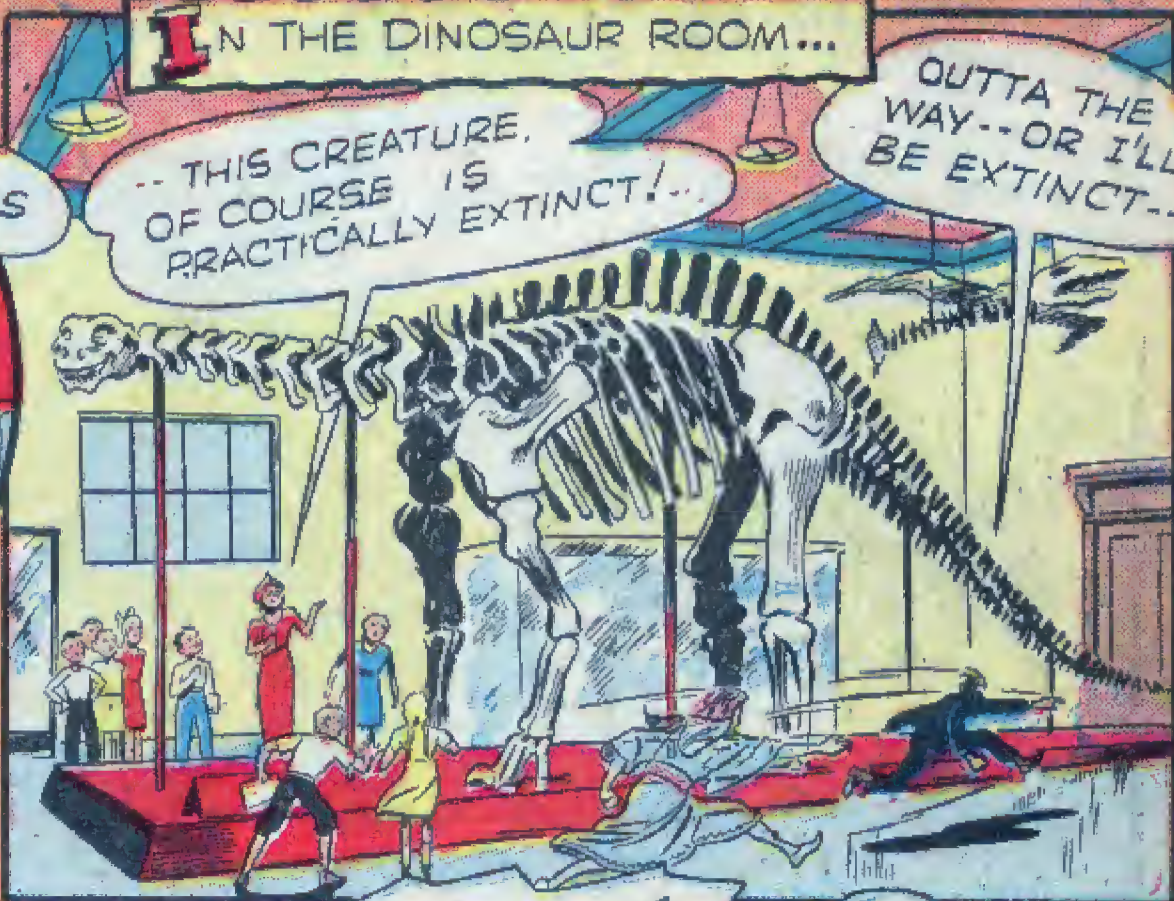
DISGRACEFUL!
I'M GOING TO
WRITE THE
MAYOR ABOUT
THIS!



IN THE DINOSAUR ROOM...

-- THIS CREATURE,
OF COURSE IS
PRACTICALLY EXTINCT!...

OUTTA THE
WAY--OR I'LL
BE EXTINCT--



WOW!
IF I HOLD ONTO THIS
LONG ENOUGH, MAYBE
HE'LL GET TIRED
OF SLUGGIN' ME!

POOR FOOL! AS
IF A GHOST COULD
GET TIRED!



SUDDENLY..

AGHR-R-R

CRACK

CRASH!

IN MY RIGHTEOUS ANGER,
I FORGOT MY MUMMY!
I MUST RECOVER IT!

THE
MUMMY'S
GONE!

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!

GENTLEMEN!...

IF YOU WANT TO HELP, COME ALONG!
I CAN FIND THE MUMMY --- PSYCHIC
VIBRATIONS WILL SHOW ME THE WAY!

RIGHT! IT'S A POOR
GHOST WHO DOESN'T KNOW
WHERE HIS BODY IS!

DIS PSYCHIC
STUFF IS OVER
MY HEAD ---
BUT LET'S GO!

TO KEEP UP WITH THE
GHOSTS, JERRY GETS A
RIDE ON SPOOK'S BACK.

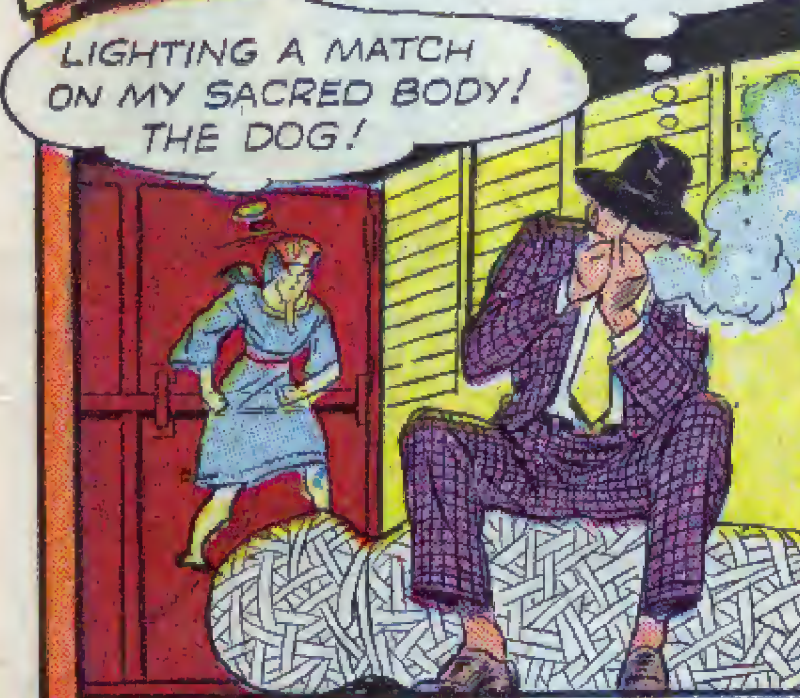
DIS BEATS A
TAXI, ANY DAY!

THERE'S THE TRUCK!
I'LL ENTER THE REAR!
YOU GET THE DRIVER!

OKAY... GET
DOWN, KID!
LAST STOP!

TANKS
FOR DE
BUGGY RIDE!

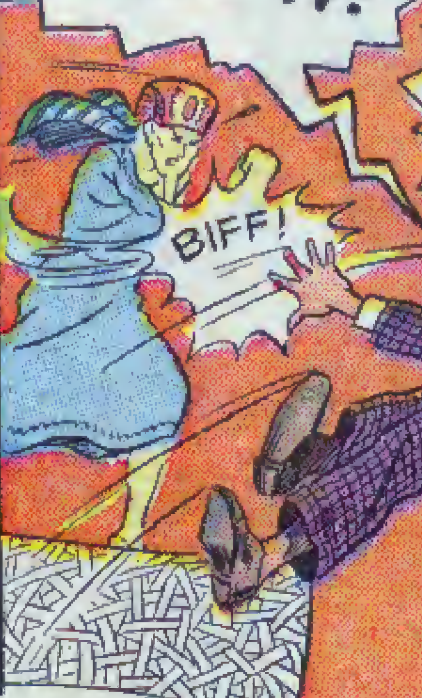
INSIDE THE TRUCK...



LIGHTING A MATCH ON MY SACRED BODY! THE DOG!

STEALIN' MUMMIES IS ONE FUNNY RACKET!

WHAT TH--? YEOW!



BIFF!

IN THE DRIVER'S CAB...

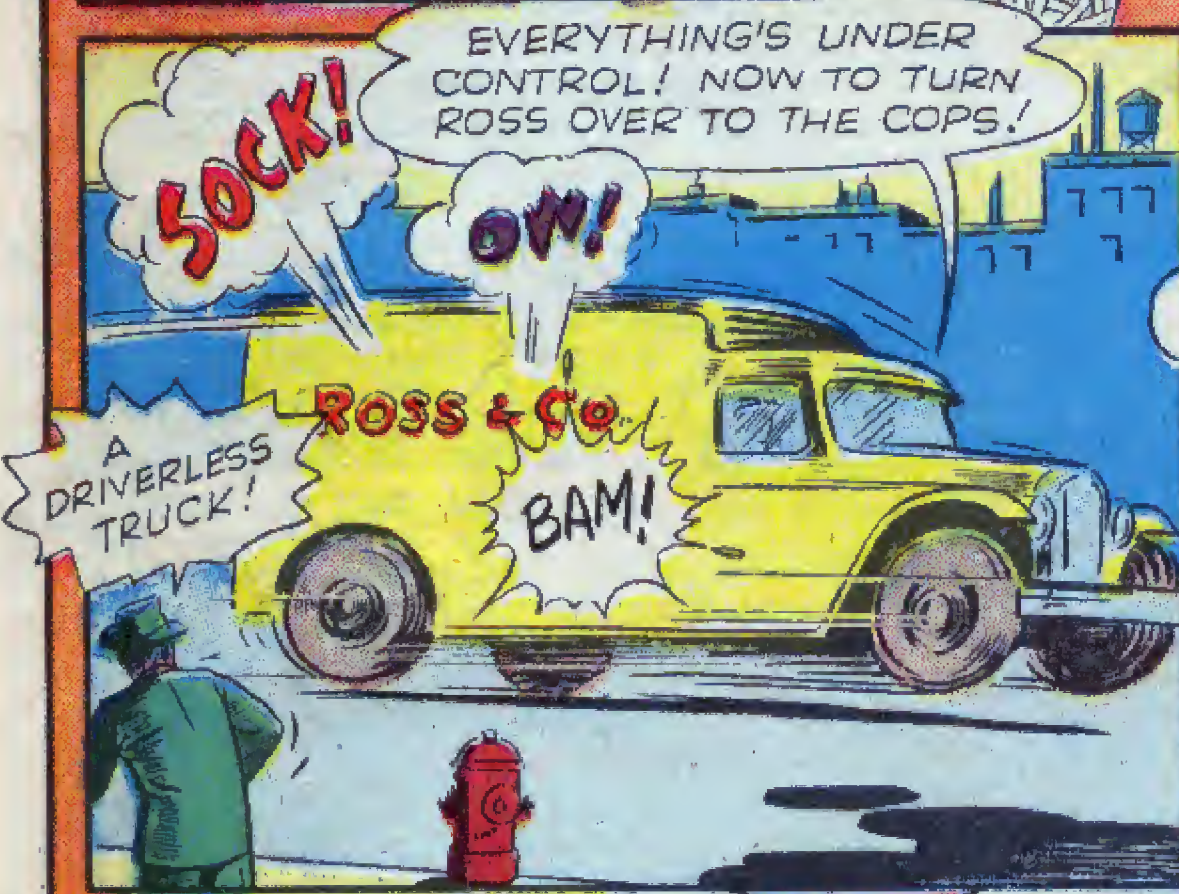


GRAB TH' WHEEL OR WE'LL CRASH!

S & Co.

ONE SIDE, RAT!

BOP!!



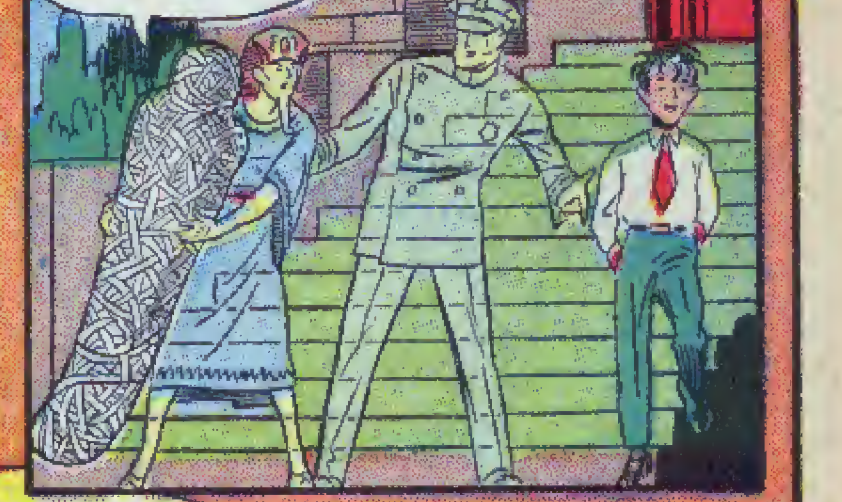
EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL! NOW TO TURN ROSS OVER TO THE COPS!

SOCK!
OW!
ROSS & Co
BAM!
A DRIVERLESS TRUCK!

LATER...

THEY'RE SENDING COPS TO ROUND UP THE REST OF THE MOB AT THE MUSEUM! SAVES US SOME TROUBLE ANYWAY!

NOT ME! THE MUSEUM IS MY HOME!



YOU DO NOT COME OF THE BLOOD OF KINGS --- BUT YOU HAVE A NOBLE COURAGE! SELAH!

AND YOU NEVER WORKED FOR THE COPS---BUT YOU SWING A MEAN LEFT HOOK! SO LONG!

DESE PARTINGS MAKE ME FEEL SO SAD! WHAT TRIPE!



GOSH! WILL MY TEACHER BE SORE AT ME FOR PULLIN' A RUN-OUT POWDER FROM CLASS!

LAST I SAW, SHE WAS PULLING A BEAUTIFUL RUN-OUT POWDER FROM THE MUSEUM! THAT MAKES IT EVEN!



HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
YEP!---
SERGEANT SPOOK
WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT

BLUE BOLT!

Gibson

BELL

by Ray Gill
AND
Harold DeLay



HOLY
HORRORS!
SAVAGES!

JERRY...
LOOK!

KA-GUI!
BWALO!

LAK
DEUMO!

GLA!

EDDIE'S SIGNAL FROM THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND ON WHICH HE AND JERRY, ANTON, AND THE PILOT OF THE WRECKED PLANE ARE MAROONED - IS ANSWERED BY A GROUP OF HEADHUNTERS!!

JERRY AND THE OTHERS
TAKE TO THEIR HEELS!

HEADHUNTERS!
WE MUST
WARN
EDDIE!

COME
ON!

THEY FIND EDDIE ATOP
HIS LOOKOUT PERCH...

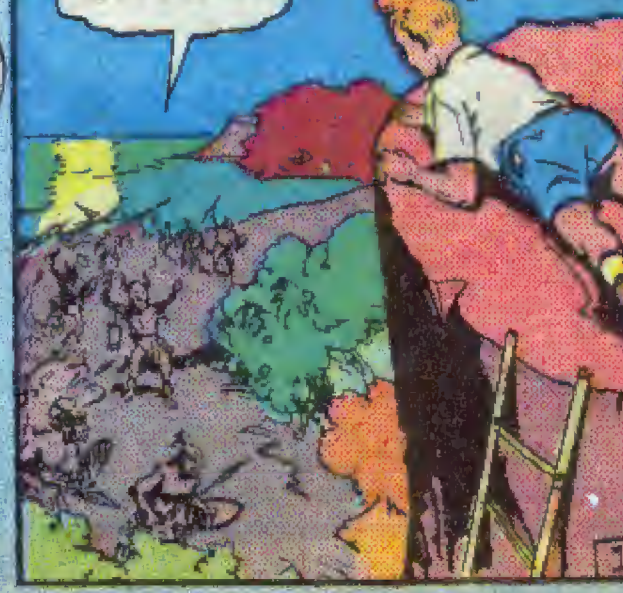
I'VE ALREADY SEEN
THEM! HIDE THAT
RAFT! I'LL PULL
THIS LADDER
UP... BEAT IT---
I'LL HEAD
THEM OFF!

NIX!
THEY'RE
COMING!

THEY DO AS EDDIE SAYS,
FOR THE NATIVES ARE
RIGHT BEHIND THEM!

I'LL HAVE TO
KEEP OUT
OF SIGHT!

BOLLA!





EDDIE SAID TO SIGNAL TO HIM WITH SMOKE IF WE ESCAPE!

HURRY!

HOPE HE'S O.K.!

WHEN THE HEADHUNTERS REACH THE "SACRED ROCK," THEY GROW QUIET... FRIGHTENED, AS THEIR LEADER STEPS FORWARD...

(TRANSLATED)
OH... MIGHTY STONE...
WHAT SECRET OF SHOOTING FIRE DO YOU HOLD?



OH... OH...



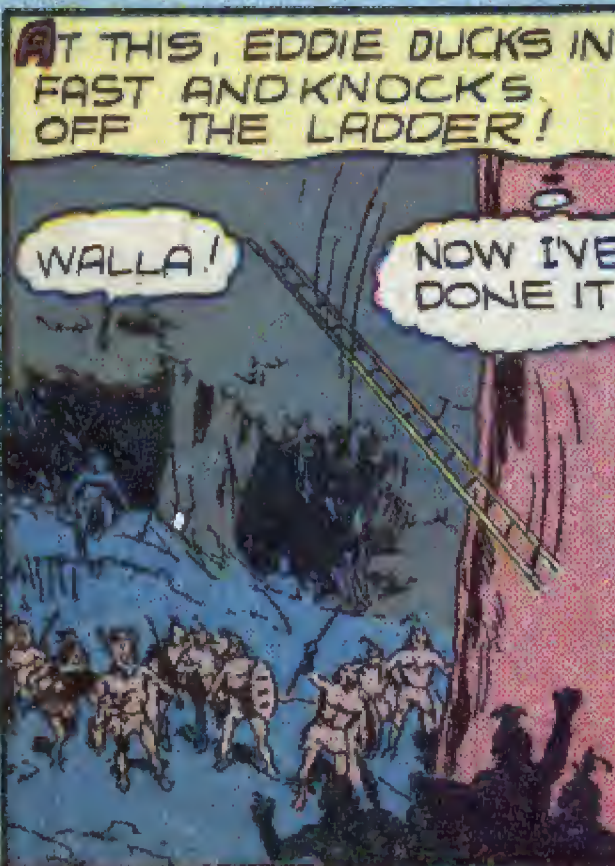
ON TOP, EDDIE DOES HIS BEST TO HIDE HIMSELF AND THE LADDER!

ALL THEY HAVE TO DO NOW IS TO SEE ME...



MEANWHILE, THE HIGH PRIEST, SUSPICIOUS, TAKES A GOOD LOOK, AND:

ALGH!
BLIG!



AT THIS, EDDIE DUCKS IN FAST AND KNOCKS OFF THE LADDER!

WALLA!

NOW I'VE DONE IT!



THE NATIVES QUICKLY SET THE LADDER UP, AND...

GLU!



-- SCRAMBLE ONTO IT...
EDDIE FIGHTS BRAVELY...
-- BUT --

YOU DEVILS!

GLA!

BLIG!

HE IS CAPTURED!



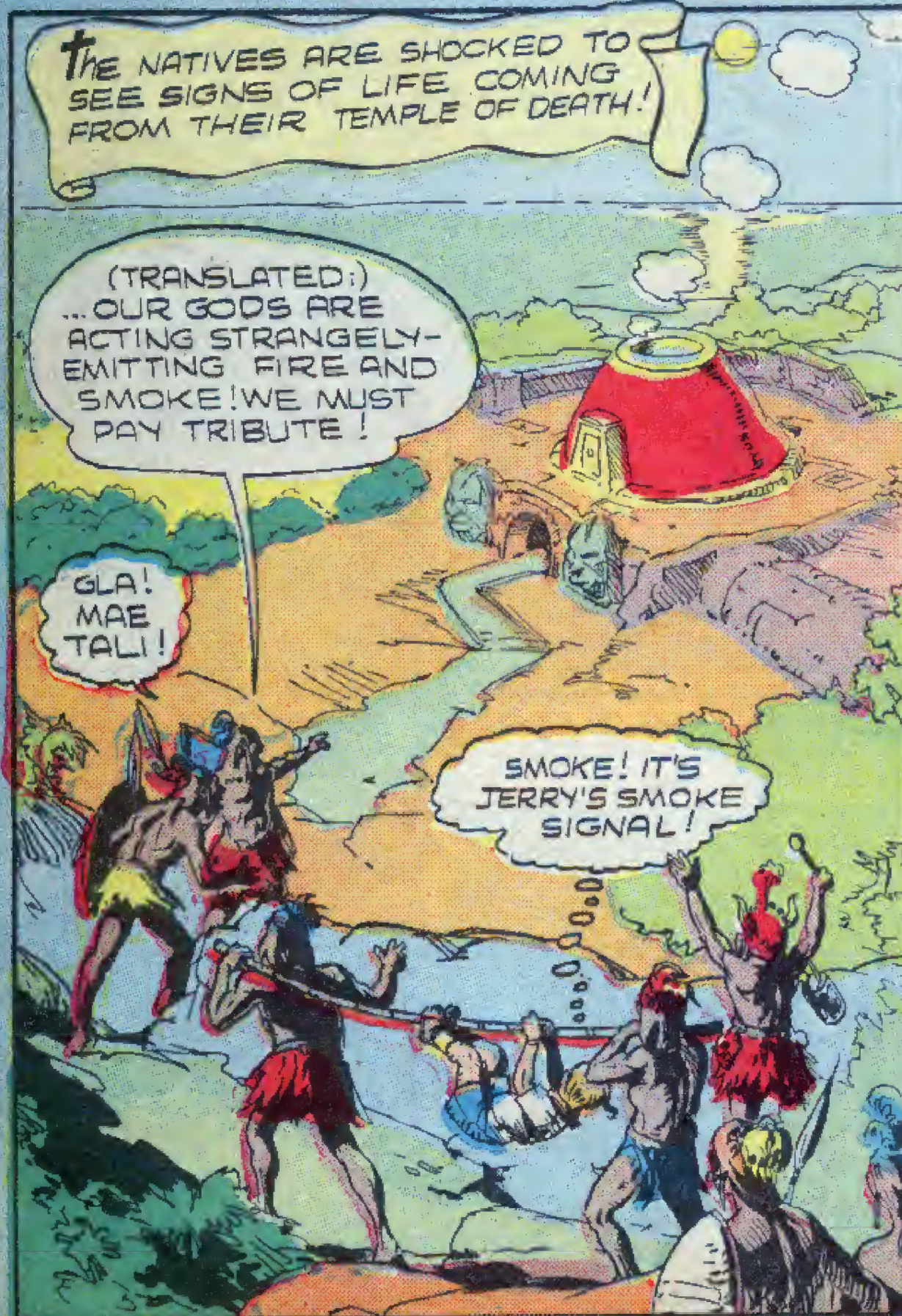
THEY CARRY HIM LIKE A CAPTURED ANIMAL THROUGH THE JUNGLE.



REACHING A HILL, THE LEADER SUDDENLY STOPS AND POINTS AHEAD, EXCITED!



THE NATIVES ARE SHOCKED TO SEE SIGNS OF LIFE COMING FROM THEIR TEMPLE OF DEATH!

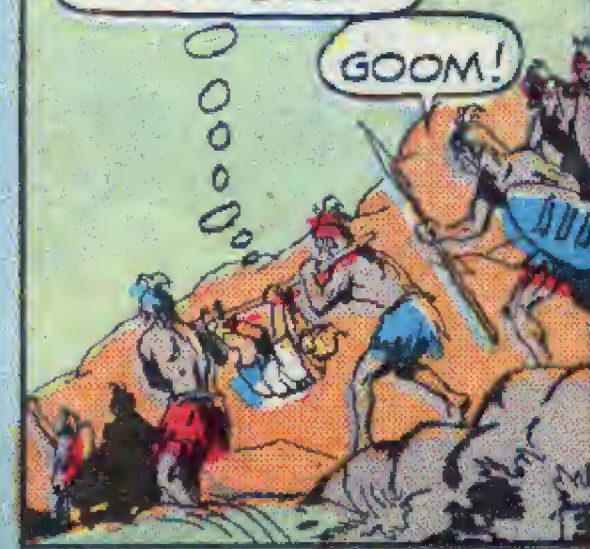


JERRY SAYS: "ACT DUMB, DON'T WORRY... SITUATION WELL IN HAND"! -I HOPE SO!



SUDDENLY INFURIATED, THE LEADER ORDERS "FORWARD - ON THE DOUBLE"!

OH-OH! NOW WE'RE ALL IN FOR TROUBLE!

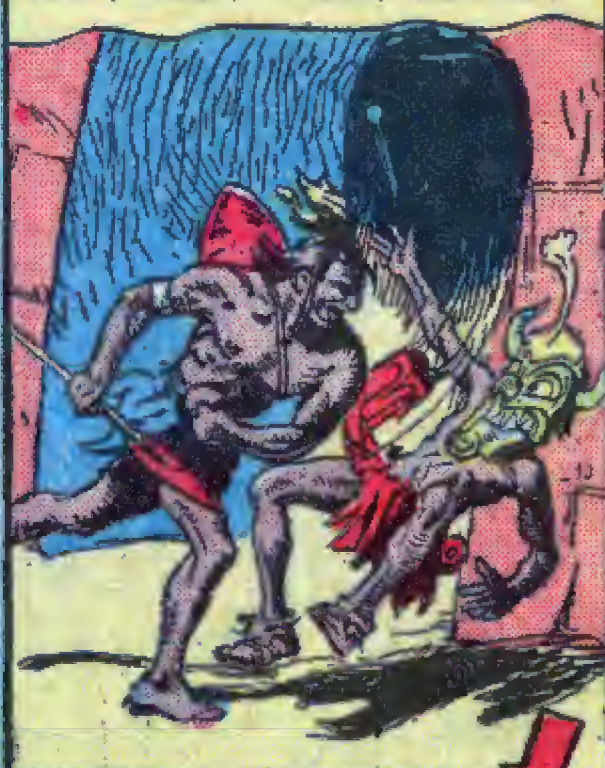


ON REACHING THE TEMPLE,
A STRANGE THING HAPPENS,
THE HIGH PRIEST
BLOCKS THE DOOR!

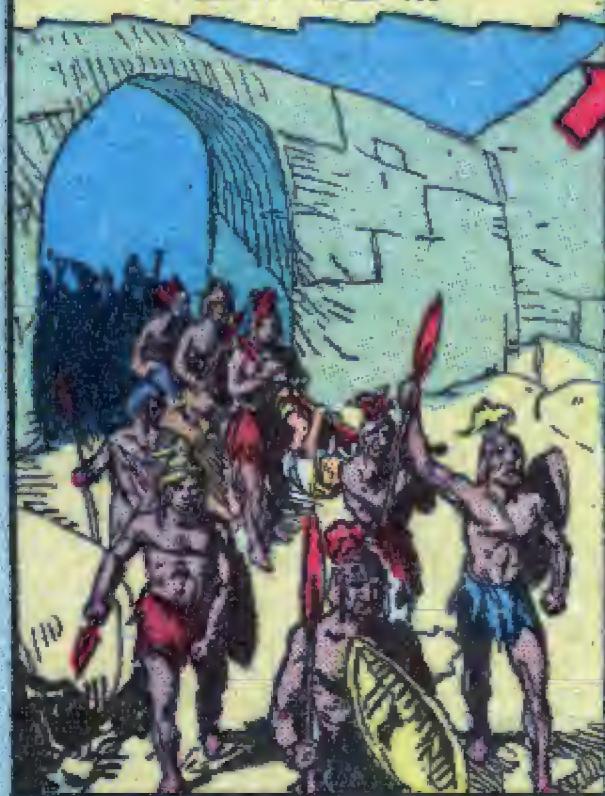
GLA, MAE TALI!



BUT NOT FOR LONG!



THEY ENTER THE
TEMPLE ...



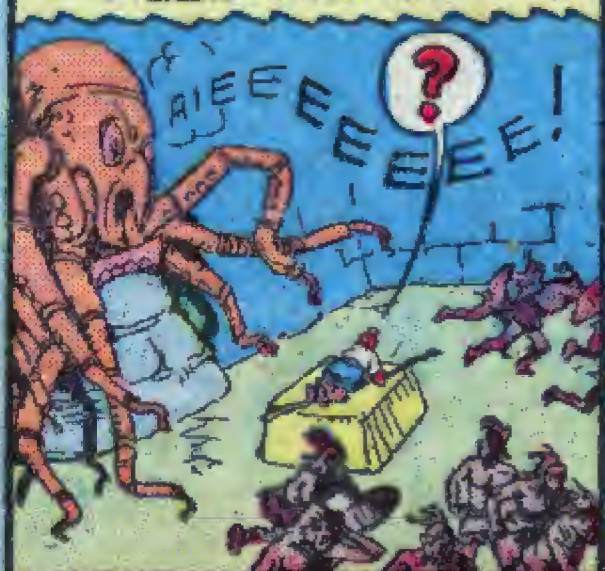
...AND PLACE
EDDIE ON A
GROTESQUE
ALTAR!



(TRANSLATED!)
OH, TALI, GOD OF THE
SEA...WE BRING YOU
A LIFE TO
APPEASE
YOUR
WRATH..



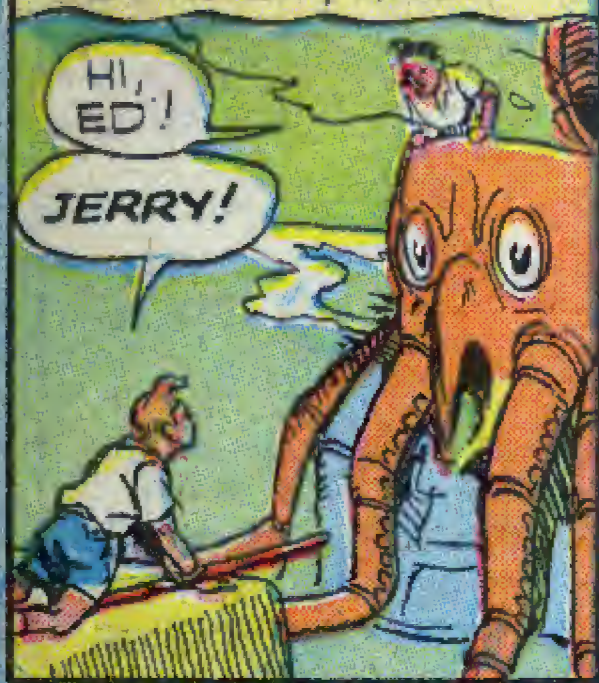
SUDDENLY, THE GREAT
IDOL SEEMS TO COME
TO LIFE, EMITTING
SMOKE, AND LIFTING
ITS GREAT ARMS! PANIC
REIGNS! A SHRILL SCREAM
FILLS THE AIR!



IN A MINUTE,
EDDIE IS
DESERTED!



AFTER THE NATIVES
LEAVE IN TERROR—
THE GREAT HEAD
LIFTS UP, AND...

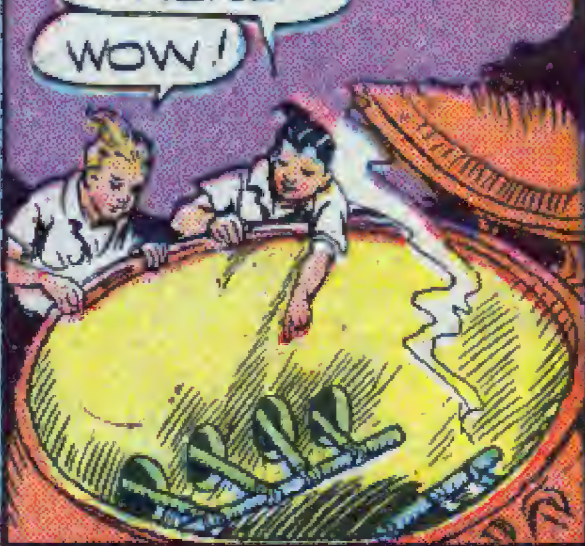


EDDIE IS FREE!



THEY CLIMB TO THE TOP
OF THE IDOL!

IT'S MECHANICAL. I
FOUND THE TOP
OPEN AND HID
THERE!

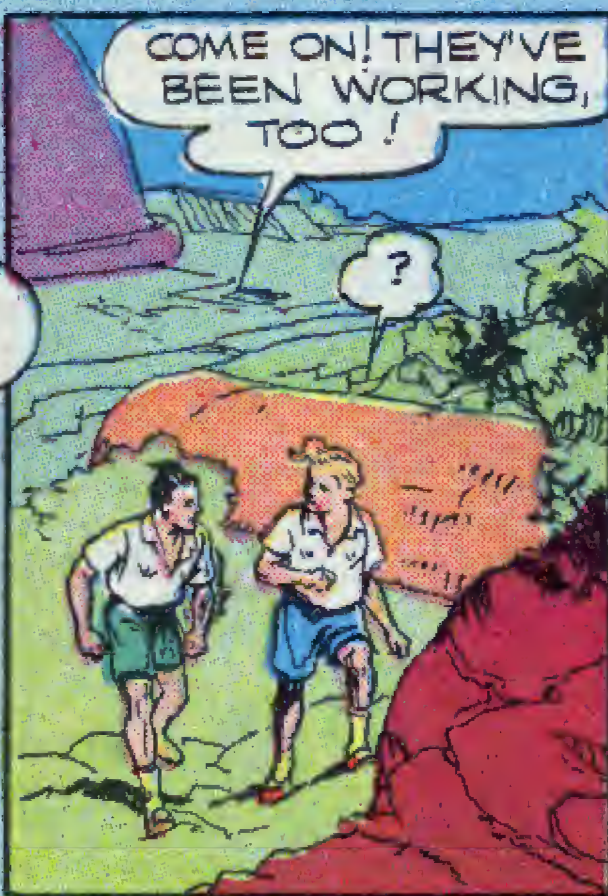


THERE WAS
OIL AND
FUEL IN THERE,
SO I USED IT!

BUT
WHERE ARE
THE OTHERS?



COME ON! THEY'VE
BEEN WORKING,
TOO!



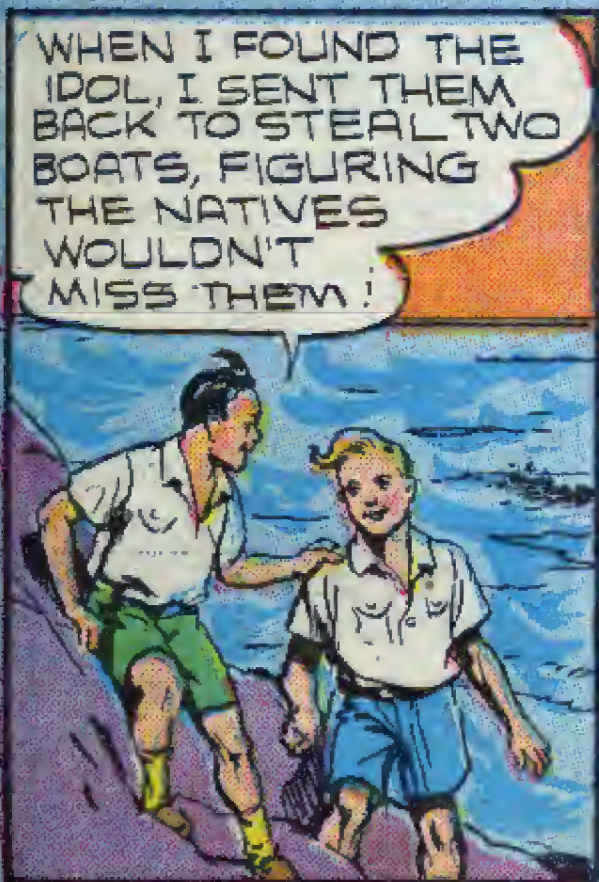
THERE THEY ARE!
HI, ANTON!

WELL,
FOR...!

HALLO!



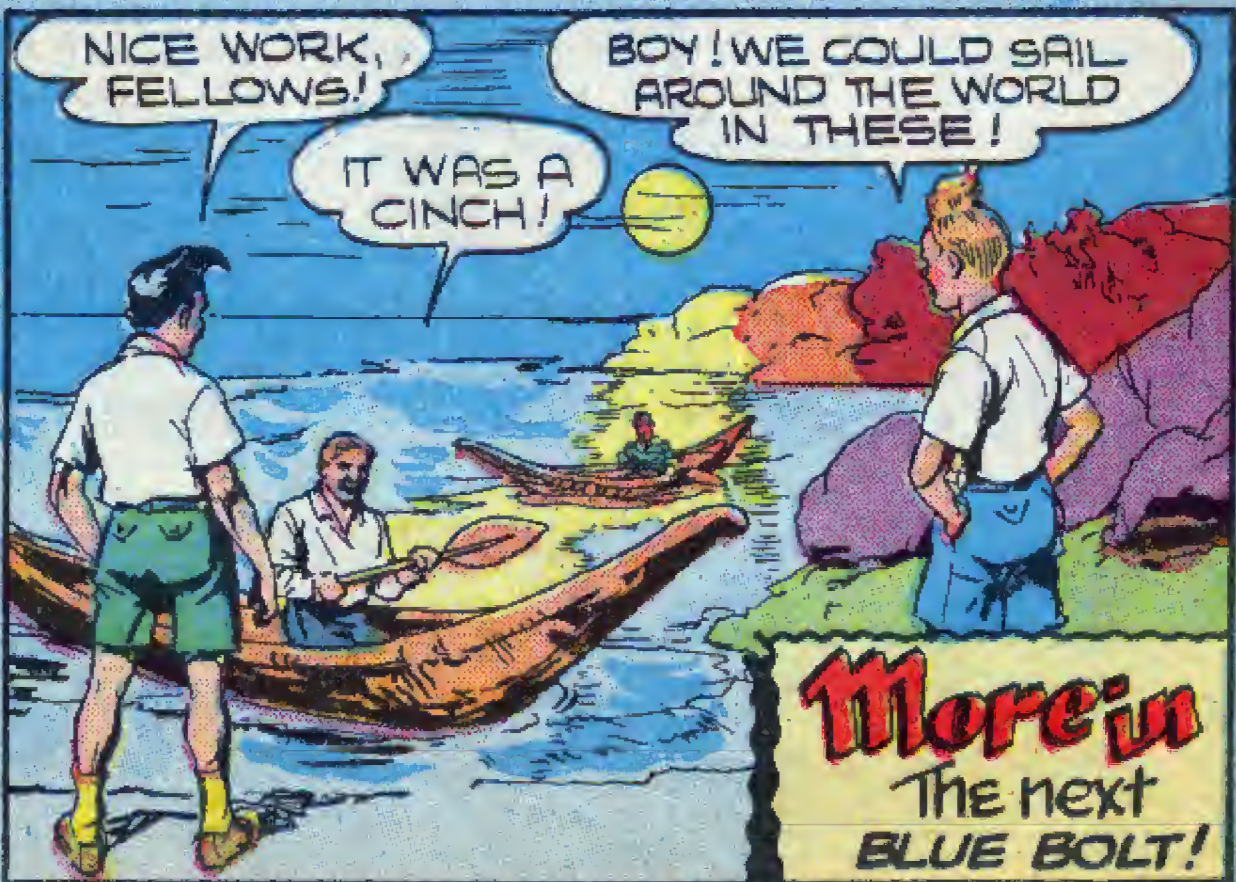
WHEN I FOUND THE
IDOL, I SENT THEM
BACK TO STEAL TWO
BOATS, FIGURING
THE NATIVES
WOULDN'T
MISS THEM!



NICE WORK,
FELLOWS!

IT WAS A
CINCH!

BOY! WE COULD SAIL
AROUND THE WORLD
IN THESE!

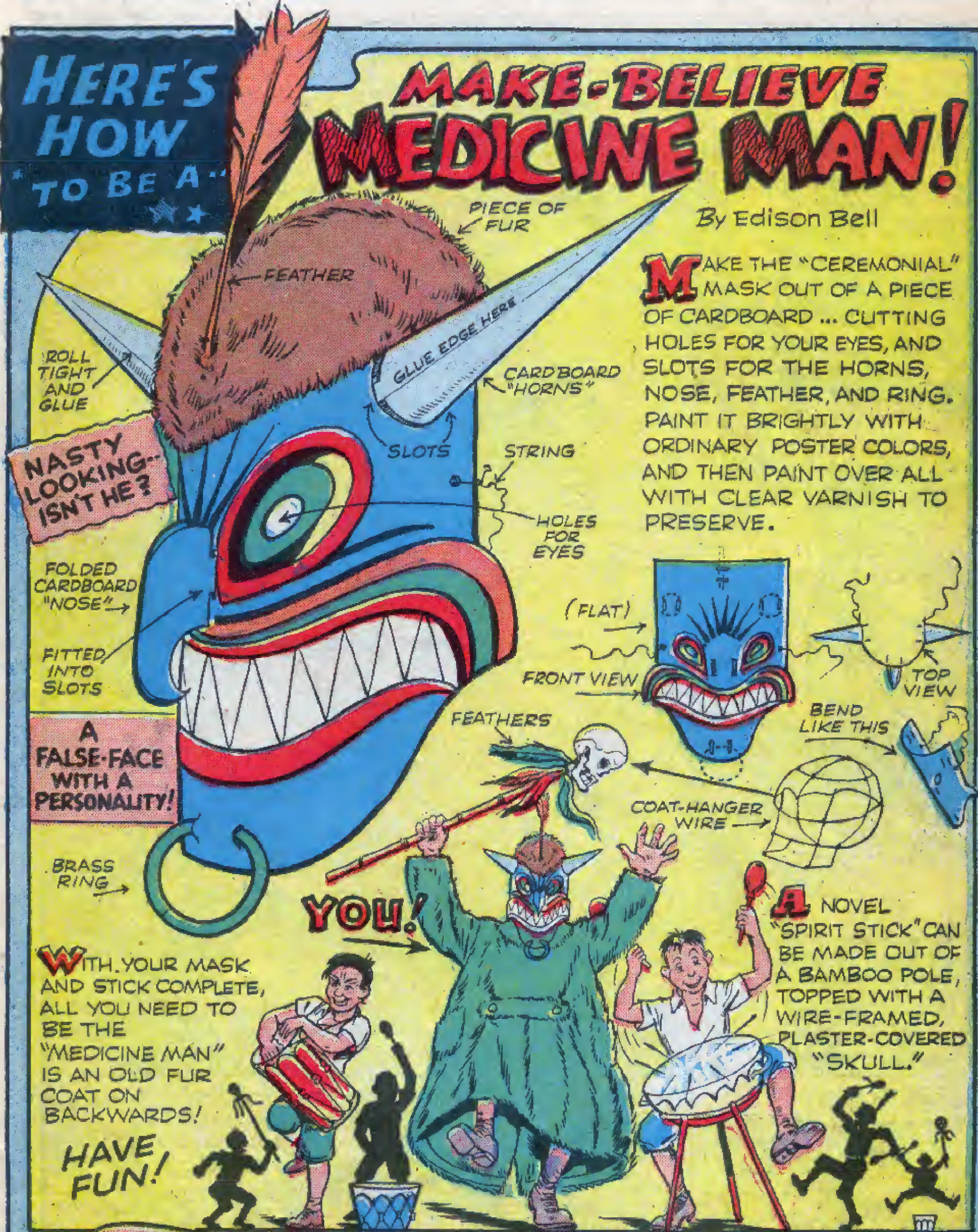


More in
The next
BLUE BOLT!

**HERE'S
HOW
TO BE A...**

MAKE-BELIEVE MEDICINE MAN!

By Edison Bell



**A
FALSE-FACE
WITH A
PERSONALITY!**

WITH YOUR MASK
AND STICK COMPLETE,
ALL YOU NEED TO
BE THE
"MEDICINE MAN"
IS AN OLD FUR
COAT ON
BACKWARDS!

**HAVE
FUN!**

GET THE GANG TOGETHER 'ROUND
THE OLD CAMPFIRE, SUPPLY THEM
WITH DRUMS OF ONE SORT OR
ANOTHER -- AND GO INTO YOUR DANCE!

USE THIS METHOD
TO MAKE OTHER
MASKS --
CLOWNS, MONSTERS,
ETC.

THE PHANTOM SUB

By
FES

THE SINKING OF AMERICAN SHIPS BY AXIS RAIDERS HAS BROUGHT THE EUROPEAN WAR VERY CLOSE TO OUR SHORES. **THE PHANTOM SUB**, WHICH NOW WORKS WITH THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE, IS ORDERED TO SEARCH THE WATERS OFF THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST FOR ONE PARTICULAR RAIDER WHICH HAS BEEN RAISING HAVOC!



WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THREE WEEKS NOW, JACK, AND NOT A TRACE OF THAT RAIDER!

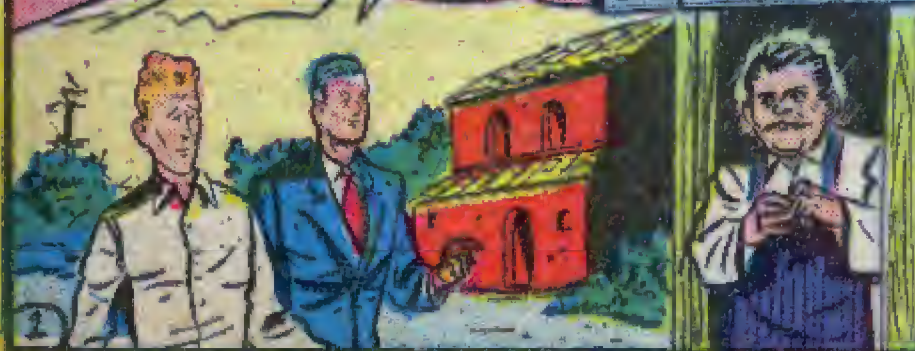
YES, AND OUR SUPPLIES ARE ABOUT OUT! WE'LL PUT INTO THIS LITTLE PORT AND STOCK UP!



THE SUB DOCKED. JACK AND SLIM SET OUT TO BUY THE NEEDED SUPPLIES.

AH, HERE'S A STORE! NOW, TO SEE IF WE CAN MAKE THIS FELLOW UNDERSTAND!

EL F



LET ME TELL HIM. ER. BUENOS DIAS, SENOR.. ER.. ER..

STEP RIGHT IN, SENORS! WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

HA! HA! HE SPEAKS BETTER ENGLISH THAN YOU, SLIM!



YOU WANT ALL THESE, SENORS? I'M SORRY. BUT FOR SO BIG AN ORDER YOU MUST HAVE THE PERMISSION FROM HERR HEELMEISTER!

WHAT? WE'VE GOT TO GET PERMISSION TO BUY FOOD?



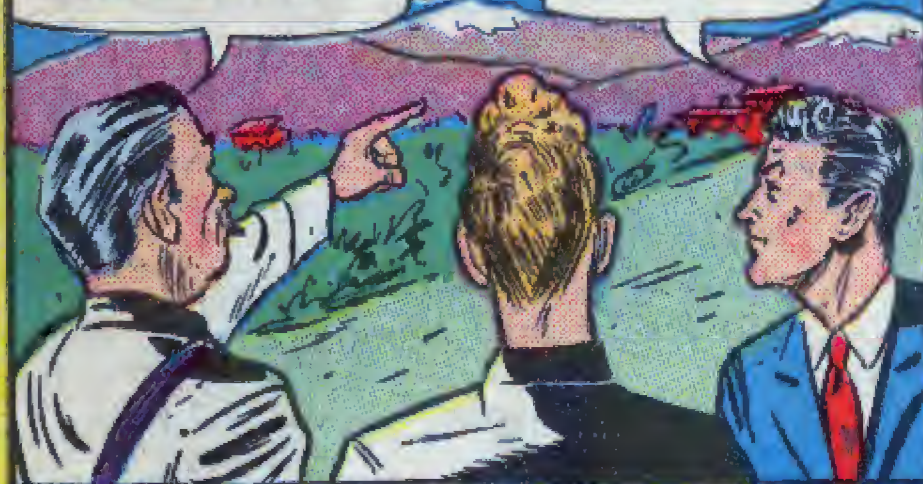
I'M SORRY.. BUT.. WELL I'LL BE-! SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING THAT WOULD HAPPEN IN EUROPE!

COME ON, SLIM. WE NEED THE SUPPLIES, SO -



YOU WILL FIND HERR HEELMEISTER IN THAT BUILDING OVER THERE!

WELL, LET'S GO SEE HERR DICTATOR, SLIM!

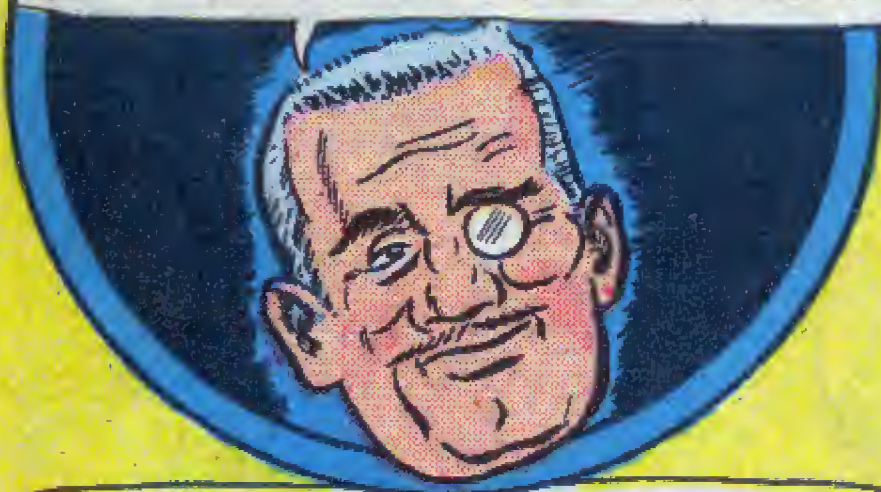


TWO MEN TO SEE YOU, HERR HEELMEISTER!

COME IN, GENTLEMEN!



SO SANCHEZ WOULDN'T FILL YOUR LARGE ORDER, EH? WELL, I MAKE THEM GET PERMISSION FROM ME ON LARGE ORDERS BECAUSE THESE PEOPLE HAVE A TENDENCY TO BE UNSCRUPULOUS TO STRANGERS!

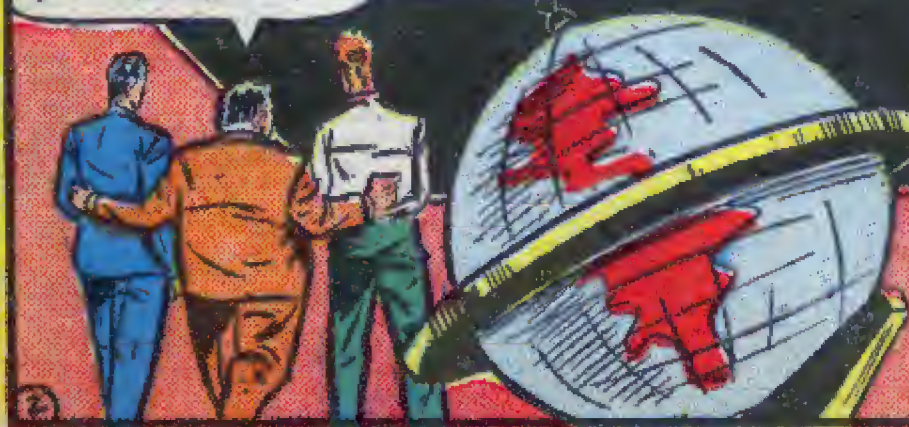


YOU SEE, I'M ALMOST A FATHER TO THESE PEOPLE! I TRY TO HELP THEM LEAD GOOD LIVES!

THAT'S FINE! BUT DO WE GET THE SUPPLIES?

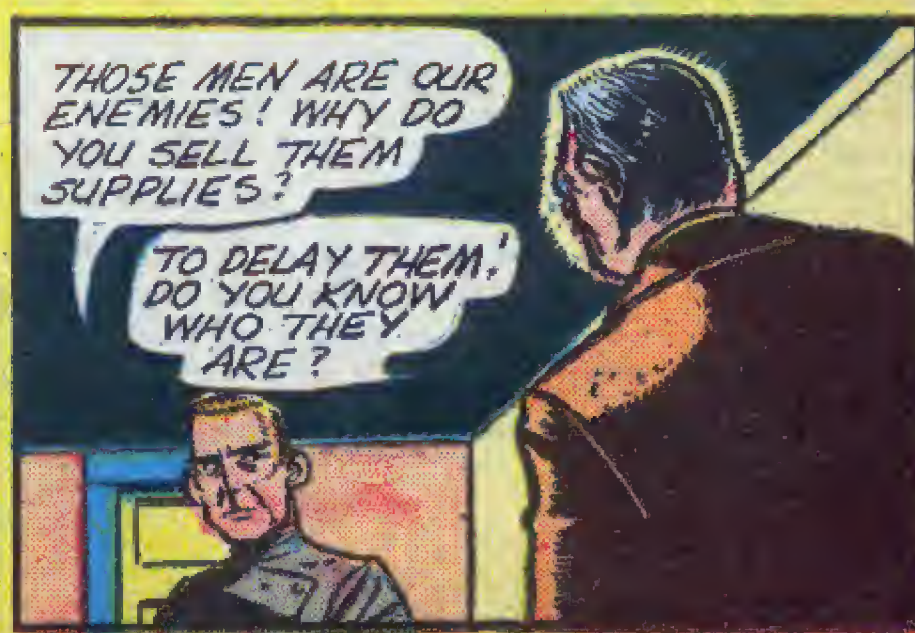


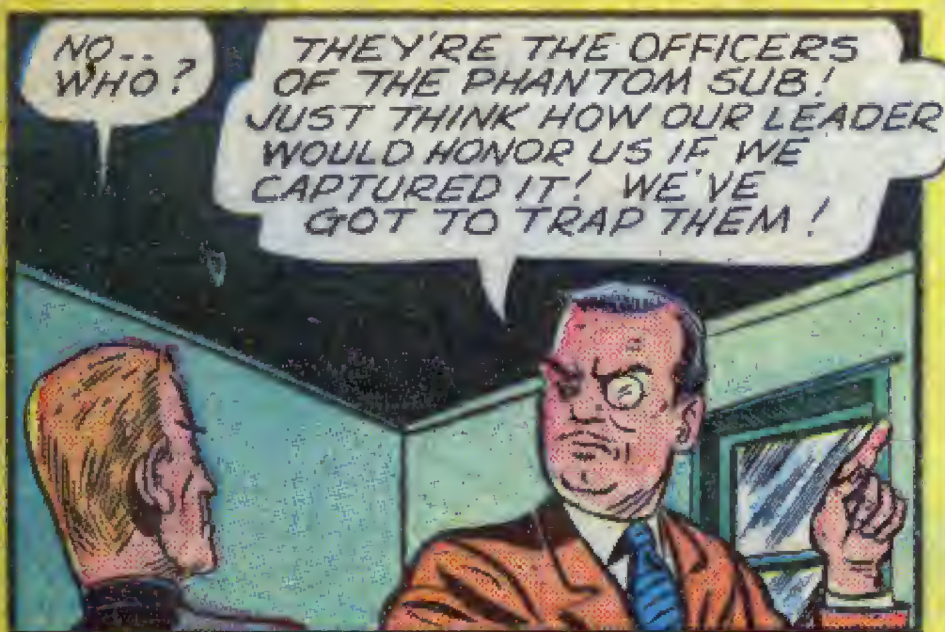
I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING FOR YOU! IT'S A BIG ORDER SO IT WILL TAKE UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING TO GET IT READY!



THOSE MEN ARE OUR ENEMIES! WHY DO YOU SELL THEM SUPPLIES?

TO DELAY THEM! DO YOU KNOW WHO THEY ARE?





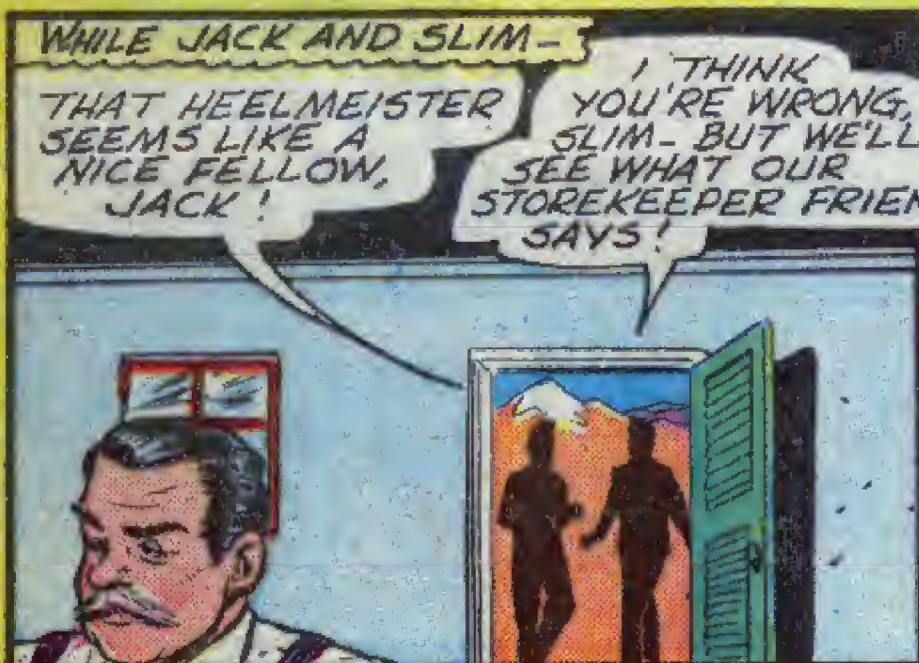
NO-- WHO?

THEY'RE THE OFFICERS OF THE PHANTOM SUB! JUST THINK HOW OUR LEADER WOULD HONOR US IF WE CAPTURED IT! WE'VE GOT TO TRAP THEM!



YES, SIR!

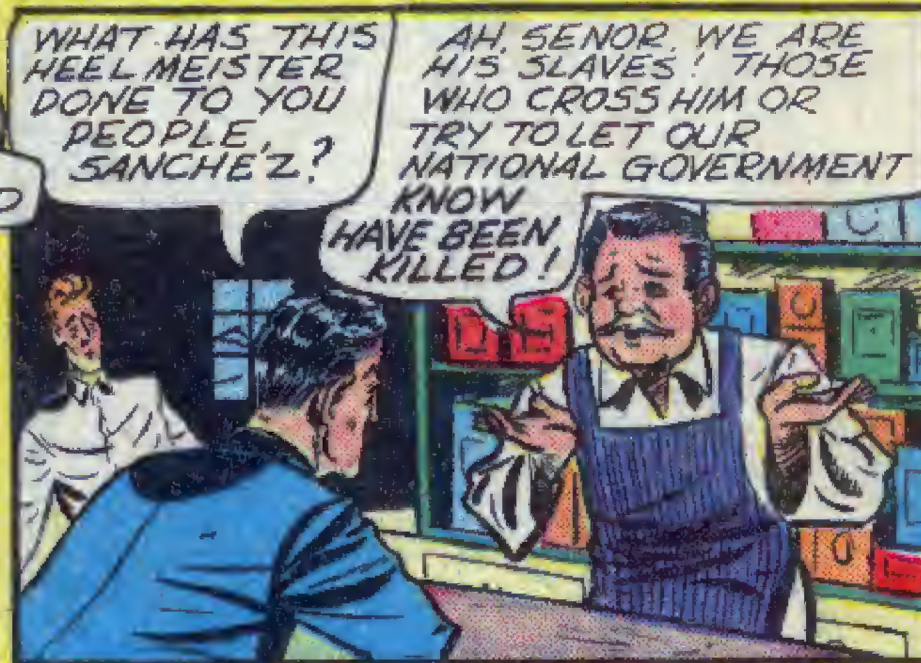
OUR COUNTRY'S RAIDER, THE U-42 WAITS OFF THE COAST FOR REFUELING-- CONTACT IT AND HAVE IT COME INTO PORT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!



WHILE JACK AND SLIM--

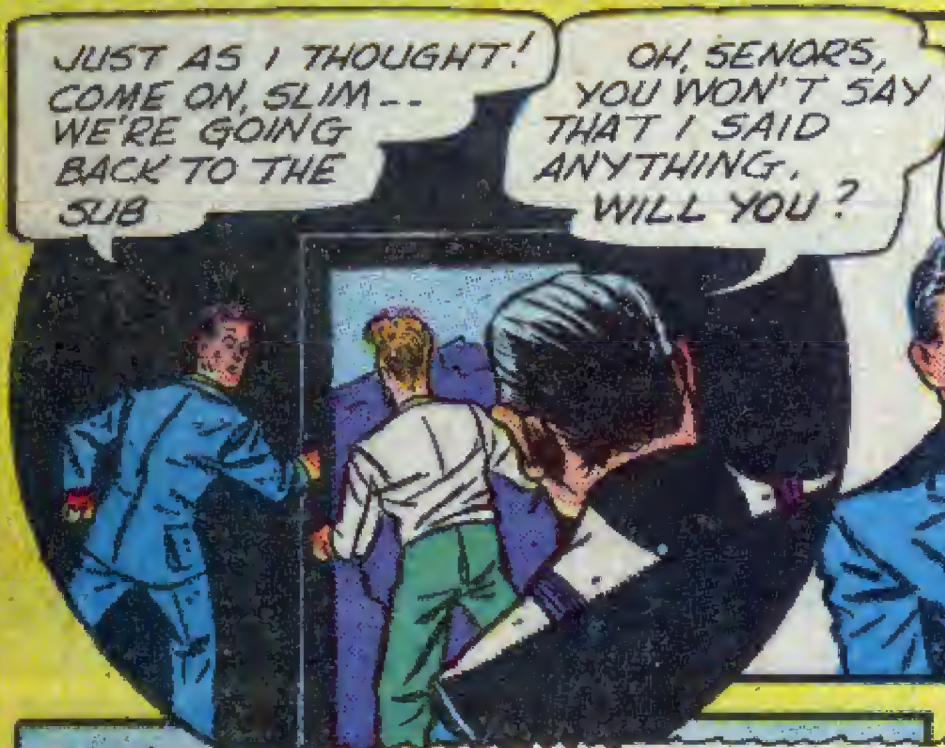
THAT HEELMEISTER SEEMS LIKE A NICE FELLOW, JACK!

I THINK YOU'RE WRONG, SLIM-- BUT WE'LL SEE WHAT OUR STOREKEEPER FRIEND SAYS!



WHAT HAS THIS HEELMEISTER DONE TO YOU PEOPLE, SANCHEZ?

AH, SENOR, WE ARE HIS SLAVES! THOSE WHO CROSS HIM OR TRY TO LET OUR NATIONAL GOVERNMENT KNOW HAVE BEEN KILLED!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! COME ON, SLIM-- WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE SUB

OH, SENORS, YOU WON'T SAY THAT I SAID ANYTHING, WILL YOU?

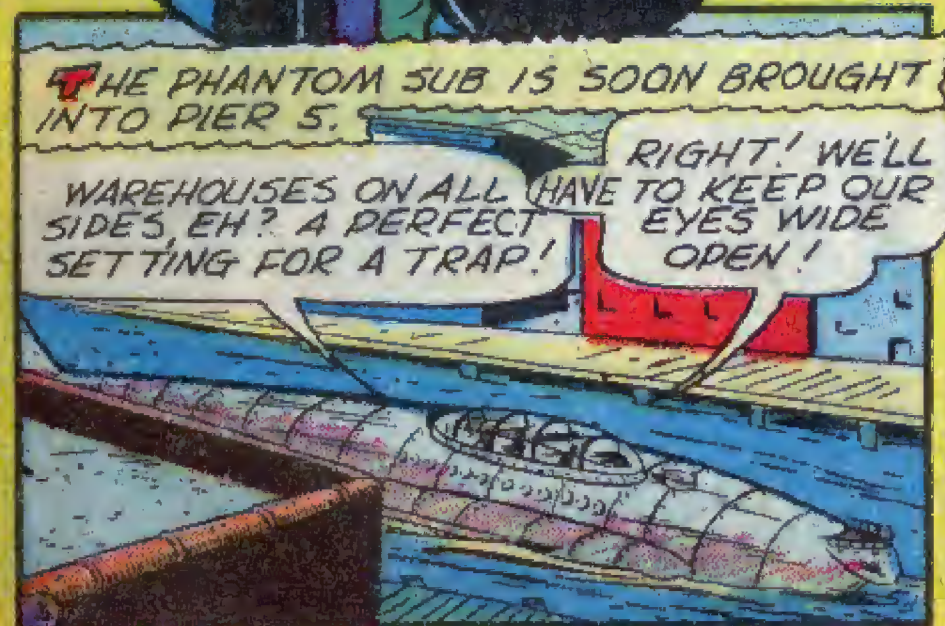


THEY ARE SOON BACK AT THE SUB--

CONTACT THE U.S NAVAL ATTACHE AT THIS COUNTRY'S CAPITAL. INFORM HIM OF HEELMEISTER AND HAVE HIM NOTIFY THE PROPER OFFICIALS!

A NOTE FROM HEELMEISTER, JACK-- WE'RE TO DOCK THE SUB AT PIER 5!

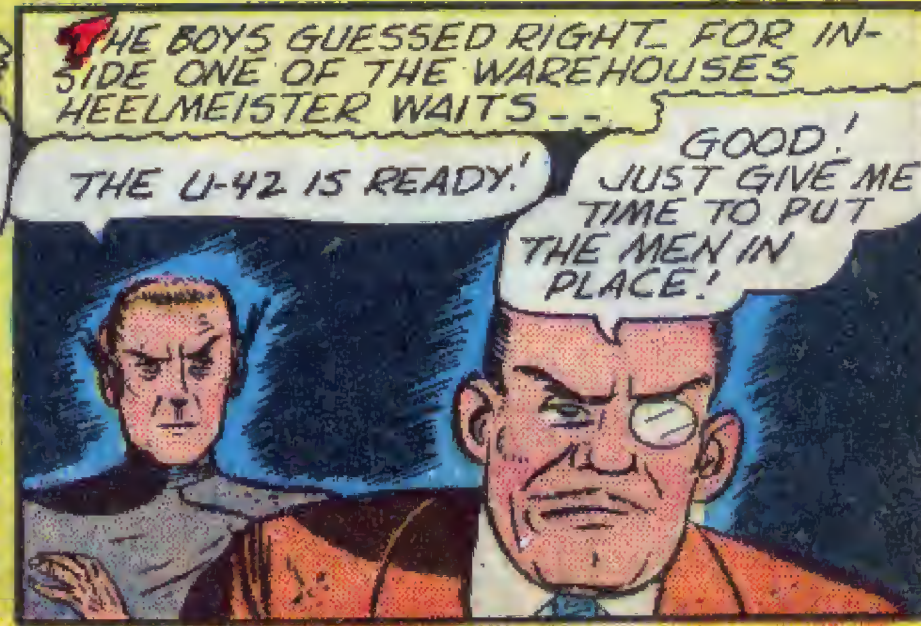
OKAY!



THE PHANTOM SUB IS SOON BROUGHT INTO PIER 5.

WAREHOUSES ON ALL SIDES, EH? A PERFECT SETTING FOR A TRAP!

RIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP OUR EYES WIDE OPEN!



THE BOYS GUESSED RIGHT. FOR INSIDE ONE OF THE WAREHOUSES HEELMEISTER WAITS--

THE U-42 IS READY!

GOOD! JUST GIVE ME TIME TO PUT THE MEN IN PLACE!

MEELMEISTER PLACES HIS MEN ON THE ROOFS OF THE WAREHOUSES AROUND THE PHANTOM SUB.

DON'T FIRE UNLESS I SAY SO!



LOOK, JACK! WE'RE TRAPPED!

YEEOW! I'LL SAY!



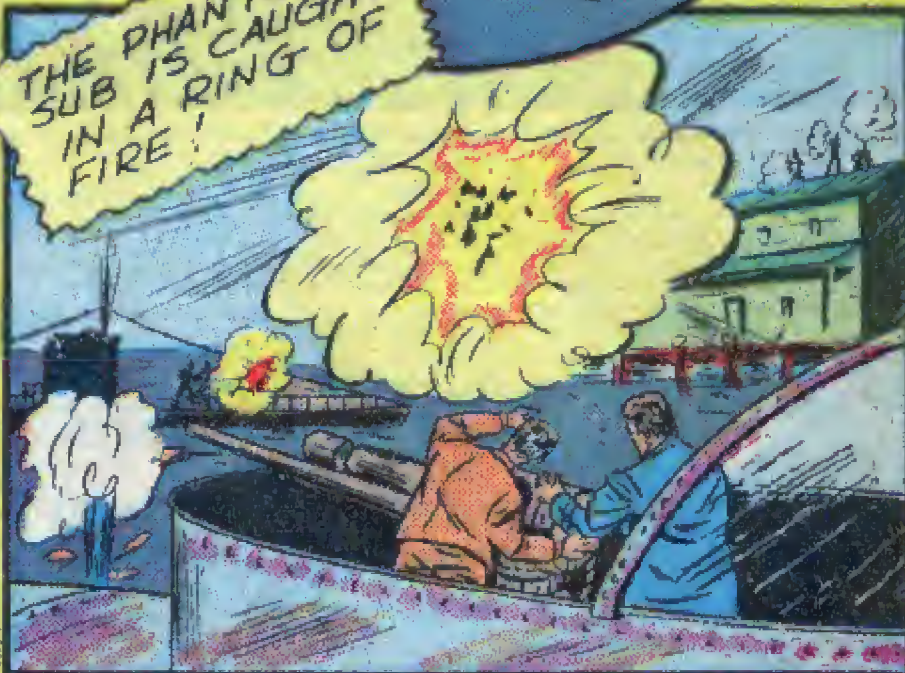
NOW THE RAIDER U-BOAT SURFACES ACROSS THE ENTRANCE TO THE DOCK TO COMPLETE THE TRAP AROUND THE PHANTOM SUB!

YOU'RE TRAPPED ALL RIGHT! IF YOU MOVE WE'LL BLAST YOU TO BITS! YOU'D BEST SURRENDER!

MAKE ANOTHER GUESS, HERR HEEL!



THE PHANTOM SUB IS CAUGHT IN A RING OF FIRE!



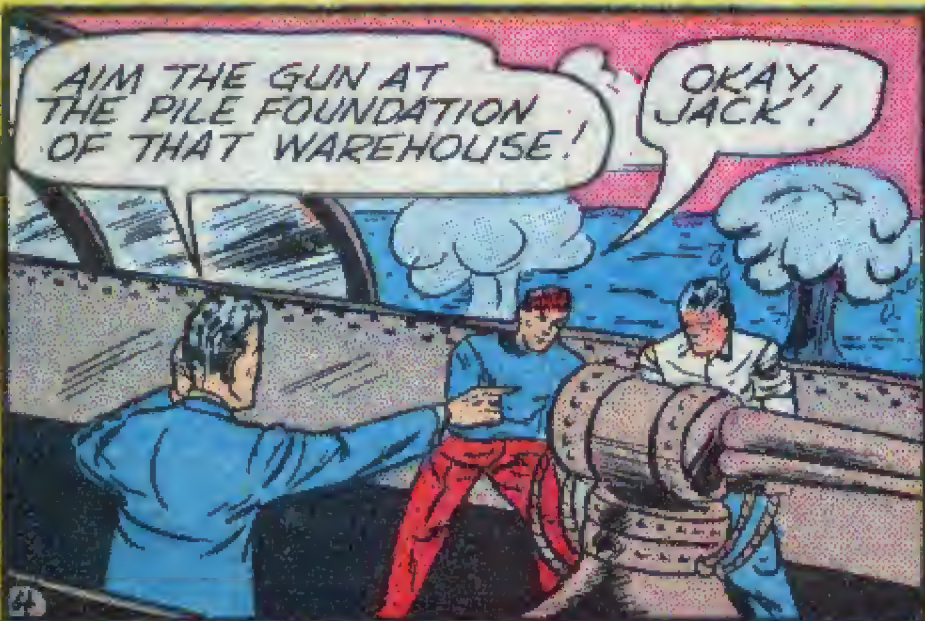
BATTLE STATIONS!

LET ME AT THE WATER-GUN. I'LL SHOW THAT HEEL HOW WE SURRENDER!

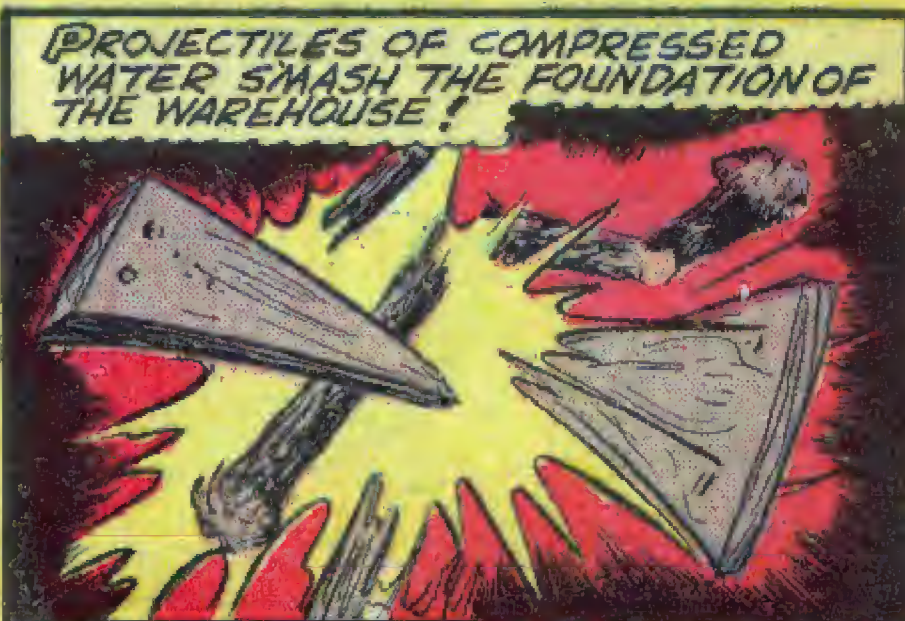


AIM THE GUN AT THE PILE FOUNDATION OF THAT WAREHOUSE!

OKAY, JACK!



PROJECTILES OF COMPRESSED WATER SMASH THE FOUNDATION OF THE WAREHOUSE!



THE COLLAPSED BUILDING FORMS A SORT OF RAMP AND THE PHANTOM SUB ROARS UP IT AT TOP SPEED!

SWING OUT THE WINGS!

POWER-DIVES DOWN ON THE RAIDER U-BOAT! THE FORWARD WATER-GUN SPEAKS ONCE --

THE SUB ZOOMS HIGH INTO THE AIR, AND THEN --

LOOK, JACK! I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO TELL YOU BECAUSE THINGS HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY, BUT THE U.S. NAVAL ATTACHE' AT THE CAPITAL SAID THEY WERE SENDING TROOPS HERE - AND THERE THEY ARE!

AND BOY, THEY LOOK GOOD, SPARKS!

HEELMEISTER AND HIS MEN ARE SOON SUBDUED BY THE SOLDIERS!

SO, WITH THE SITUATION WELL IN THE HANDS OF THE SOLDIERS - THE PHANTOM CREW MODESTLY LEAVES -

BUT THEY WILL BE BACK IN EVERY ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT COMICS!**



STAMP by TALKS

EUGENE L. POLLOCK



DO YOU KNOW . . .

—THAT Sierra Leone, a British possession in Africa, owns some land off its coast called the Banana Islands? We have been told that no bananas are grown there, but that people go to the Banana Islands for oranges!



—THAT since the Nazis began the invasion of their neighbor's borders these countries have no longer issued their own postage stamps: Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Danzig, Norway, Denmark, Netherlands, Belgium, Luxemburg, Yugoslavia, and Greece. Stamps for Belgium, Poland, Norway and

Denmark have been printed under Nazi censorship, while stamps for a portion of Czechoslovakia called Bohemia and Moravia have been on sale since the Czechs lost their freedom.

—THAT bicycles are used by mailmen in Bulgaria, who laugh at American letter carriers for walking about when making their deliveries? So many people ride on bikes in the Balkans, where Bulgaria is located, that a special set of stamps will soon be issued to be used on letters posted by bicycle riders.



—THAT France one designed a postage stamp that was sold to raise money to buy radio sets for the blind? Stamps have been sold for many purposes, but this seems to be the most unusual of all. The picture shows a blind young man listening to a radio broadcast, and the artist has even drawn his idea of radio waves coming out of the loudspeaker.



—THAT Spain is the only country to reproduce the autogiro on stamps? The autogiro, an airplane that can go up or come down in a small space, was invented by a Spaniard. He was unable to interest

anyone in his own country with his airplane and came to the United States with a model. An American manufacturer in Philadelphia liked the young inventor and his new style plane and offered to build them. Hundreds of these ships, with their large propeller blades on top as well as in front, are made every year.

AN APPROVAL APPLICANT is anyone sending for the stamps advertised on this page. This means that along with the advertised stamps you send for you will also receive a selection of other stamps from which you may buy any or all you prefer. You must send back the stamps (except those you receive from the ad), together with the money for those you buy, within 10 days after you receive them.

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RARE AFGHANISTAN

Everyone wants stamps from AFGHANISTAN—the hardest of all countries to get stamps from! We'll send a large size, rare, unused AFGHANISTAN stamp showing the famous KAHUT MOSQUE, a very old classical, large size TASMANIA pictorial (issue, unused ANTIPOUR Coast of Africa (WORLD'S SMALLEST REPUBLIC), a beautiful large unused NEW GUINEA AIRMAIL stamp showing a PIRATE SHIP and CANNIBAL, scarce NEID SAUDIE ARABIA'S ONLY PICTORIAL design, NEW BURMA ELEPHANT STAMP, an old 18th century U. S. issue, new KING GEORGE issues, 10 FLAND BELGIAN, SWISS SCENES, CHINA "GEORGE WASHINGTON", and 100 other fine different stamps for only 10c to approval applicants. FREE 1941 STYLE PERFORATION RULER and MILLIMETER MEASURE INCLUDED! RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW!

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BROWNIE STAMP SHOP, DEPT. K, FLINT MICHIGAN

GRIT *and* SAND

By
ANDREW
McWHINEY

THE little tug, "Mary B.", fought her way with the two sand-laden barges, wearily up the harbor, moving sluggishly in the wind's teeth. Captain Danny was worried.

"If you don't tie them up at 96th St. by noon, it's the last business you'll get from me," John Steele, the construction magnate, had told him curtly. "And my colleagues in the business will hear about it, too."

Danny couldn't blame him. But he couldn't afford any more business losses. He could barely keep "Mary B." operating and pay his hands as it was. Now it was ten in the morning, and the stiff north wind had reduced their headway to almost nothing. It looked bad.

"Better put in to the Basin, and hope for the wind to die," advised Ole, the mate. "Best we can do."

"We couldn't get near it," retorted Danny. "Those piers are loaded with ammunition for England. There—look!"

Ole saw five grey freighters tied up in the Basin, and a black Police cutter cruising nearby. He scowled.

Suddenly a deckhand yelled, pointing. A little up the crowded harbor, a pier was belching black smoke. Danny realized it was Pier 12, where Inter-American unloaded the highly-inflammable

sisal. A rush of flame mushroomed instantly into a holocaust. Stunned, they watched the city's guardians spring into action. Fireboats began to storm toward the scene, followed by the fire-fighting oil company tugs. In a few moments sirens were heard.

Ole darted another look at the crowded Basin docks. "Good thing there're a few blocks between 'em!"

Danny nodded soberly, and while "Mary B." battled on, they stared, spellbound, at the fire's fury. More fireboats and oil tugs were charging toward the pier, but now the cauldron of flame gushed over the whole pier length, and ship and cargo alongside, had caught. The river was choked with craft, some anxious to help, others idly curious.

"We'd better stand in somewhere," urged Ole. "We can't mix in that tangle with this tow, and we won't reach 96th on time anyway."

"I'm not giving up before I'm licked!" Snapped Danny. Ole looked at him curiously, then at the blaze.

"Somebody's still alive on the ship!" he gasped. "They've got a line aboard her! Going to pull her clear, I guess!" A tug had darted in, and a deckhand, crouching in the searing heat, had thrown a line to someone miraculously alive on the liner.

THERE is something to be feared more than a howling Nor'Easter, or a prowling raider at sea -- it's a run-away fire aboard ship. And when it happens practically right on your own after-deck -- it's sink or swim for man and craft alike.

The tug's gleaming paint blistered, and her glass-work blackened and shattered, but doggedly she leaned back on the stiff hawser. The flame-swept liner began moving. A second tug, her own bow blossoming with flame, was heaving at the ship's bow. Slowly the floating pyre came around and began moving downstream.

DANNY shot a look at the Basin, loaded with explosives. "If she gets loose, she'll swing in there!" Ole made a funny sound, and Danny saw he was scared.

"On the wheel!" he ordered. "I'm going below to coax another turn out of the engine. A wide berth for that flaming coffin!"

Re-emerging, he heard shouts, looked, and went pale. The flaming ship was loose! Fire had gnawed the hawser apart. She began to veer shorewards. Danny sprang to the wheel-house of the "Mary B." Axe in hand, Ole tried to squeeze past him. But Danny was thinking. . . .

"Where you going?" he snarled.

"To cut the sand loose!" She's bearing straight for us, almost—we've got to dodge fast!"

Danny seized the axe. "And let her smack that ninety-thousand tons of ammunition? It would flatten the city! *I'll* cut that line—but, not yet!"

Crazed with fear, Ole swung at Danny who crashed in the corner. Ole vanished with the axe. Danny groaned but staggered erect. Dazed, he focussed on the liner. A mass of slashing flame, she glided inexorably toward the Basin. Danny tumbled on deck and sprinted aft. The axe was flashing downward when he brought Ole flat with a tackle. The mate's head cracked the deck, and he lay still. The axe skidded to the scuppers.

DANNY regained the wheel-house swiftly. The liner had changed course. He leaned out, shouting at the hands flocking toward Ole. Arm in air, he twisted for another look at the liner. A man snatched up the axe, and, as Danny's arm dropped, the axe swung. The tow-line sprang apart. Both tug and tow were drifting swiftly toward the Basin's mouth. . . .

The "Mary B." heeled far over as she swung sharply. Free now, she charged about in a tight turn, laying a furious trail of white. Vaguely, Danny glimpsed an oil tug storming toward him. He bellowed an order through the window again, and as the "Mary B." swept along side the wallowing barges, three figures dove through the air and sprawled into the sand. Then they were up and running for the hawsers joining the ponderous scows. The "Mary B." swung away and heeled in another turn. In the strong quartering

wind, the scows were turning and drifting into an abreast position. Danny gloated over this luck as he drove the "Mary B." head on at them. There was little time—the burning ship was close, sending a choking blast of scorching heat down the wind. The "Mary B.'s" engine room bell clanged sharply, she churned the water to a savage boil, in reverse, but her nose hit hard. She shuddered so, then built a hill of meringue astern, as Danny signalled full ahead to the engine room.

But the barges dawdled, sullenly indifferent to the flaming destruction looming close. Men were running, yelling, hurtling overboard. The "Mary B." heaved angrily at the stubborn dead weight. The barges began to yield to the powerful tug.

DANNY'S knuckles were aching and white on the wheel spokes; his knees shook as he tried, through sheer will force, to goad the little tug into greater effort. Suddenly, a whistle sounded alongside. Danny saw the oil tug charge up and reverse engines. The newcomer lunged in with a dull crash, went ahead on her engines once more, and then the barges were skidding steadily. And now the heat was unbearable. The wheel-house windows blackened, and as Danny, with detached amazement saw his paintwork blistering, the windows crackled and shivered to bits. In unspoken agreement both tugs slacked off and reversed. The "Mary B." shrank back.

Danny gasped. The cooler air revived him as he watched the liner's smoking stem sliced through the last few feet of water between it and the barges. There was a splintering crash. The barges rolled, floundered, shipped water, as the ship recoiled, staggering. Then the barges wallowed deep under a second battering impact, while shattered planking flew. This time the burning liner halted, her nose against the barge's gunwales.

A moment later the second oil tug swept under the liner's stern, and a steel cable leaped aboard. She was a prisoner again.

The harbor shrieked with whistles. Danny ran back to where Ole crouched on his hands and knees. The mate grinned feebly, and Danny started to speak. There was a sudden hornblast, and a glittering cruiser-yacht hove alongside. From her bridge John Steele megaphoned: "Nice work, Daugherty! Had glasses on you. You saved the city! Don't worry about the sand—and don't fail to come and see me tomorrow!" "AYE AYE, SIR!" called back Captain DANNY DAUGHERTY, patting the rail of the good ship "MARY B." . . . "I guess I stopped him from exploding at me, too!" he said to himself with a chuckle.

THE END

SUB-ZERO

A SINISTER BAND OF MEN, TOO COWARDLY TO SHOW THEIR FACES, HAD SEIZED A FAMOUS WINTER RESORT AND GRIPPED IT IN A STRANGLEHOLD ... EVERYONE PAID TRIBUTE TO THE **KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE FLAME** -- UNDER THREAT OF DEATH ... UNTIL **SUB-ZERO** ARRIVED FOR A VACATION ... IT WAS **SOME** VACATION!

SUB-ZERO AND HIS PAL, FREEZUM, ARE ABOARD A TRAIN BOUND FOR A SUNNY CLIME ...

I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET TO DORANT, FREEZUM! ... IMAGINE LYING ON THE SAND AND SOAKING UP SUNLIGHT FOR A CHANGE!

NO SANDUM FOR ME! GETS IN HAIR! ME SWIM!

NEXT MORNING ...

DORANT! LAST STOP!

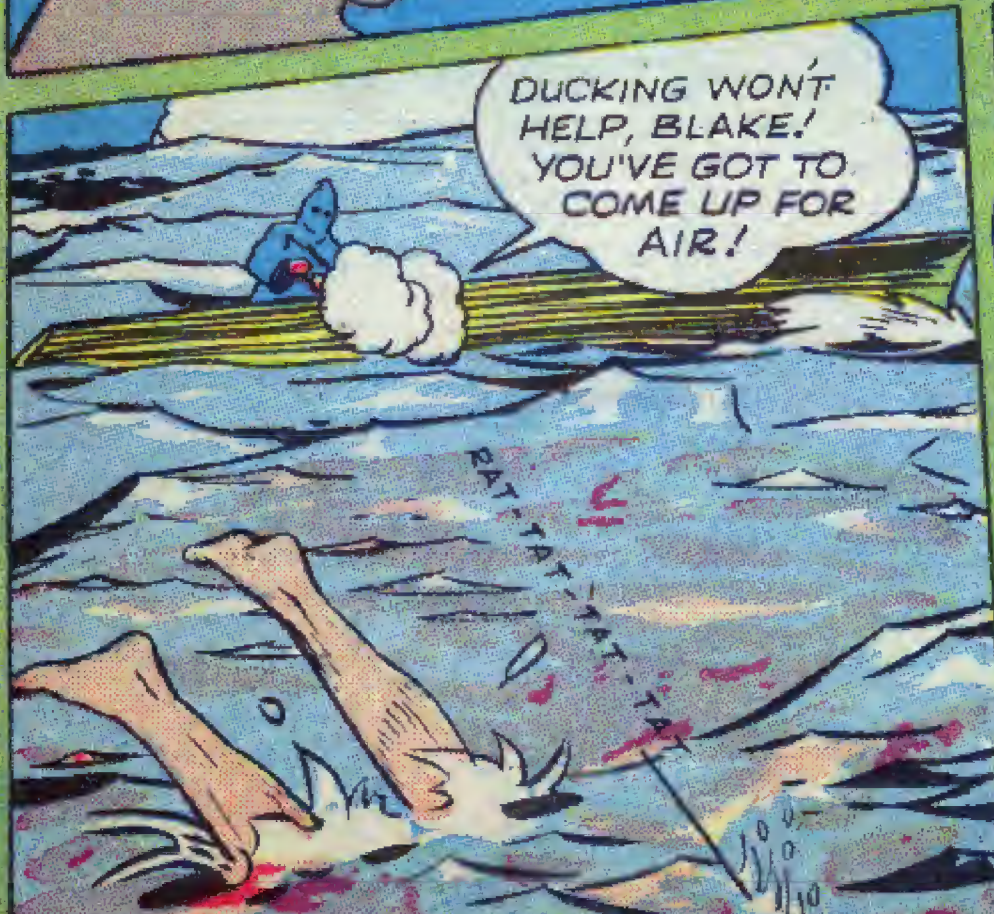
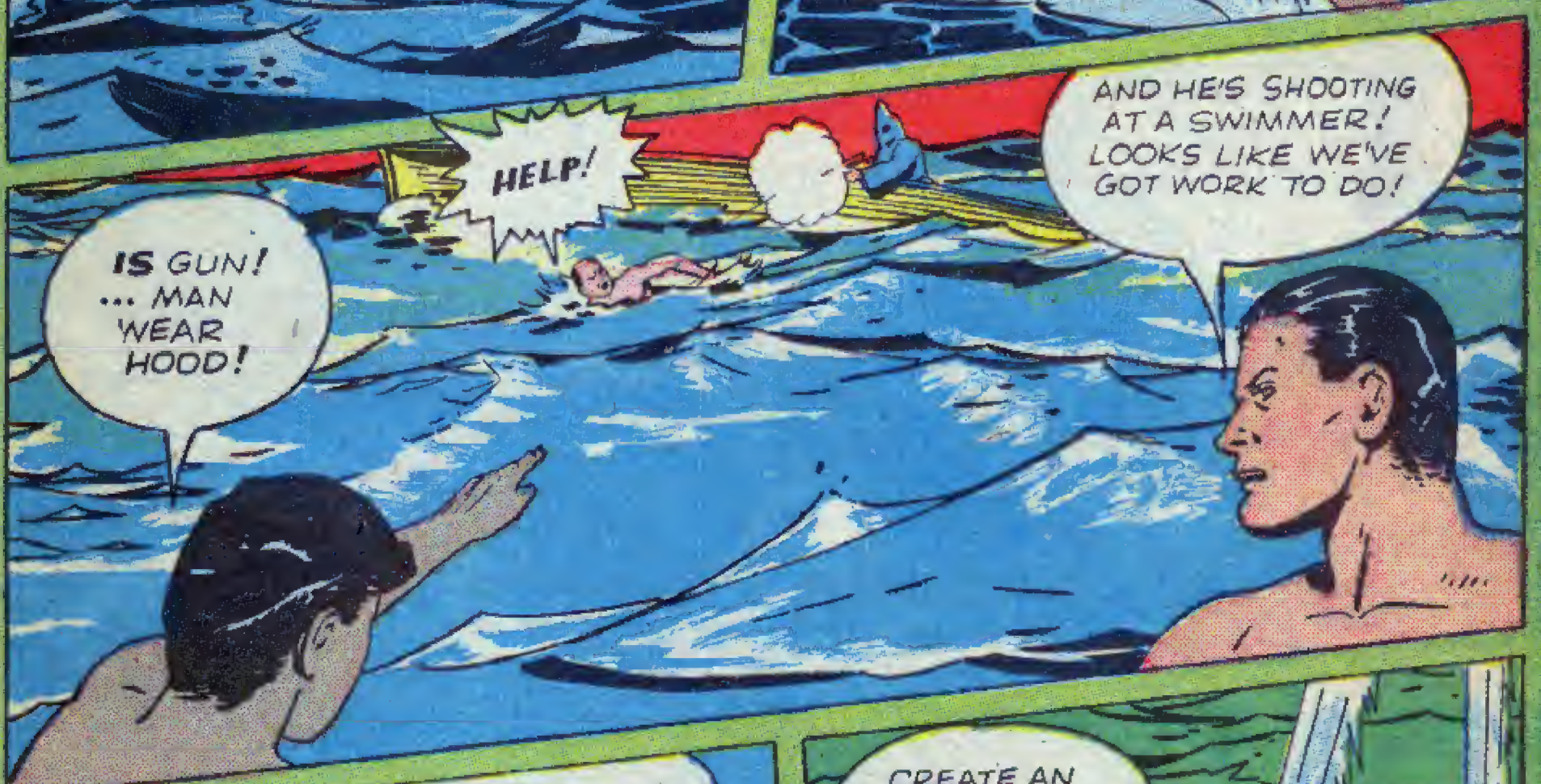
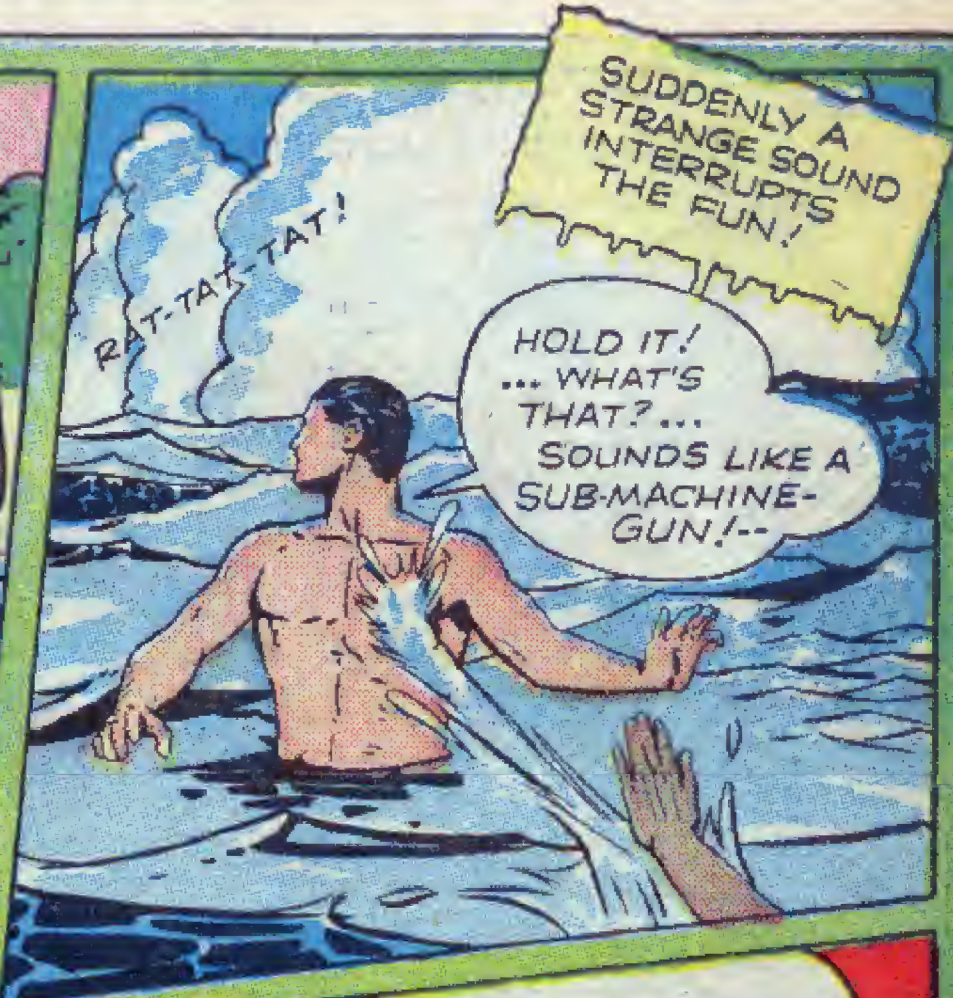
NOW TO GET TO THE HOTEL!

AND JUMP INTO BATHING SUITS! HOORAY-UM!

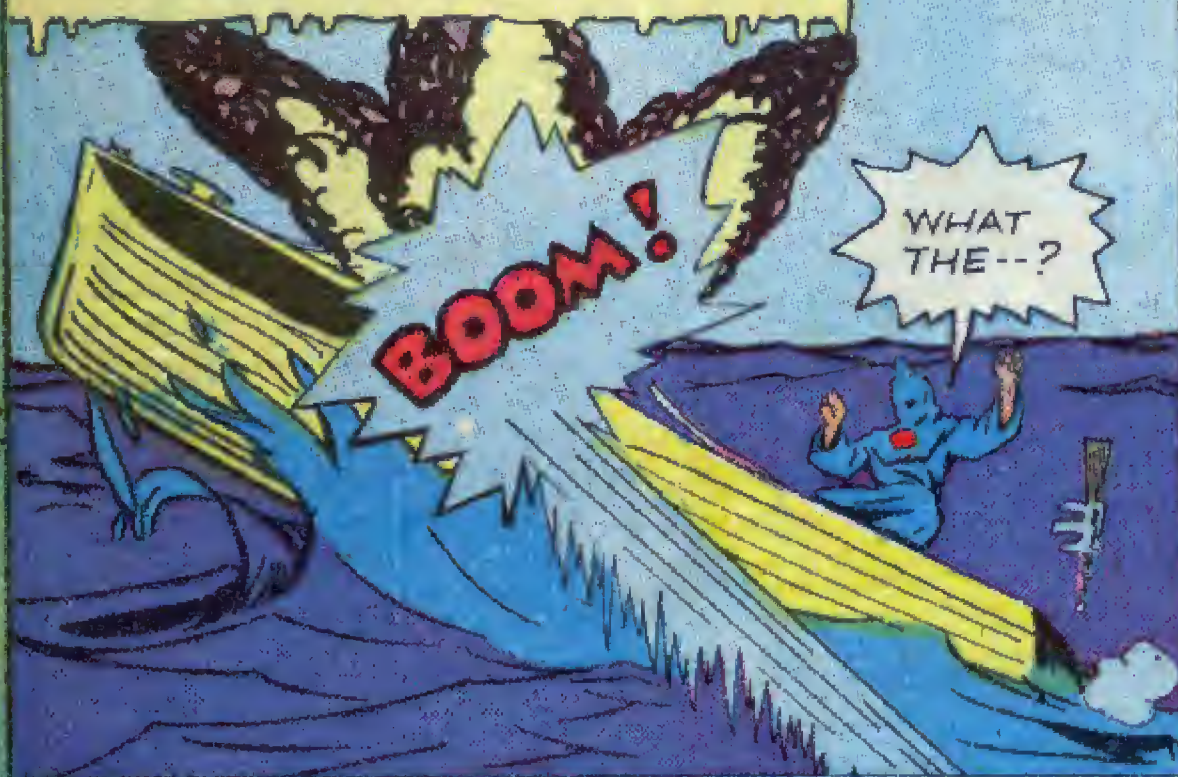
LAST ONE IN IS A SISSY!

DON'T FORGET YOURSELF AND FREEZE -- OR I'LL HAVE TO CHOP YOU OUT OF THE OCEAN WITH A CROWBAR!

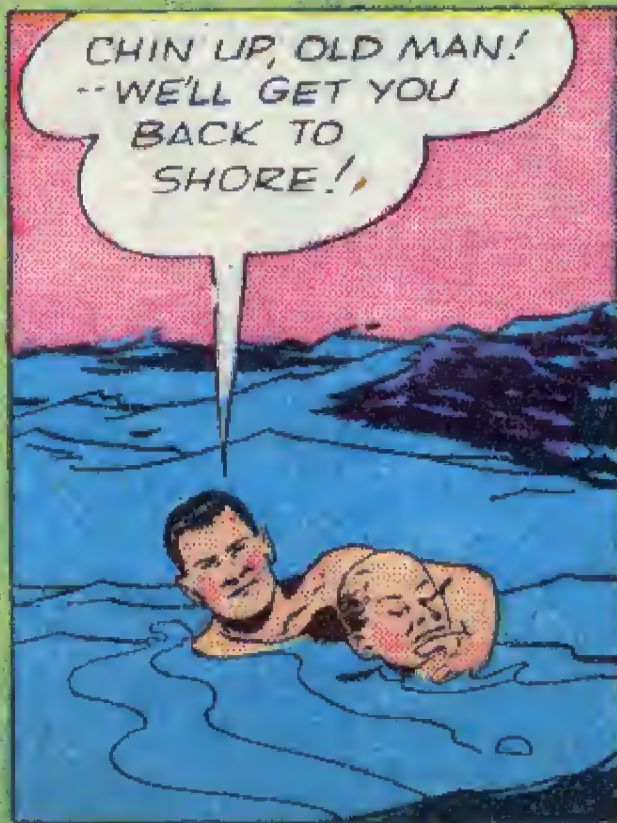
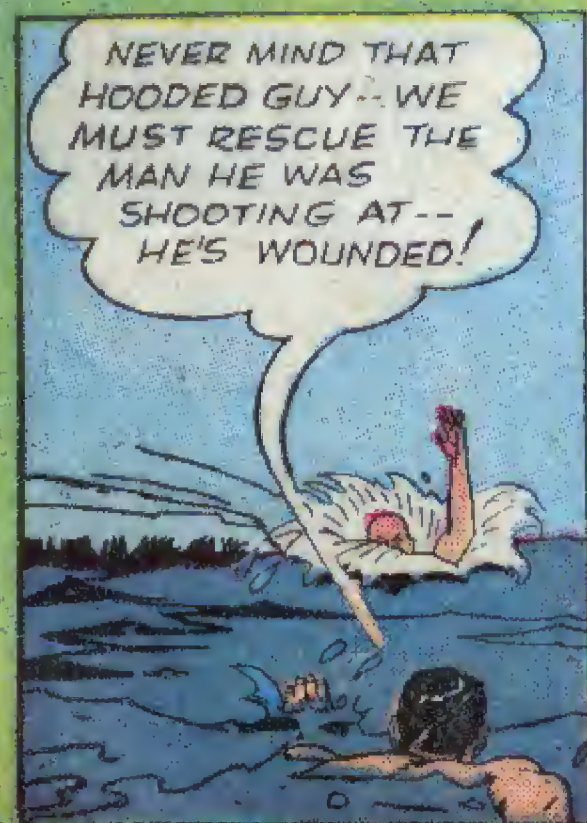
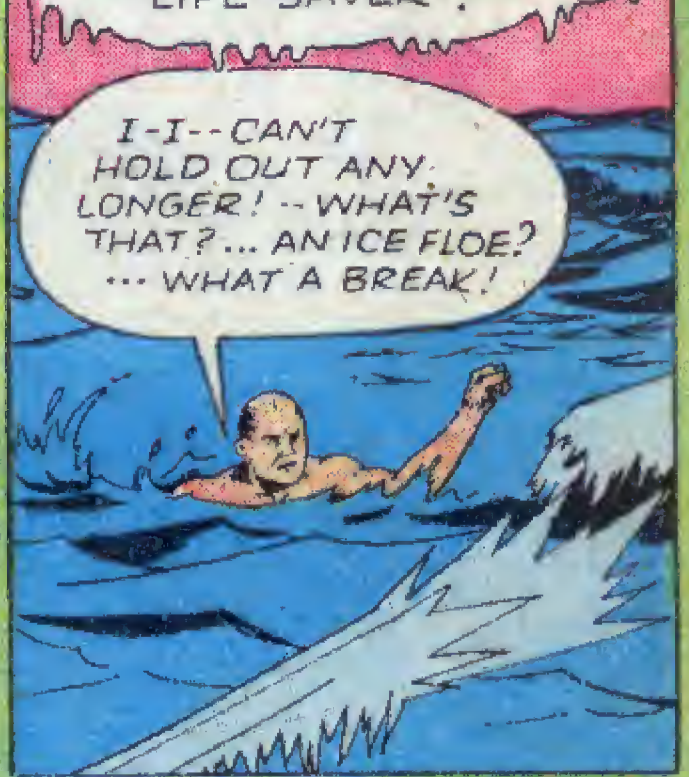


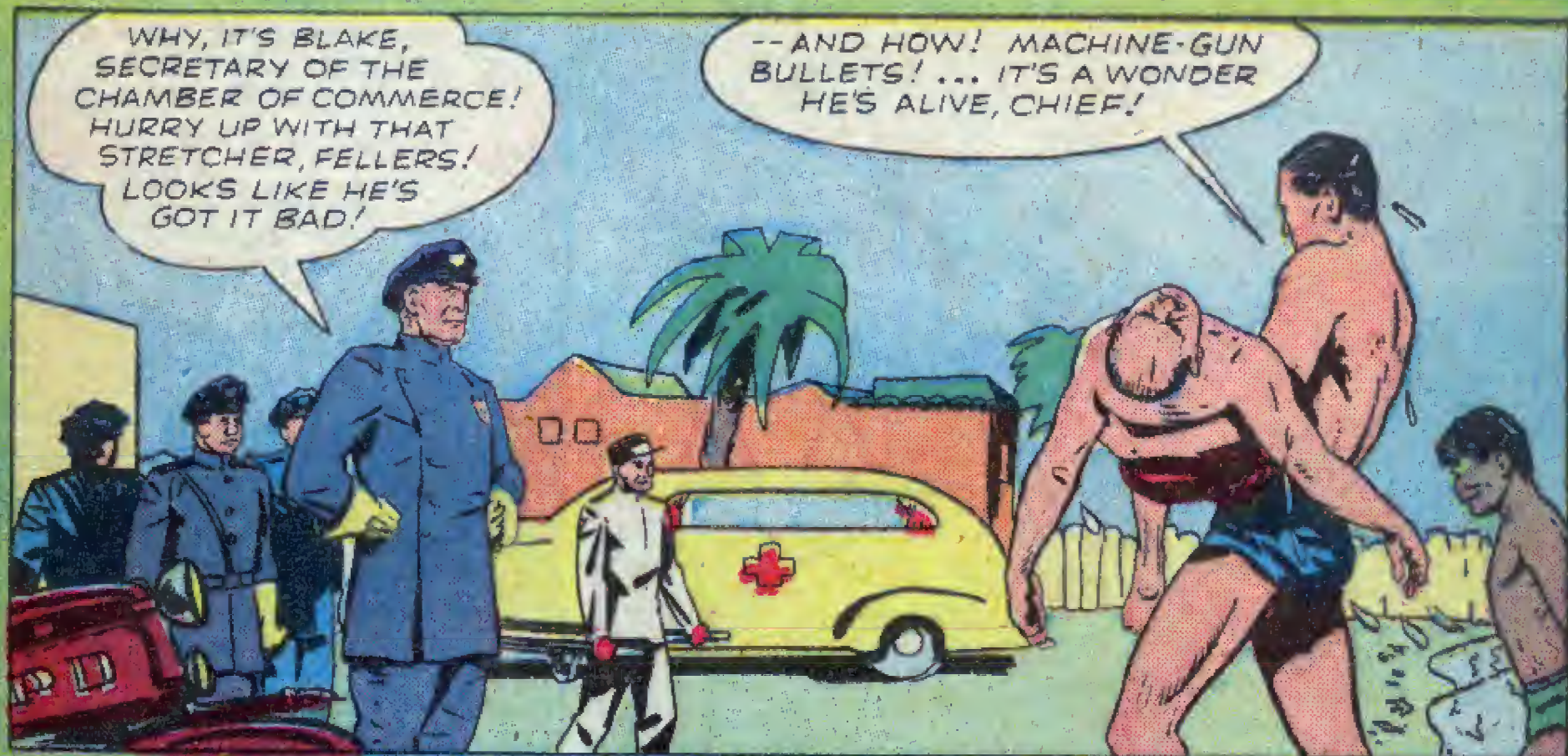


SUB-ZERO'S COLD BLAST HITS
THE LAUNCH'S MOTOR!



WHILE FREEZUM'S SHAFT
PRODUCES AN ICY
"LIFE-SAVER"!





WHY, IT'S BLAKE,
SECRETARY OF THE
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE!
HURRY UP WITH THAT
STRETCHER, FELLERS!
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
GOT IT BAD!

-- AND HOW! MACHINE-GUN
BULLETS! ... IT'S A WONDER
HE'S ALIVE, CHIEF!



LATER, AT THE
CITY HOSPITAL...

THANKS FOR SAVING
MY LIFE! I'VE GOT A
LOT TO TELL YOU--
BUT I DIDN'T WANT
TO TALK WITH ALL
THOSE COPS
AROUND!

NO TRUSTUM
COPS?... BAD!

FIRE
AHEAD,
BLAKE!



BLAKE TELLS HIS STORY...

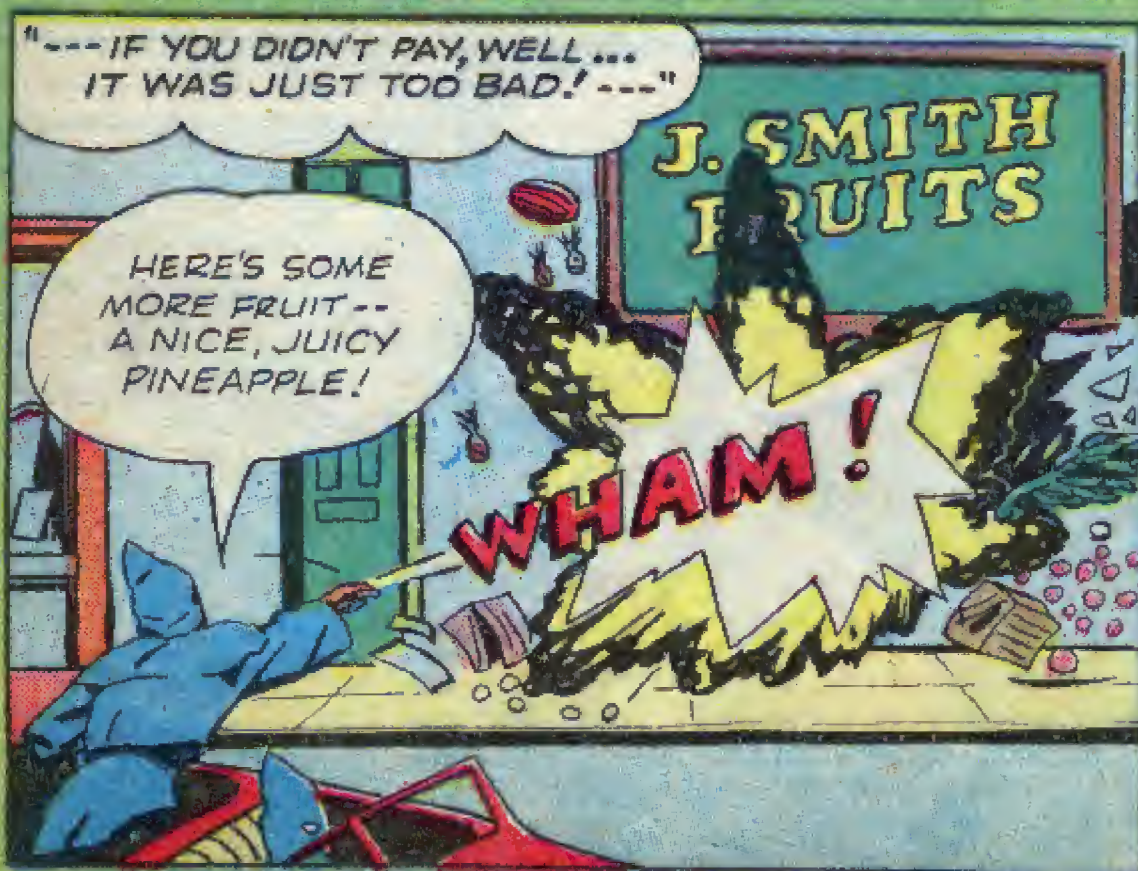
THE MAN WHO
ATTACKED ME WAS
A MEMBER OF THE
KNIGHTS OF THE
BLUE FLAME --
A SO-CALLED
VIGILANTE
GROUP-----



"--- ACTUALLY THEY'RE
RACKETEERS EXACTING
TRIBUTE FROM
BUSINESS MEN---"

GET THE DOUGH
UP IF YOU WANT
PROTECTION!

Y-YES
... ONLY
PUT THAT
GUN
DOWN!



"--- IF YOU DIDN'T PAY, WELL ...
IT WAS JUST TOO BAD! ---"

HERE'S SOME
MORE FRUIT --
A NICE, JUICY
PINEAPPLE!

J. SMITH
FRUITS

WHAM!



--- I TRIED TO ORGANIZE
PUBLIC OPINION AGAINST
THEM -- EXPOSE THE
LEADER -- THAT'S
WHY I'M HERE!

IF WE CAN
DO ANYTHING,
BLAKE, YOU CAN
REST ASSURED
WE'LL HELP YOU!

MEANWHILE

YOU'VE
BOTCHED EVERY-
THING UP! BLAKE'S
STILL ALIVE!

WHAT WAS I
GONNA DO AGAINST
A PAIR OF HUMAN
ICICLES?

LET'S
VISIT THE
HOSPITAL NOW
AND FINISH
THE JOB!

THAT WOULD BE
CRUDE! ... WE MUST
USE FINESSE ... I HAVE
A PLAN ... LISTEN
CAREFULLY... I'LL
TOLERATE NO
SLIPS, THIS
TIME!



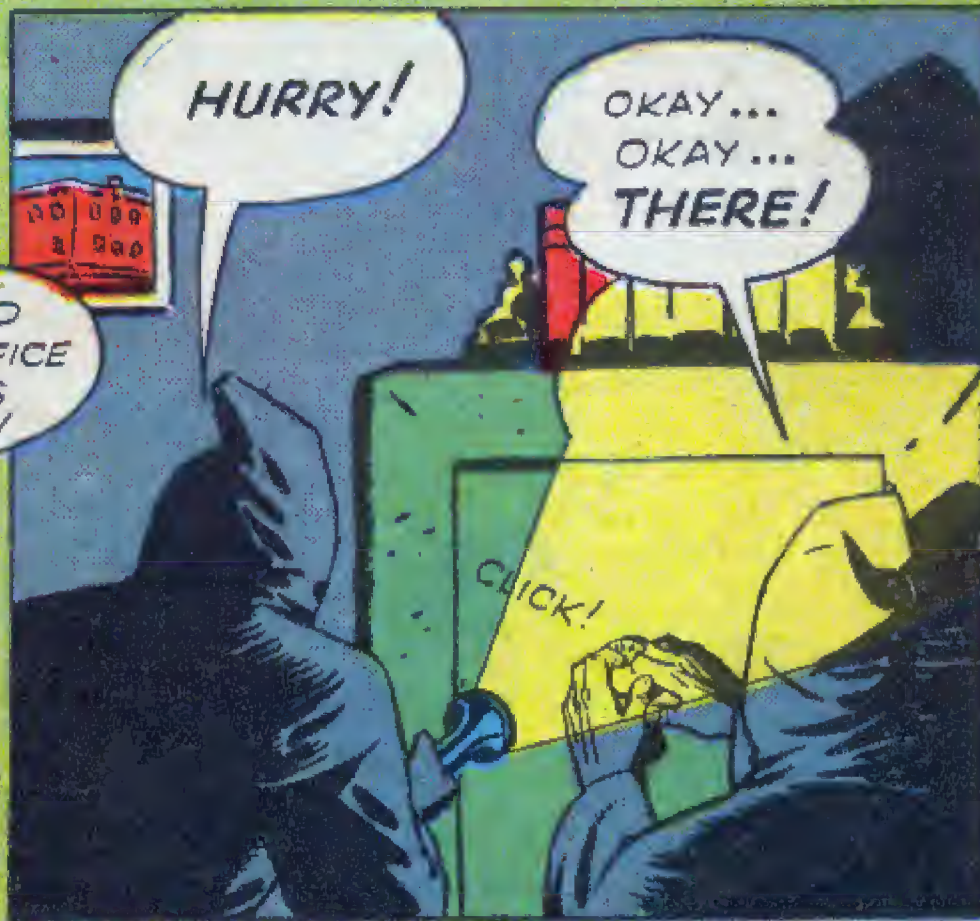
THAT NIGHT, TWO GHOSTLY FIGURES
ASCEND THE FIRE ESCAPE OF THE
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING...

SURE YOU GOT THE
COMBINATION OF
THE SAFE?

CERTAINLY!
I AIN'T WORKED
IN BLAKE'S OFFICE
THREE YEARS
FER NOTHIN'!

HURRY!

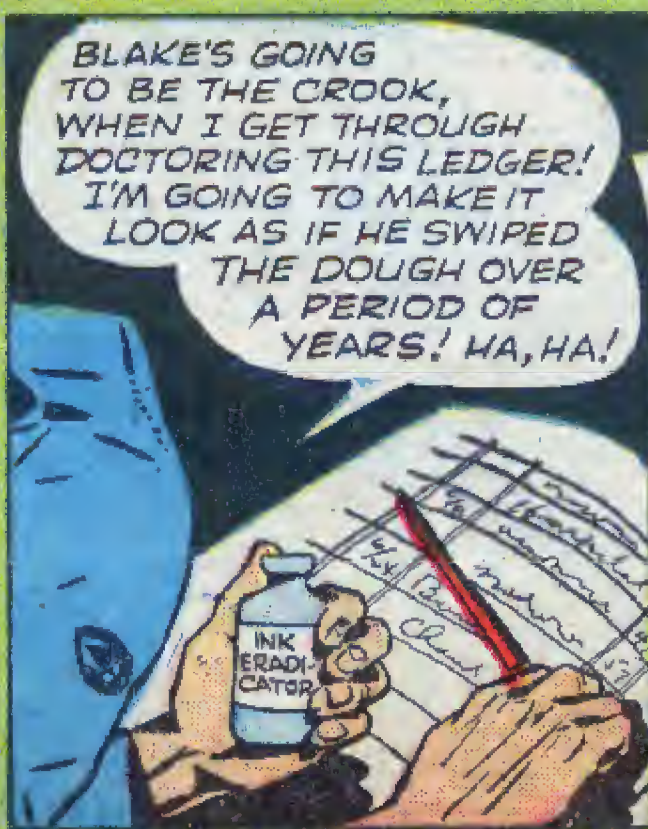
OKAY...
OKAY...
THERE!



TWENTY-FIVE GRAND ...
DONATED TO THE CHAMBER
OF COMMERCE BY THE
BUSINESS MEN ... AND
MISAPPROPRIATED
BY US!

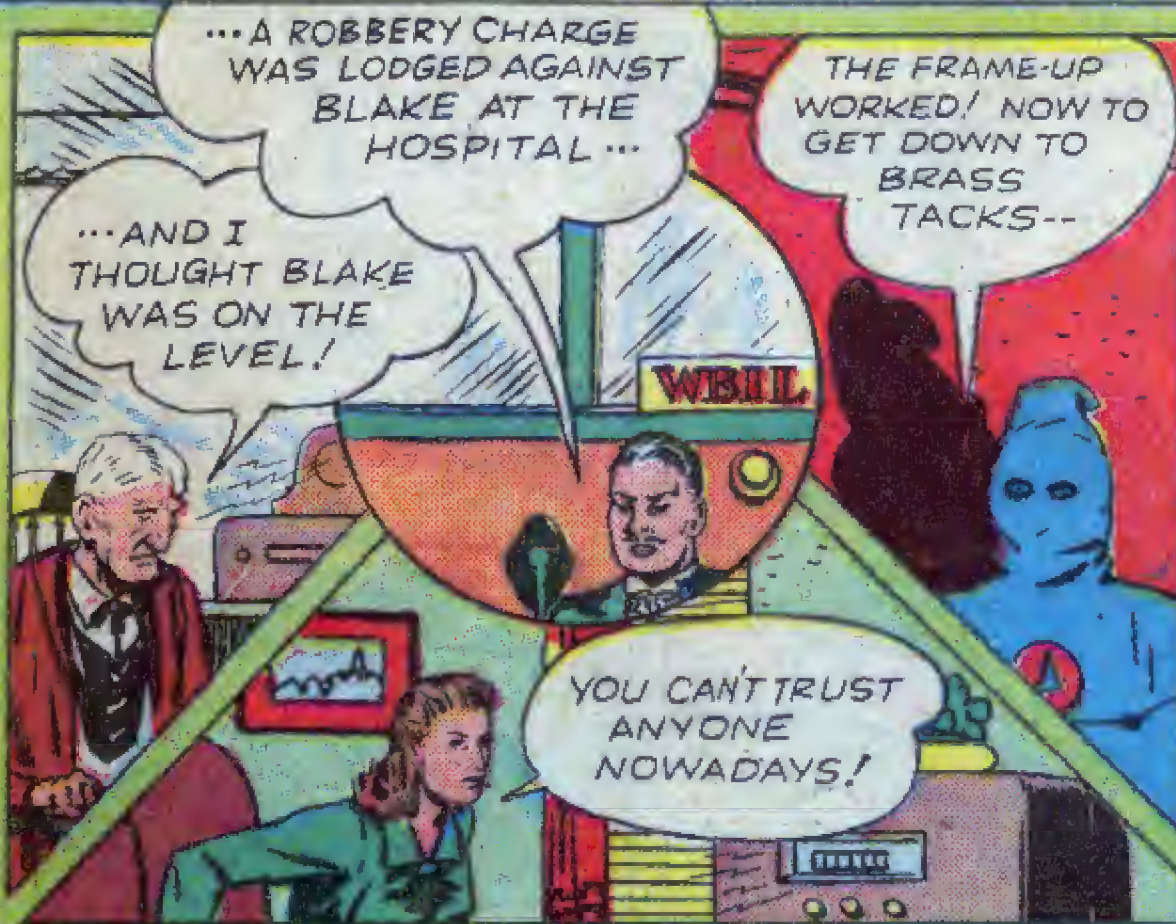
NOT
US!

BLAKE'S GOING
TO BE THE CROOK,
WHEN I GET THROUGH
DOCTORING THIS LEDGER!
I'M GOING TO MAKE IT
LOOK AS IF HE SWIPED
THE DOUGH OVER
A PERIOD OF
YEARS! HA, HA!



NEXT DAY ...

Dorant Sun
**KNIGHTS ACCUSE
BLAKE OF
EMBEZZLEMENT**
CHAMBER
SECRETARY
CHARGED
IN LETTER
SENT TO
DORANT
SUN.
**POLICE
START
INQUIRY**

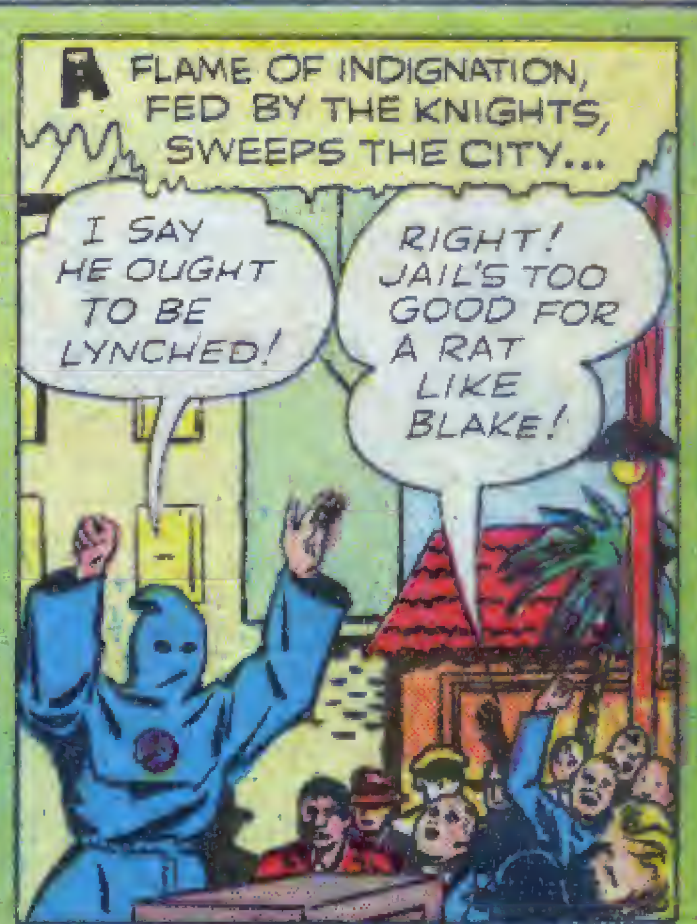


...A ROBBERY CHARGE WAS LODGED AGAINST BLAKE AT THE HOSPITAL ...

...AND I THOUGHT BLAKE WAS ON THE LEVEL!

THE FRAME-UP WORKED! NOW TO GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS--

YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYONE NOWADAYS!



A FLAME OF INDIGNATION, FED BY THE KNIGHTS, SWEEPS THE CITY...

I SAY HE OUGHT TO BE LYNCHED!

RIGHT! JAIL'S TOO GOOD FOR A RAT LIKE BLAKE!



RAGING MOBS RUN THROUGH THE STREETS ...

GET A ROPE!

TO THE HOSPITAL! WE'LL DRAG HIM OUT OF BED!

STRING HIM UP!

LYNCH HIM!



THE HOSPITAL IS STORMED!

C'MON, BLAKE, YER GOIN' FER A RIDE!

LET HIM GO, YOU COWARDS!

ONE SIDE, LADY!



meanwhile...

ONE SECOND! ... WHAT'S THE BLUE GLARE OUT THERE!

TORCH LIGHT! THE KNIGHTS ARE LYNCHIN' BLAKE NEAR THE OLD MILL! IT OUGHTA BE FUN!

LET'S GETUM HIRED JALOPY-- OR BE TOO LATE!

AT A SECLUDED SPOT OUTSIDE THE CITY...

WON'T HE
LOOK NICE
DANGLING FROM
A BRANCH?

STOP, BOYS!
THAT TREE
OUGHTA
BE JUST
RIGHT!

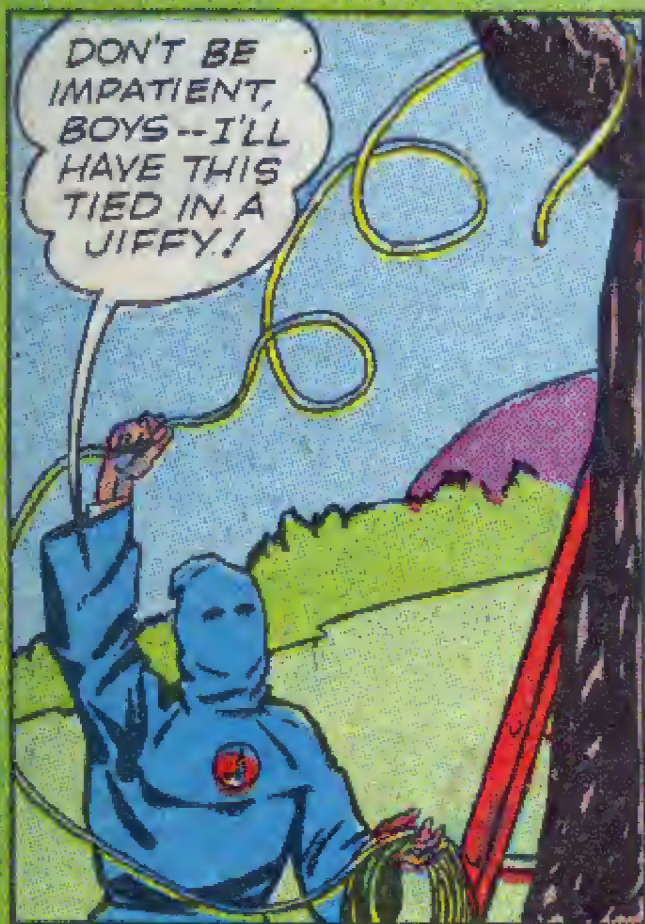
KILL
HIM!

THERE
THEY ARE!
--SLOW
UPUM!

--HOPE
WE'RE
NOT
TOO
LATE!



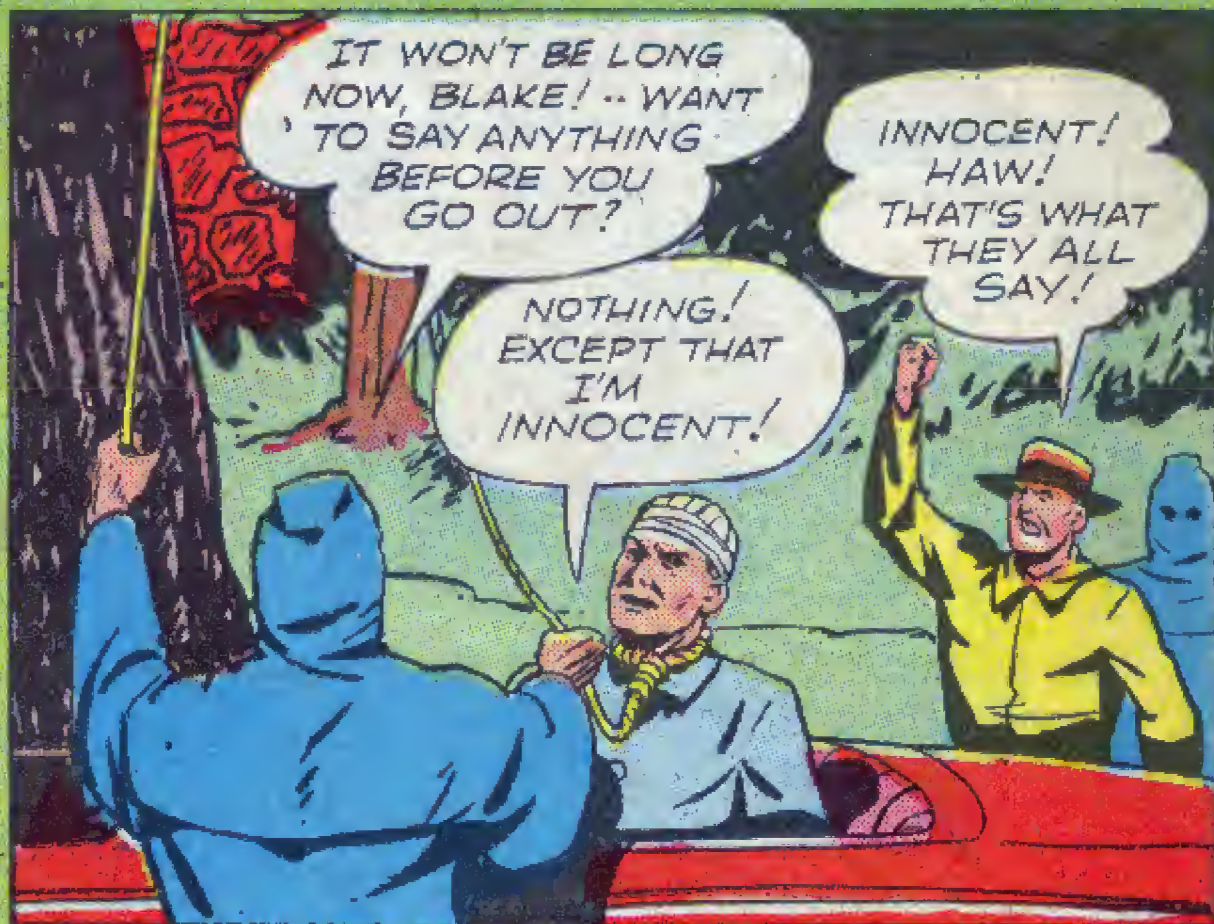
DON'T BE
IMPATIENT,
BOYS--I'LL
HAVE THIS
TIED IN A
JIFFY!



IT WON'T BE LONG
NOW, BLAKE! --WANT
' TO SAY ANYTHING
BEFORE YOU
GO OUT?

INNOCENT!
HAW!
THAT'S WHAT
THEY ALL
SAY!

NOTHING!
EXCEPT THAT
I'M
INNOCENT!



STEP ON
THE GAS!

OKAY,
BOSS!

THERE HE
GOES! HEAR
HIM SQUEAL!
HAW! HAW!

AGHR-RR!



LET 'EM HAVE
IT, KID --EVERYTHING
YOU'VE GOT! WE'LL FREEZE
THE MARROW IN THEIR
MURDEROUS
BONES!



THE FIRST COLD BLAST
SNAPS THE ROPE!

NOW TO
ROUND UP
THE MOB!

OH-H-H!
I CAN
BREATHE
AGAIN!

?

-- A SERIES OF QUICK BLASTS
FREEZES THE LYNCHERS IN
THEIR TRACKS!

KNIGHTS OF
BLUE FLAME,
HUH? THEY'RE
NOT SO
HOTUM!

BR-R-R

AY-YI-I-I!

NOW TO RIP THAT HOOD
OFF THEIR LEADER! ---
WHY--IT'S THE POLICE
CHIEF! NO WONDER
THE COPS DIDN'T
STOP 'EM!

STOP!
BR-R-R...
I GIVE
UP!

WITH A HAND ICY AS
DEATH, **SUB-ZERO**
POUNCES ON THE CHIEF!

START
TALKING,
CHIEF!

I-I-WILL!--ONLY
TAKE THAT BLASTED
HAND OFF ME! WANT
ME TO DIE OF
PNEUMONIA?

WE SHOT BLAKE.
AND WHEN THAT
FAILED, WE
FRAMED
HIM!

GOOD
THING I'M
THAWING OUT!
NOW I CAN GET
MY HANDS ON
THE REAL
CROOKS!

THE MOB TURNS ON
THE HOODED MEN!

WE'LL
SEE HOW
YOU GUYS
LIKE
HANGIN'!

WOW!

CALM DOWN,
NOW! THROW
THE KNIGHTS
IN JAIL! LET
THE COURTS
DECIDE THEIR
FATE!

HE'S RIGHT!
C'MON, BOYS--
TO THE
HOOSEGOW!

LATER...

IT WAS A
PLEASURE!

EVERY
KNIGHT GOT WHAT
HE DESERVED
-- THANKS TO
YOU, FELLOWS!


BUT NO
VACATION!
COME NEXT
TIME--MAYBE
CATCHUM
SWIM!

SUB-ZERO

AND **FREEZUM** WILL BE
"IN THE SWIM" AGAINST
CRIME AGAIN IN THE NEXT

BLUE BOLT!

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES



JOEY,
THE STORY OF THE
142ND INFANTRY IS
A GREAT ONE. THEY
EARNED THEIR
MOTTO UNDER FIRE
AND LIVED UP
TO IT ALL THE
WAY!

OLD CAP HAWKINS, THE RETIRED
MARINER, ENTERTAINS HIS LITTLE
PAL, JOEY, WITH THE THRILLING
STORIES BEHIND THE
**BATTLE HONORS AND
MOTTOES OF SOME
OF AMERICA'S
FAMOUS REGIMENTS.**

"I'LL FACE YOU!"



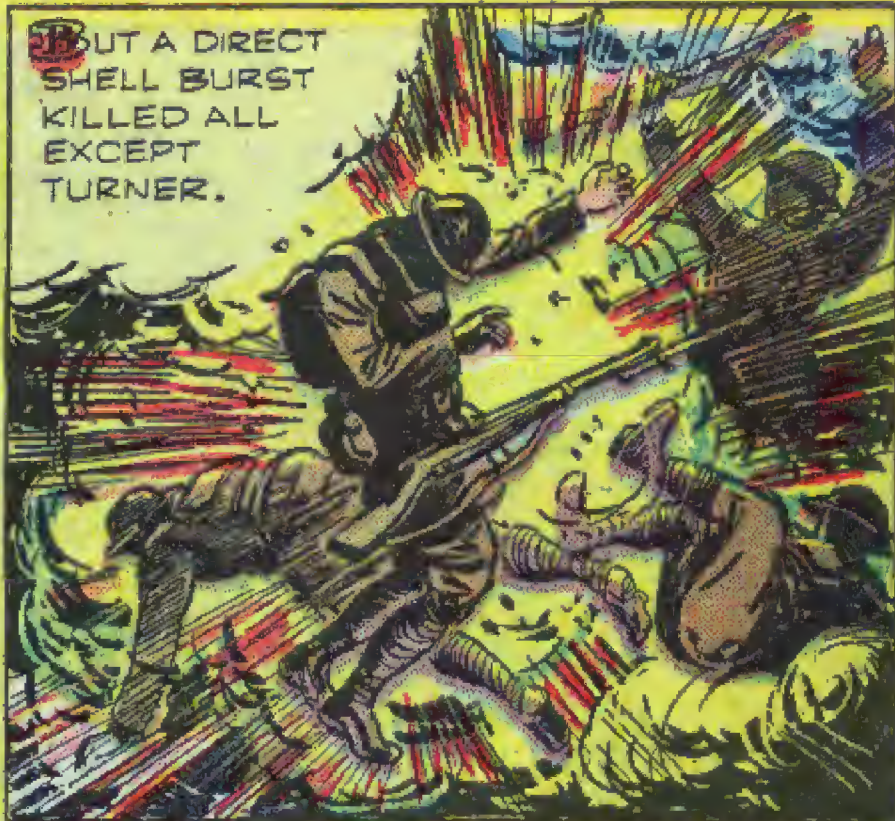
THE 142ND WENT INTO ACTION AT
ST. ETIENNE UNDER COVER
OF A BARRAGE.



THE ADVANCE WAS
STOPPED BY A MACHINE-GUN CREW
IN A CHURCH STEEPLE, UNTIL A DIRECT
SHELL-BURST WIPED OUT THE NEST.



LYING ON THEIR STOMACHS, CORPORAL TURNER AND HIS MEN SET OUT AFTER OTHER ENEMY MACHINE-GUN NESTS.



BUT A DIRECT SHELL BURST KILLED ALL EXCEPT TURNER.



UNDABAUNTED, HE WENT ON ALONE, CAPTURING 4 GUNS AND 50 PRISONERS -- AFTER TURNING THEIR OWN GUNS ON THEM!



FOR THIS HE WON THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR.



ANOTHER HERO WAS SGT. SAM SAMPLER.

HHE SPENT A DAY COLLECTING DISCARDED GERMAN "POTATO MASHERS" IN NO-MAN'S LAND.

* HAND GRENADES



THEN HE RUSHED THE MACHINE-GUN NESTS, HOLDING UP THE ADVANCE!



HE TURNED THE CAPTURED GUNS ON THE ENEMY AND CAPTURED TWENTY-EIGHT OF THEM!



THE ADVANCE ROLLED ON, AND ST. ETIENNE WAS TAKEN.



THE GERMANS WERE CAGY. THEY LEFT WIRES ALL OVER THE SECTOR TO INTERCEPT MESSAGES FROM AMERICAN LINES LAID OVER THEM.

ACH,
HERE ISS
DA
YANKEE
ORDERS.



BUT COLONEL BLOOR SUSPECTED THIS AND CALLED IN SOME CHOCTAW INDIANS.

I WANT RED
CLOUD, FLYING
FEET, RUNNING
DEER AND
BLACK
HAWK.



THE INDIANS WERE PUT IN G.H.Q. AND IN NO-MAN'S-LAND, AND SENT MESSAGES IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE.



THE HUNS WERE COMPLETELY BAFFLED!

VOS
IST
DISS?

A PATROL, LED BY LT. MCLENNAN, WAS TRAPPED ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE AISNE RIVER.



THEY WERE FORCED TO WITHDRAW ACROSS THE RIVER TO SAFETY.



I'M GOING
BACK, BUT
**I'LL
FACE YOU!**



LT. MCLENNAN WAS THE LAST TO GO, AND, AS HE FIRED HIS LAST SHOT, HE STOOD AND SHOUTED THAT WHICH BECAME THE MOTTO OF THE 142ND INFANTRY.

The

WHITE RIDER RETURNS!

to

SUPER HORSE

WHITE RIDER LEAVES HIS SICK-BED TO RESUME HIS BATTLE AGAINST INJUSTICE, WITH SUPERHORSE. HE HAS RIDDEN ONLY A FEW HOURS WHEN HE HEARS THE SHARP BARK OF SIX-GUNS IN THE DIRECTION OF INDIAN VALLEY.

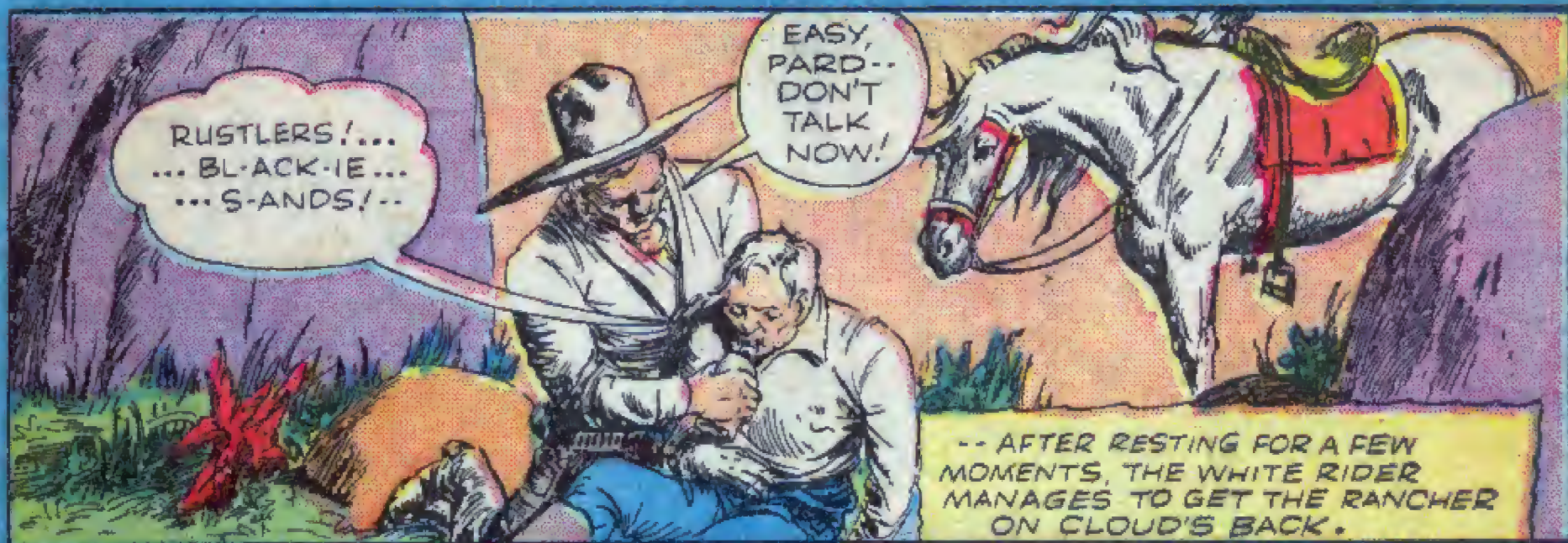
BANG!

SIX-GUNS TALKIN',
CLOUD. LET'S SEE WHO'S
SHOOTIN' 'EM.

BY THE TIME WHITE RIDER ARRIVES, THE
GUNMEN HAVE DISAPPEARED, LEAVING BEHIND...

IT'S JEFF MILLER,
OWNER OF THE
DOUBLE-DASH
OUTFIT. HE'S
HURT BAD.

OH!!



RUSTLERS!...
...BLACK-IE...
...S-ANDS!...

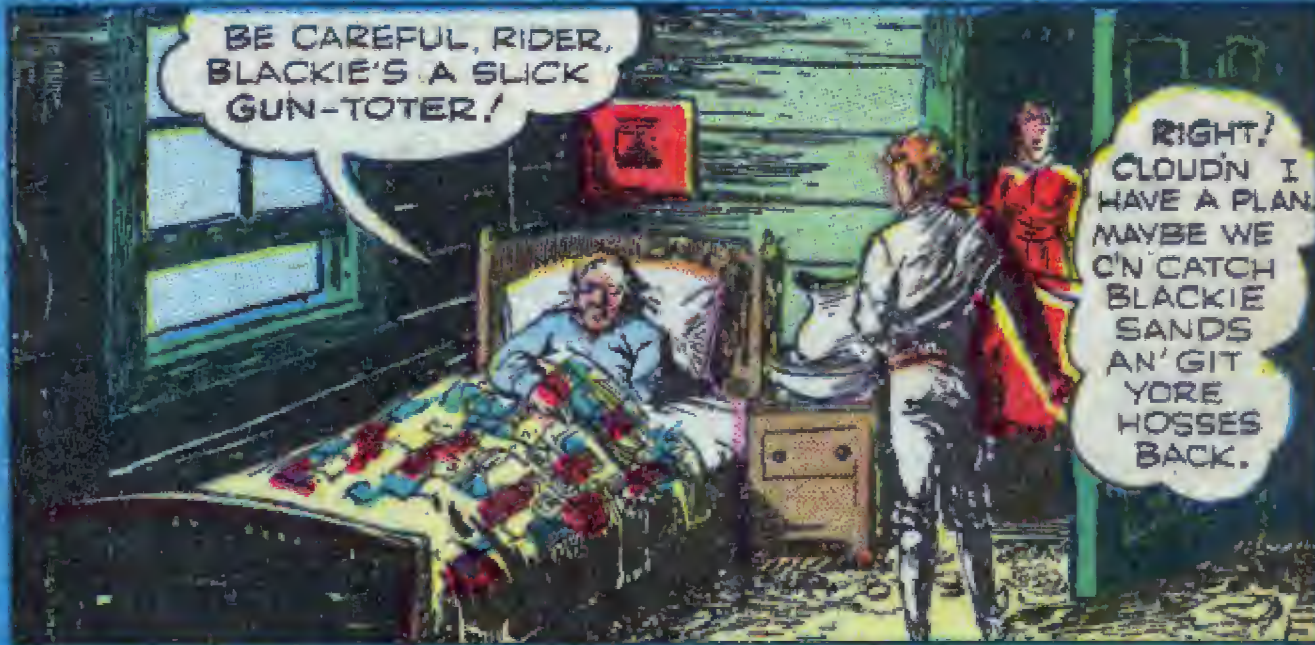
EASY,
PARD--
DON'T
TALK
NOW!

-- AFTER RESTING FOR A FEW
MOMENTS, THE WHITE RIDER
MANAGES TO GET THE RANCHER
ON CLOUD'S BACK.



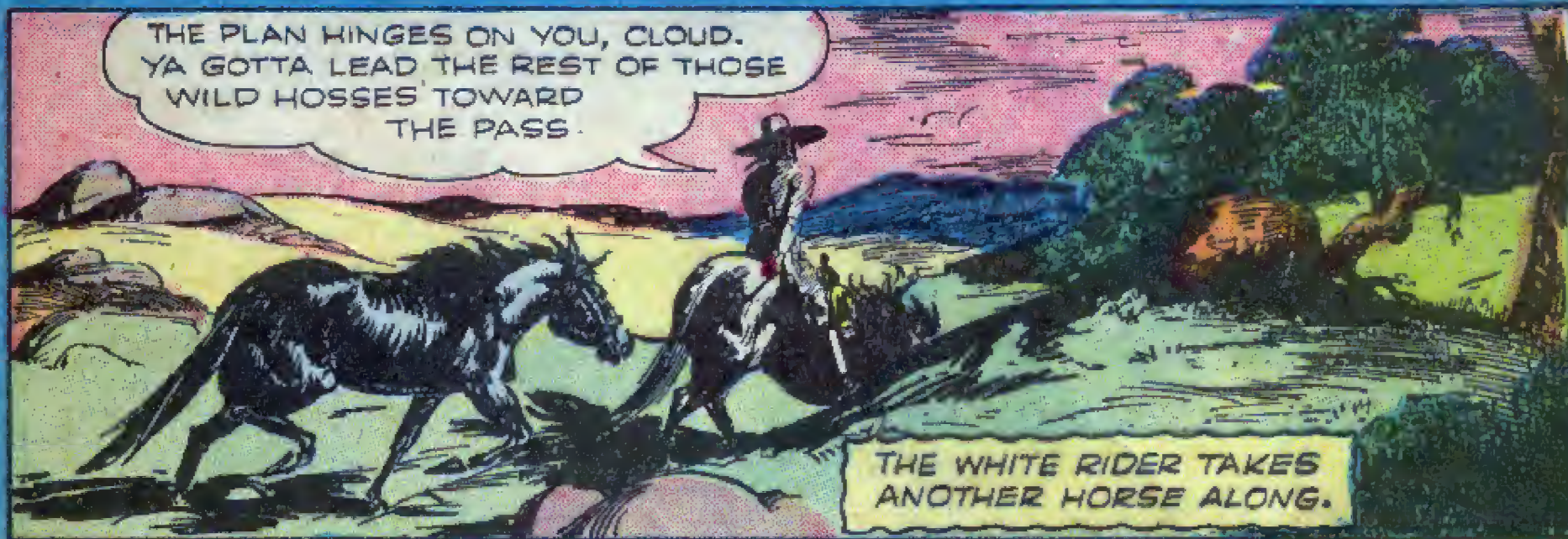
WE'LL
TAKE YA
HOME, JEFF.
YOU'LL
BE
ALL
RIGHT.

GONE... ALL... MY...
HORSES!...



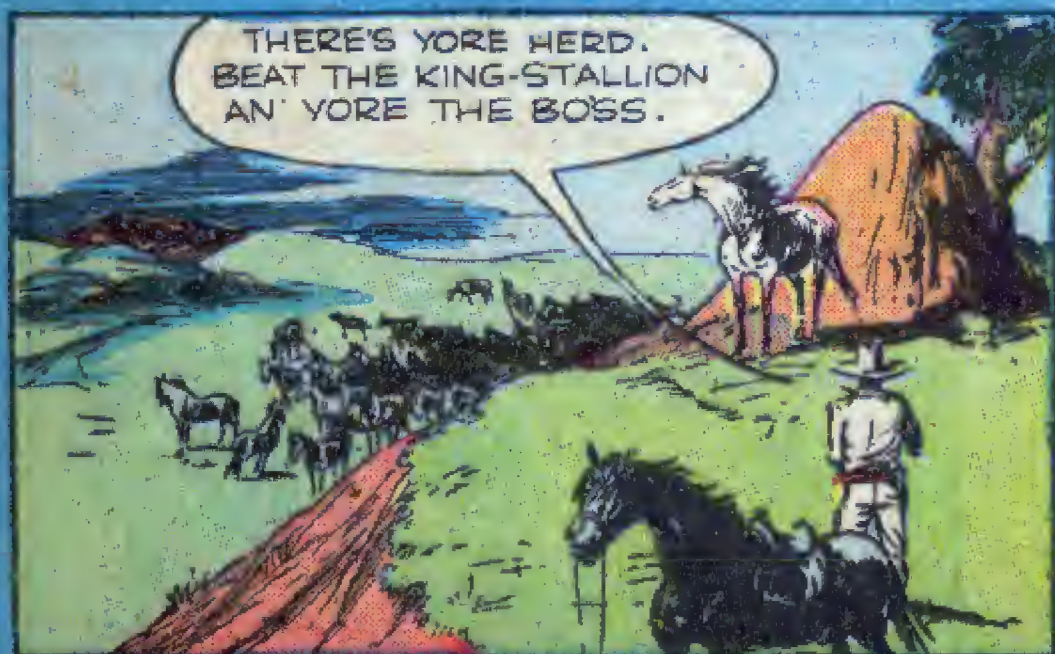
BE CAREFUL, RIDER,
BLACKIE'S A SLICK
GUN-TOTER!

RIGHT!
CLOUDN I
HAVE A PLAN.
MAYBE WE
C'N CATCH
BLACKIE
SANDS
AN' GIT
YORE
HOSSES
BACK.

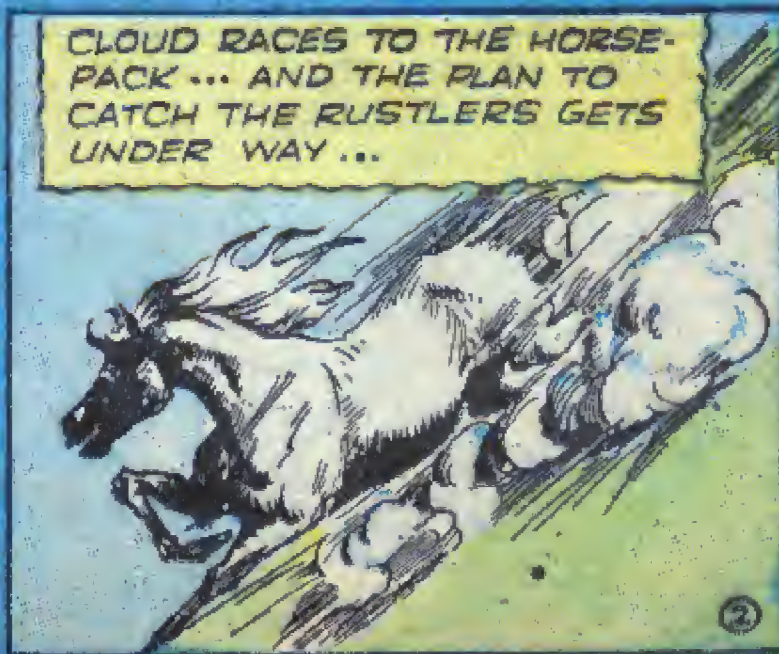


THE PLAN HINGES ON YOU, CLOUD.
YA GOTTA LEAD THE REST OF THOSE
WILD HOSSES TOWARD
THE PASS.

THE WHITE RIDER TAKES
ANOTHER HORSE ALONG.



THERE'S YORE HERD.
BEAT THE KING-STALLION
AN' YORE THE BOSS.



CLOUD RACES TO THE HORSE-
PACK... AND THE PLAN TO
CATCH THE RUSTLERS GETS
UNDER WAY...

CLOUD CHALLENGES
THE KING-STALLION.

WH-EE-EE-E

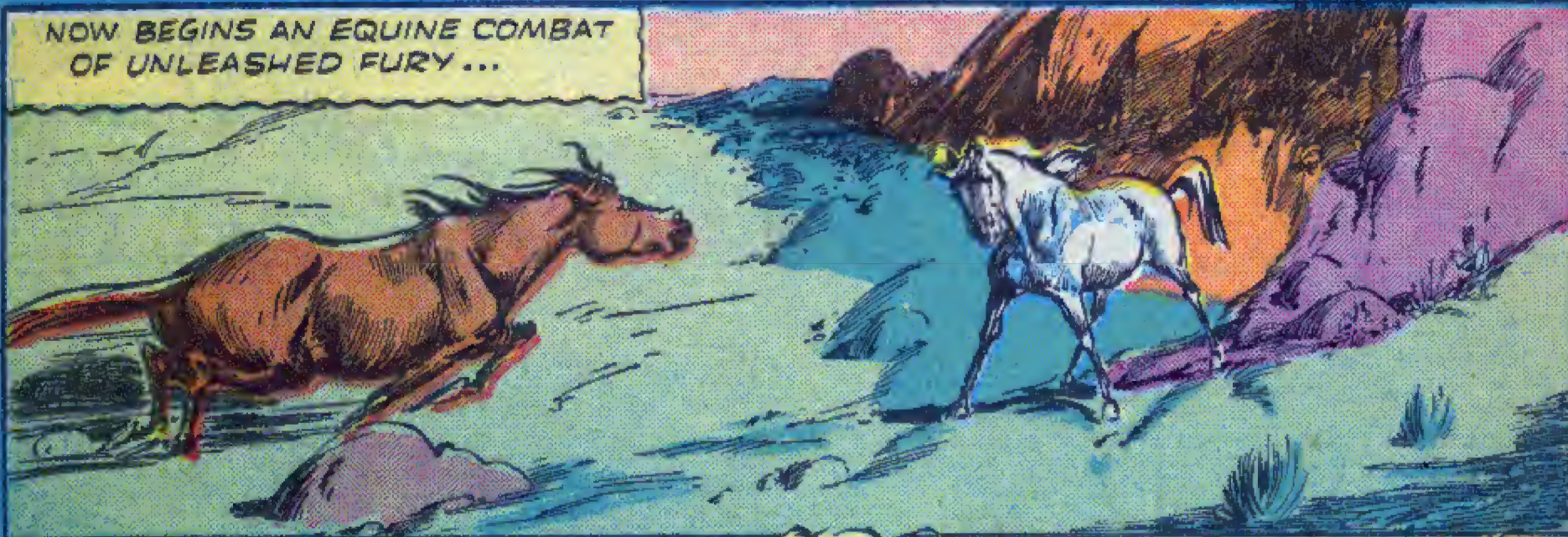


CLOUD'S CHALLENGE
IS ACCEPTED!

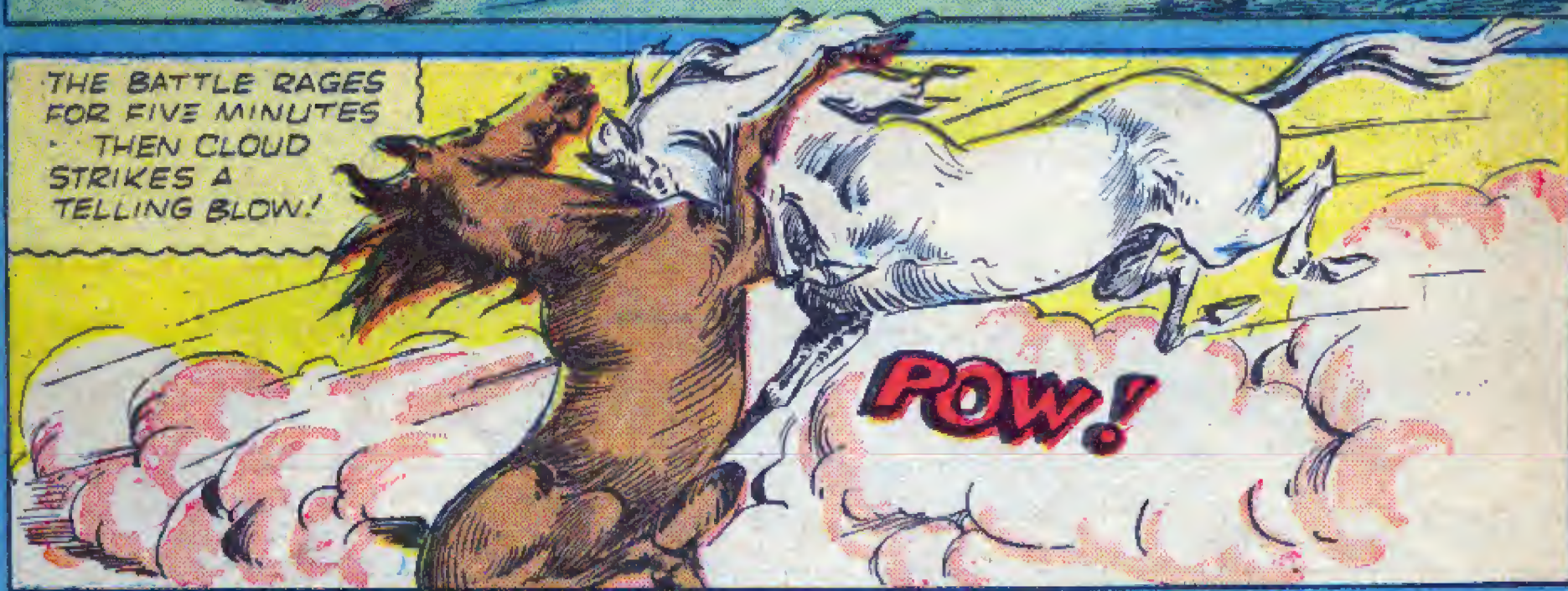
WH-EE-EE-E



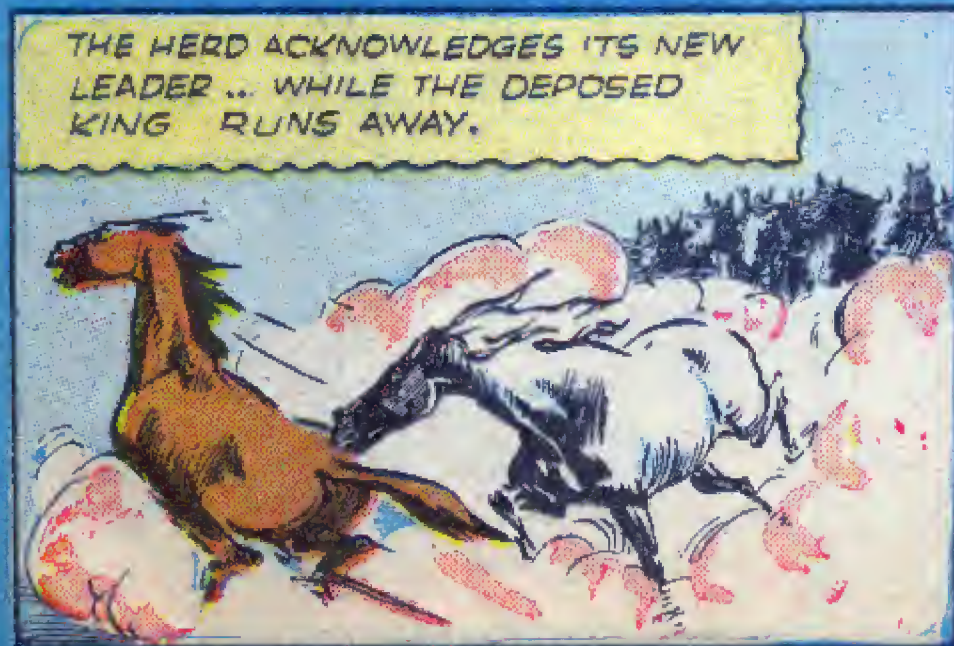
NOW BEGINS AN EQUINE COMBAT
OF UNLEASHED FURY ...



THE BATTLE RAGES
FOR FIVE MINUTES
- THEN CLOUD
STRIKES A
TELLING BLOW!

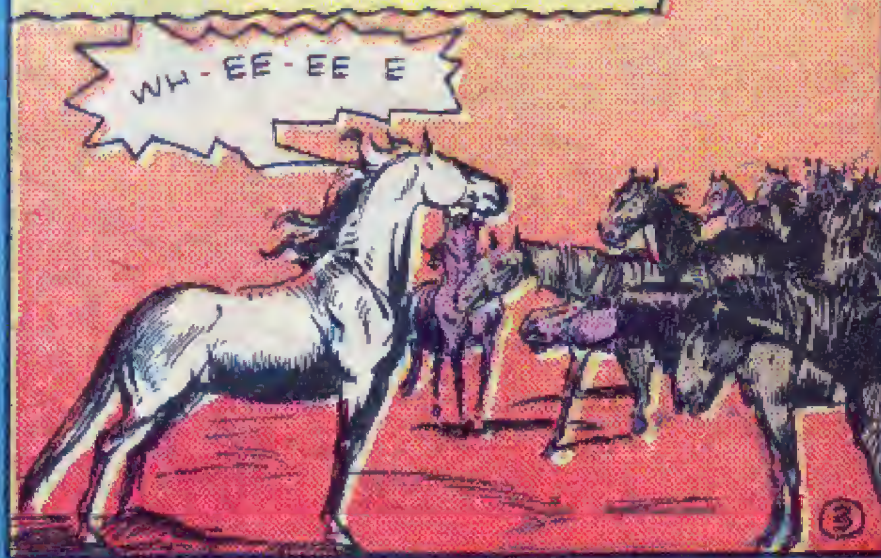


THE HERD ACKNOWLEDGES ITS NEW
LEADER .. WHILE THE DEPOSED
KING RUNS AWAY.



HAIL THE NEW KING!

WH-EE-EE-E



A COWBOY POSSE, LED BY WHITE RIDER, WAITS FOR THE RUSTLERS TO STRIKE.

YA CAIN'T MAKE ME BELIEVE ONE HORSE IS GOIN TO MAKE THEM RUSTLERS DRIVE THEIR HERDS THIS WAY!

CLOUD'LL DO IT!

THE LONG VIGIL ENDS!

HORSES HEADED THIS WAY!

THAT BLASTED WHITE HOSS! HOLD ON, FELLERS! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE PASS. GET BEHIND THE HERD!

CLOUD LEADS THE RUSTLERS INTO THE TRAP! ..

THIS'LL TAKE US MILES OUTTA TH' WAY. BUT THEM HOSSSES IS WORTH IT!

SUDDENLY A VOICE STARTLES THE RUSTLERS ...

RAISE YORE HANDS, BLACKIE!

THE RUSTLER WHEELS HIS PONY
TO ESCAPE THE TRAP...
DARTS INTO THE CLOUDS OF DUST...

YA GOTTA
CATCH ME
FIRST!

DROP
YORE
GUNS!

ZING... ZING...

...AND MAKES IT POSSIBLE
FOR A GET-AWAY!

ONE MAN
DOWN! -- BUT I
WANT **BLACKIE!**

WHITE RIDER CALLS TO CLOUD
AND PREPARES TO GIVE CHASE.

THREE OF 'EM
GOT AWAY. THAT
BLACKIE'S A
TOUGH HOMBRE!

NARY A DUST
SIGN. THEY
GOT AWAY
CLEAN!

WHITE RIDER, AFTER AN
HOUR'S SEARCH, FINDS...

HERE'S THEIR
TRAIL, CLOUD.
THEY'VE GONE
BACK INTO
TOWN.

AFTER SUNSET...

THERE'S OUR
BUCKOS. THEY'RE
PROB'LY HOLED UP
IN THE SALOON.



THOSE HOMBRES MUST
BE IN THE BACK.
THEY AIN'T OUT FRONT!
... WAIT! ... HOLD ON,
CLOUD!



LIGHT COMIN' FROM
THIS HOLE IN THE
WALL, MAYBE I
CAN GET A
GOOD LOOK-SEE!

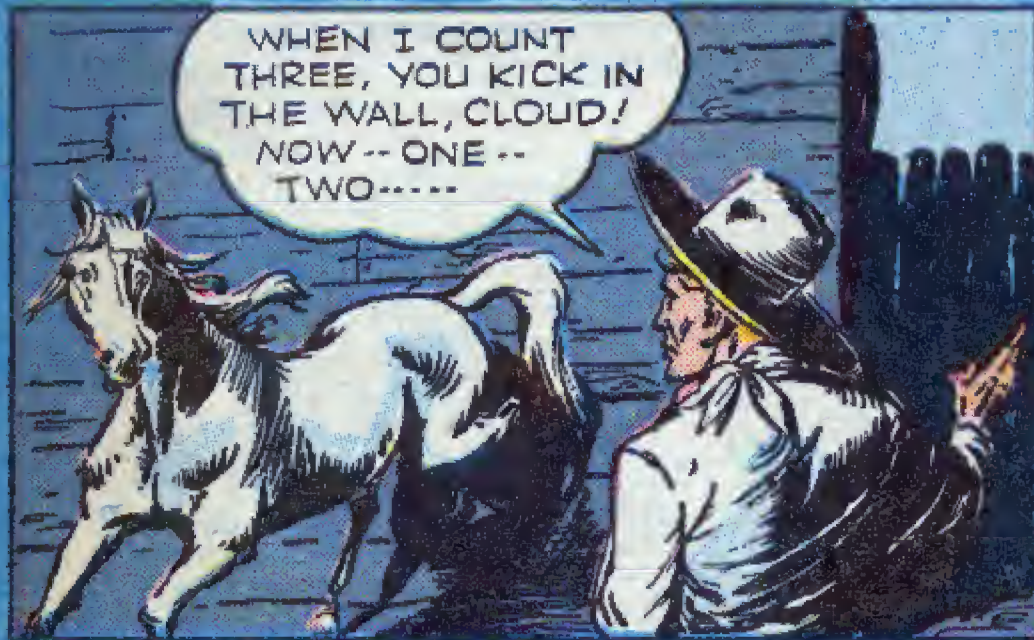


IT'S THEM, CLOUD!
LET'S SURPRISE
'EM!

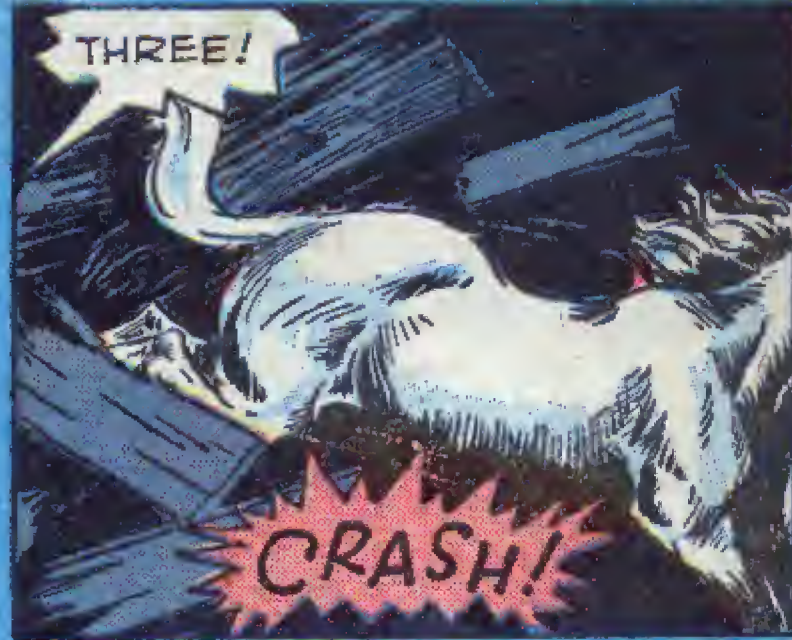


... WHAT HE SAW ...

... THAT DURN
DEVIL HOSS!



WHEN I COUNT
THREE, YOU KICK IN
THE WALL, CLOUD!
NOW -- ONE --
TWO-----



THREE!

CRASH!



WHITE RIDER ENTERS
THROUGH THE HOLE!

GOTCHA AGAIN,
BLACKIE! YOU
AIN'T GETTIN'
AWAY!



BLACKIE'S HEADIN'
FOR HIS LAST JAIL-
HOUSE ... OH, LE-OH
LAY-HE-LAY-HE-OHH!

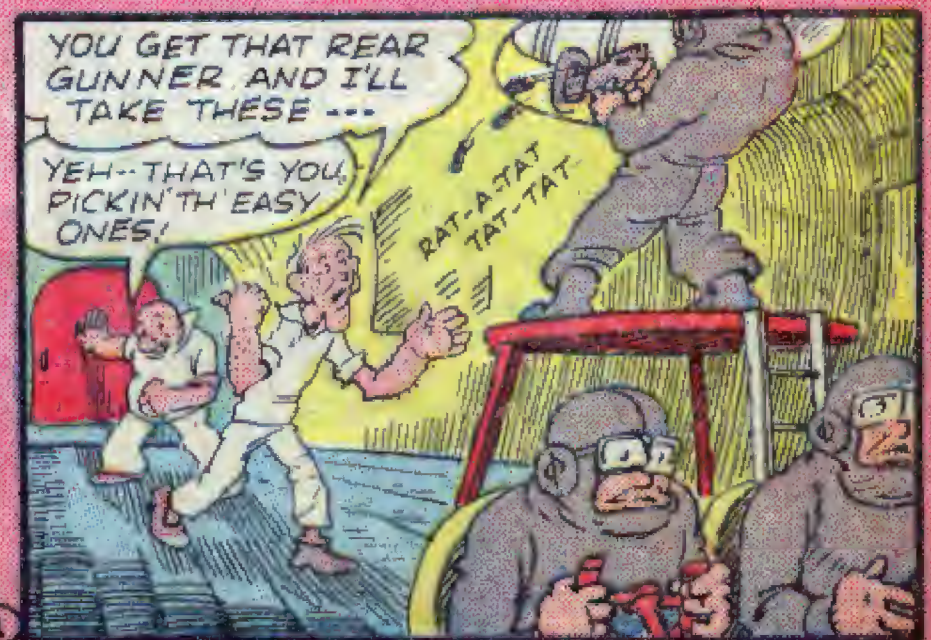
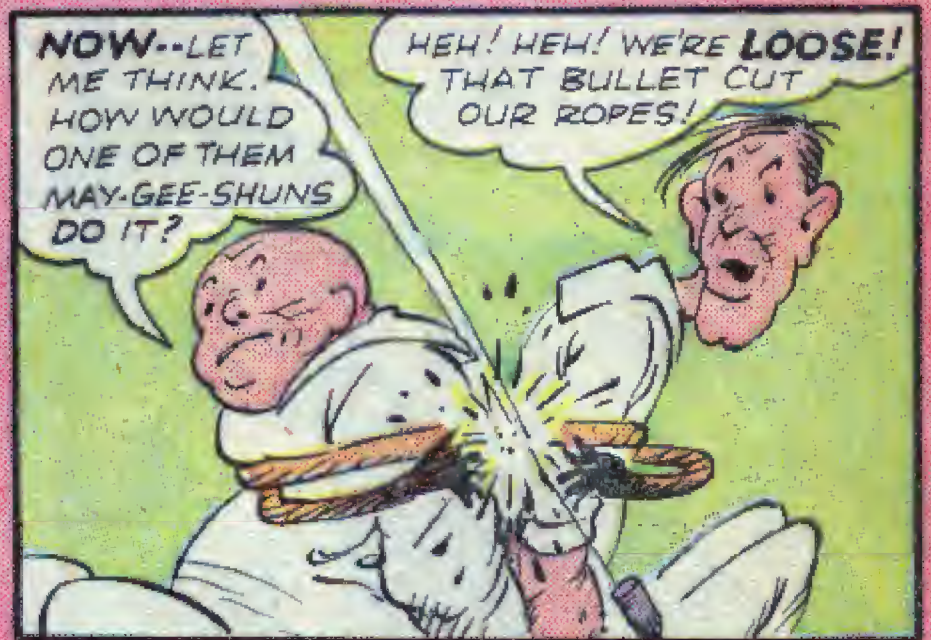
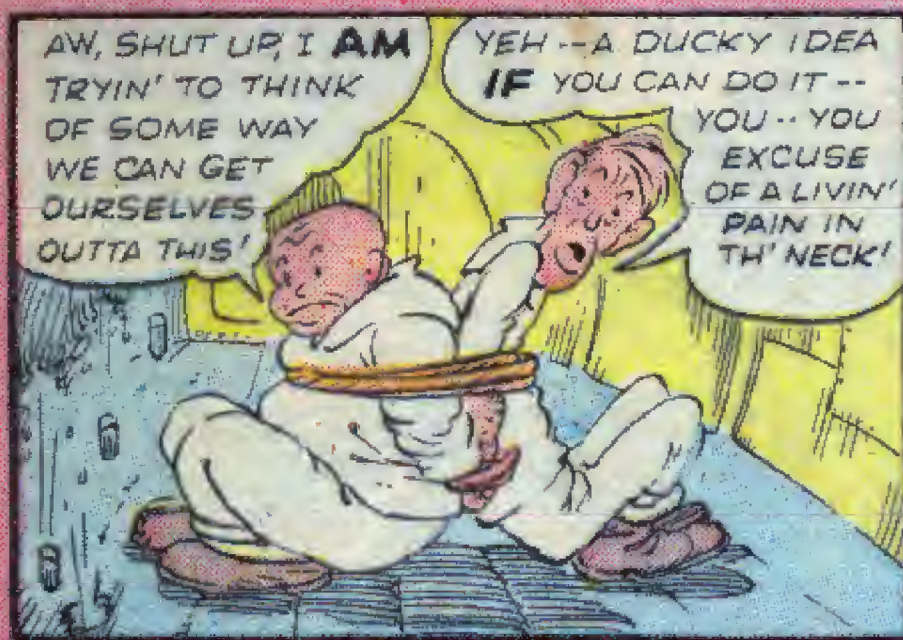


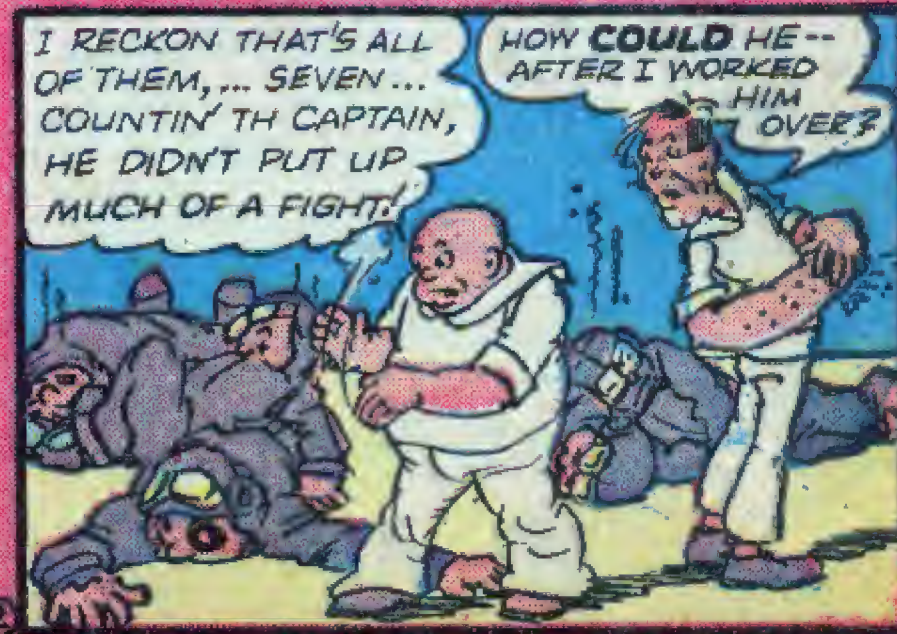
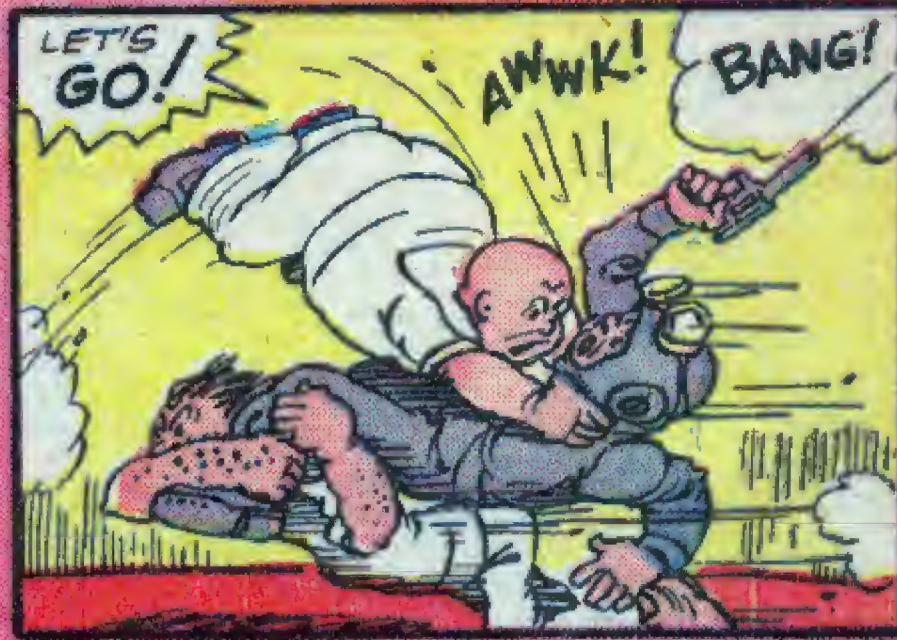
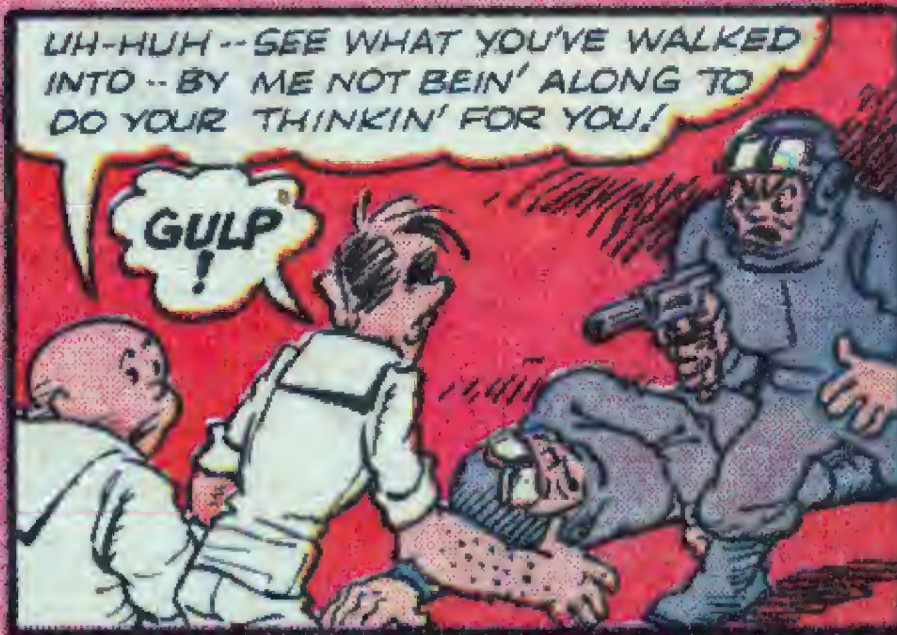
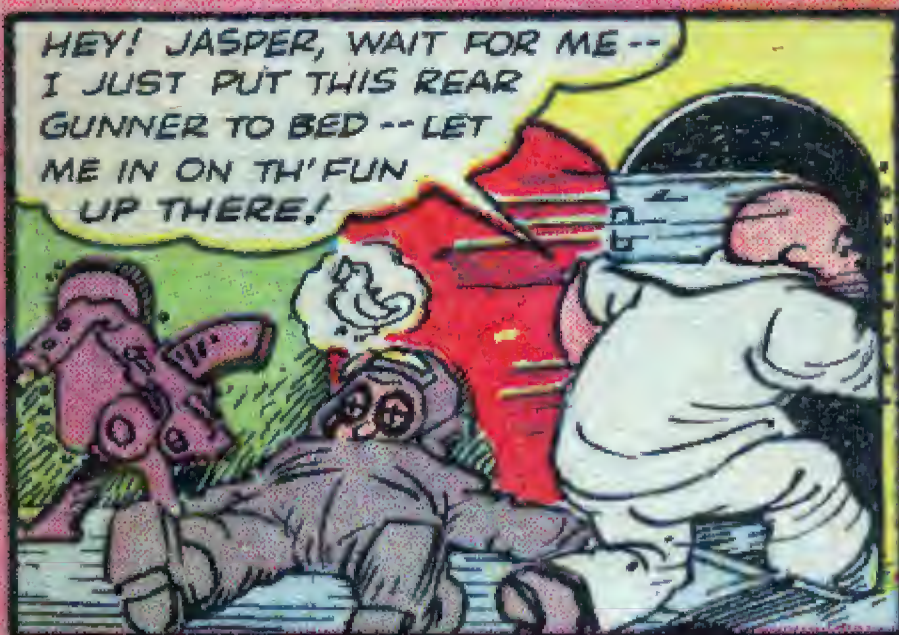
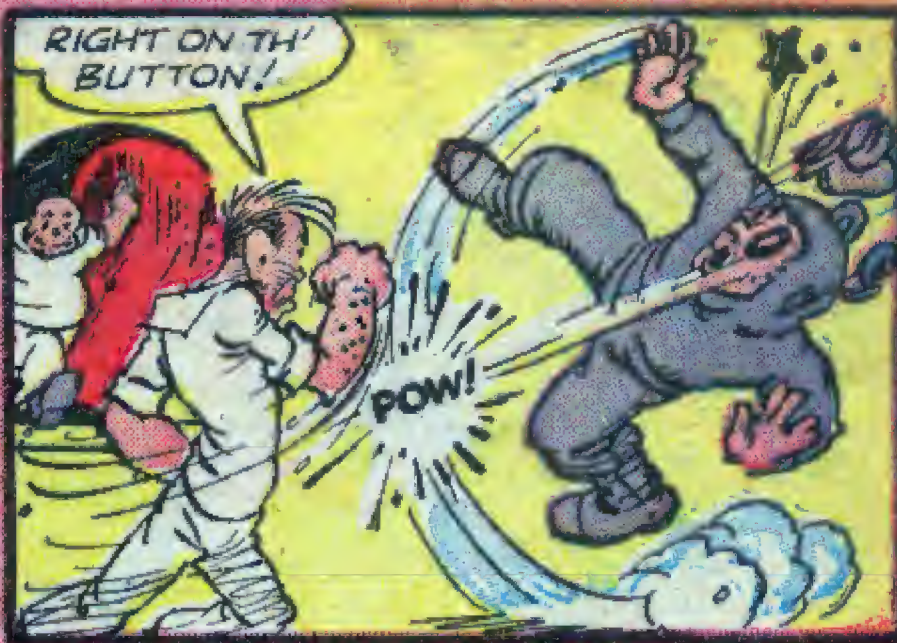
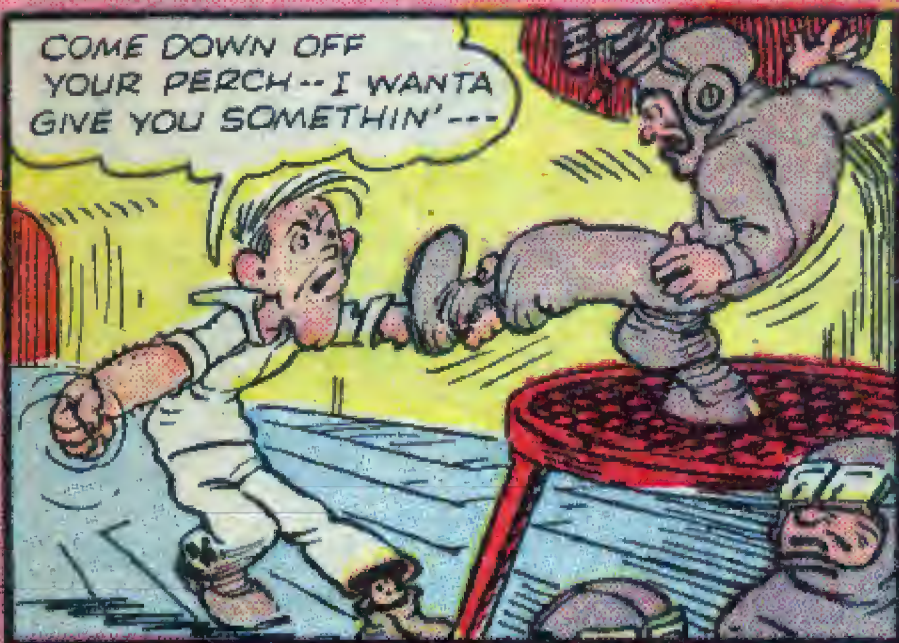
THE WHITE RIDER
WILL BE BACK
WITH
SUPERHORSE
IN THE NEXT
BLUE BOLT!

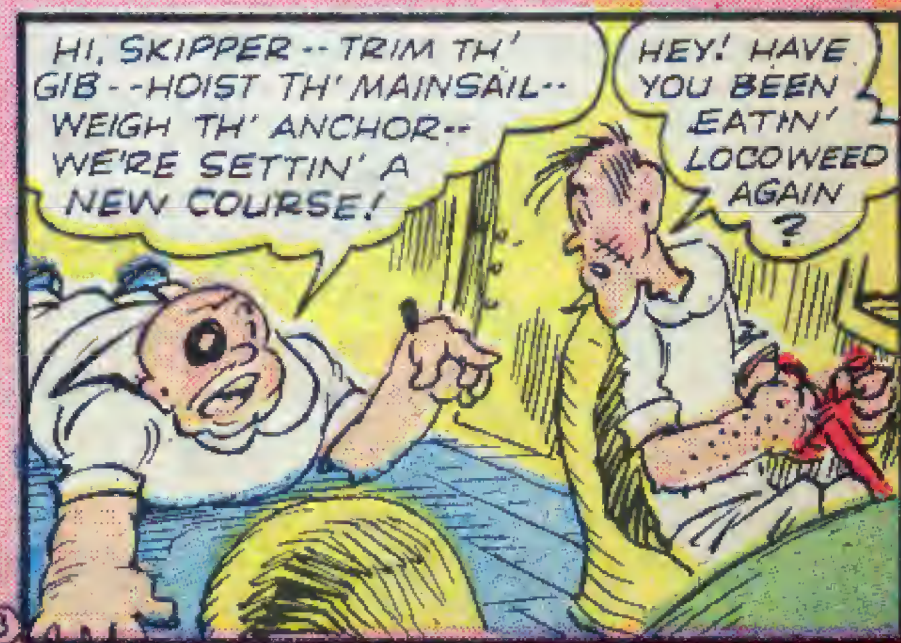
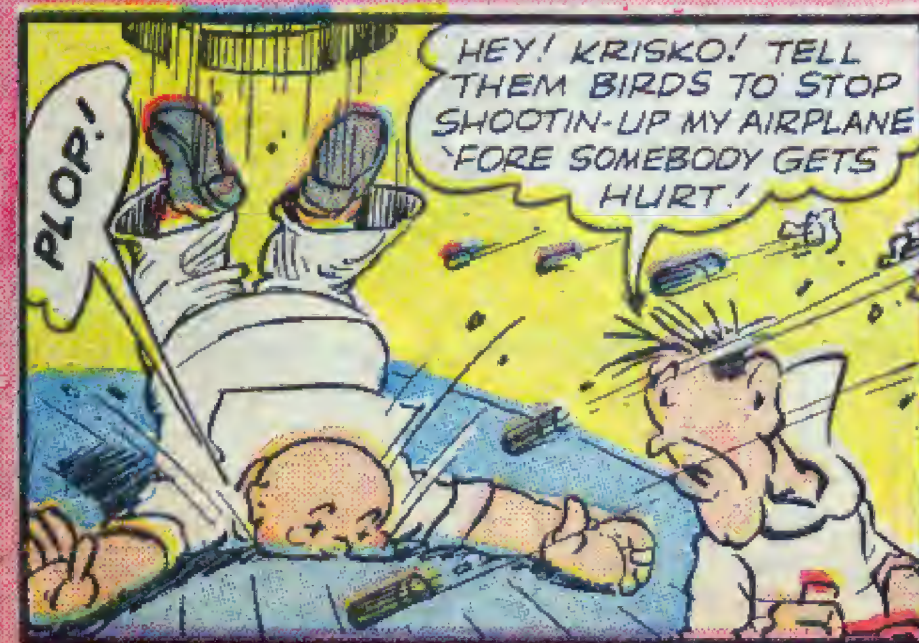
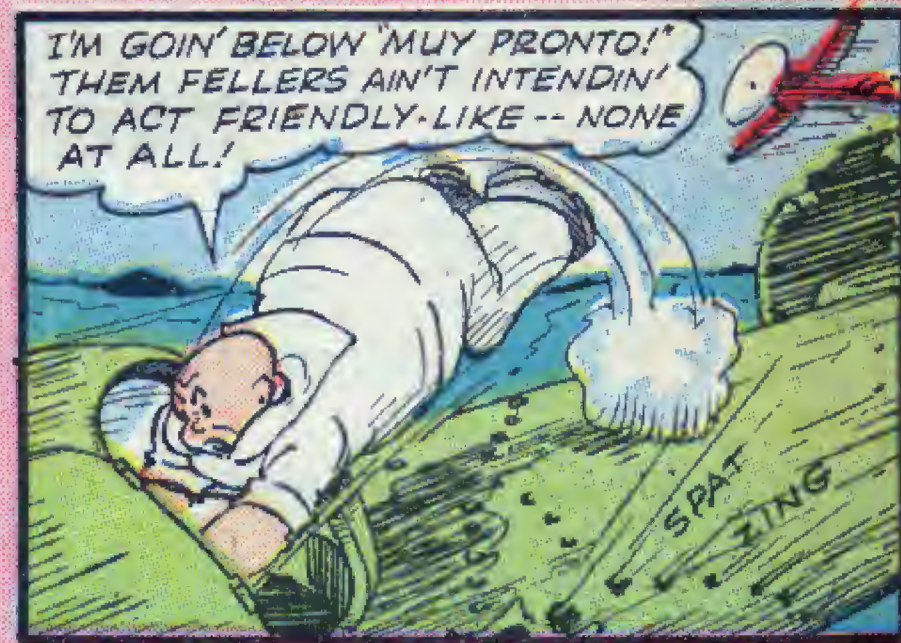
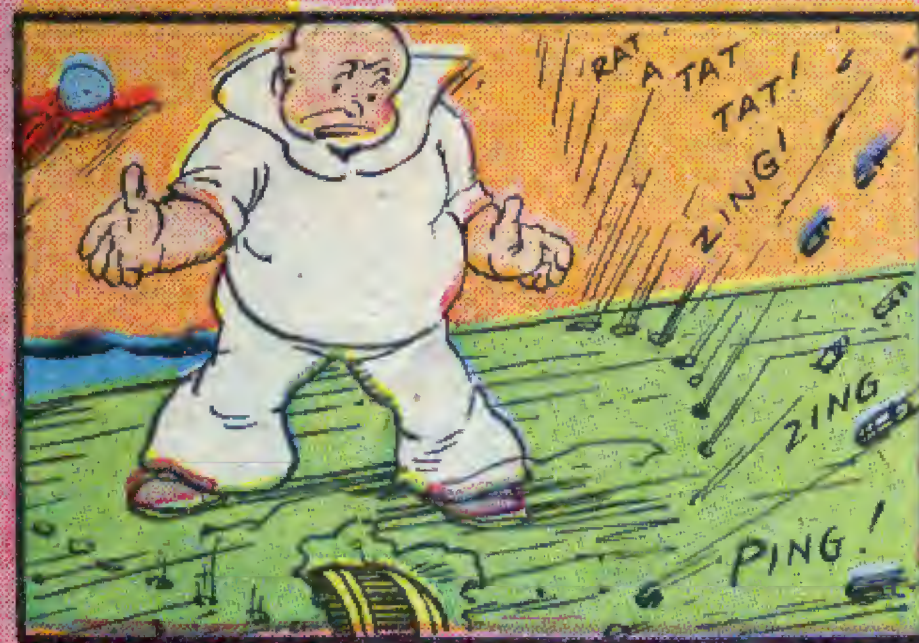
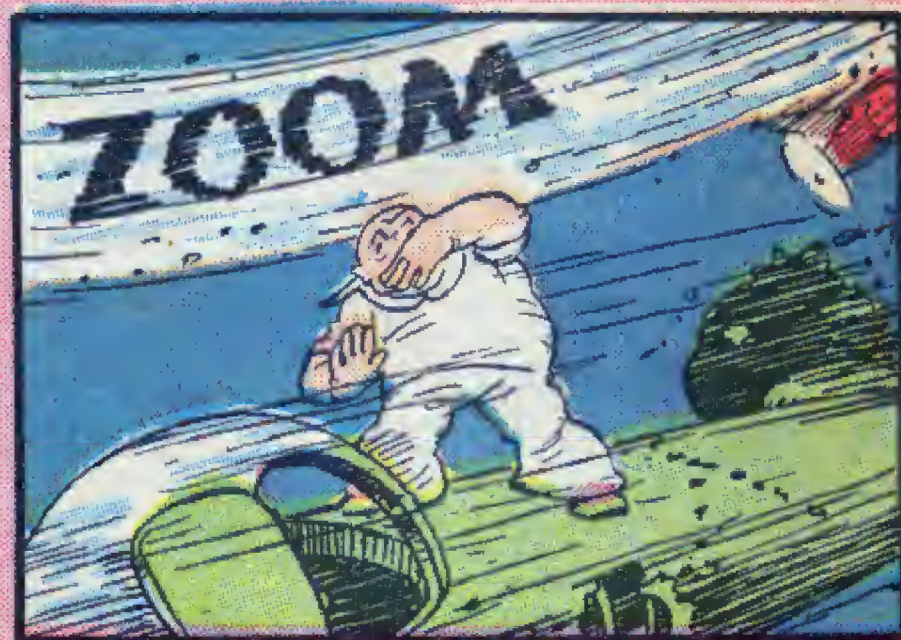
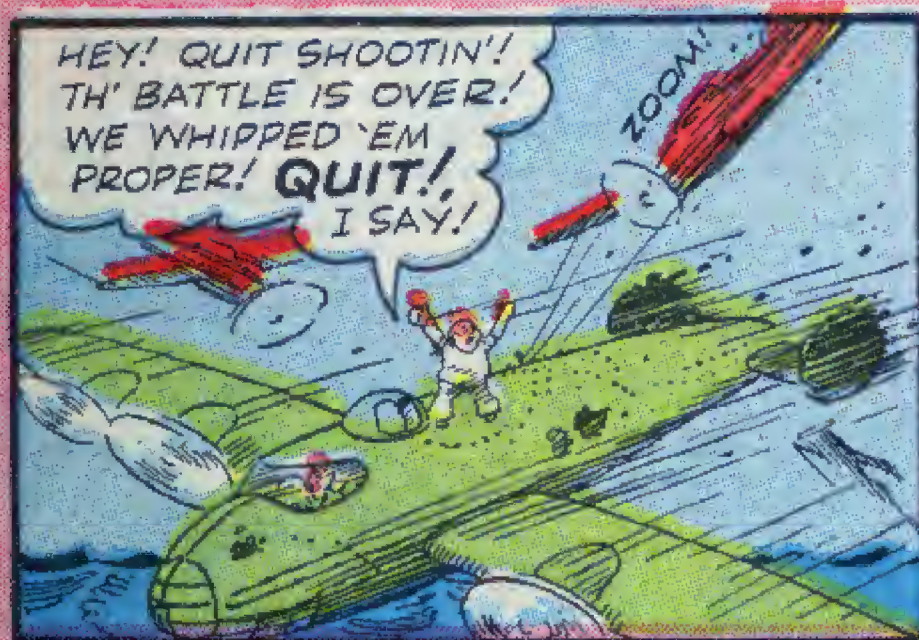
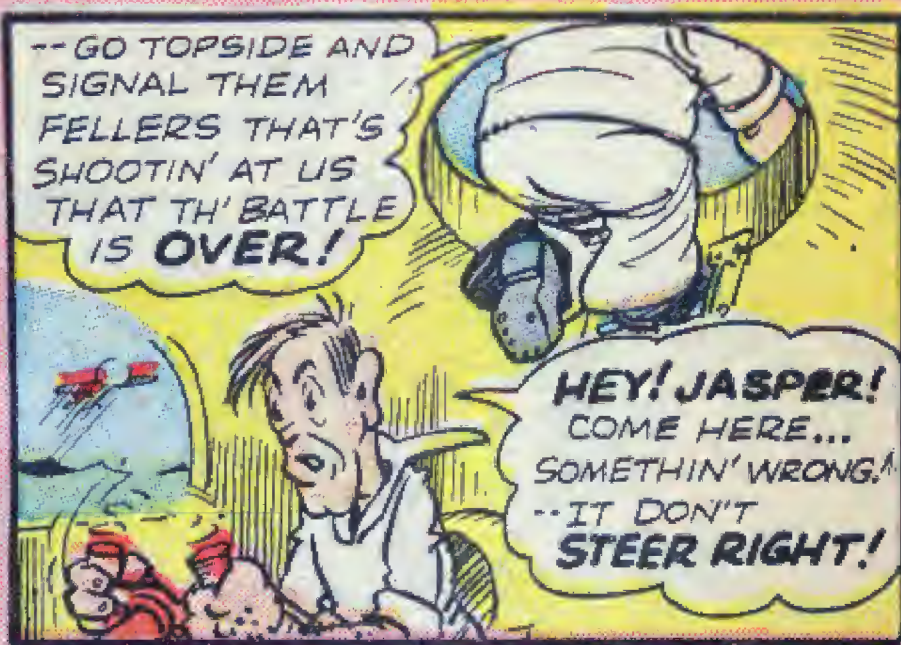
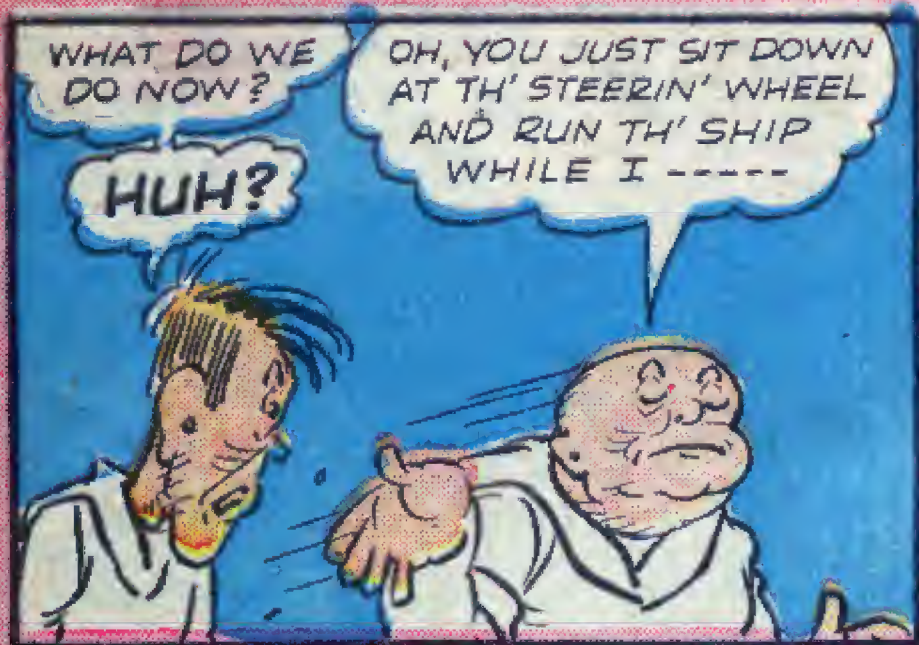
KRISKO and JASPER



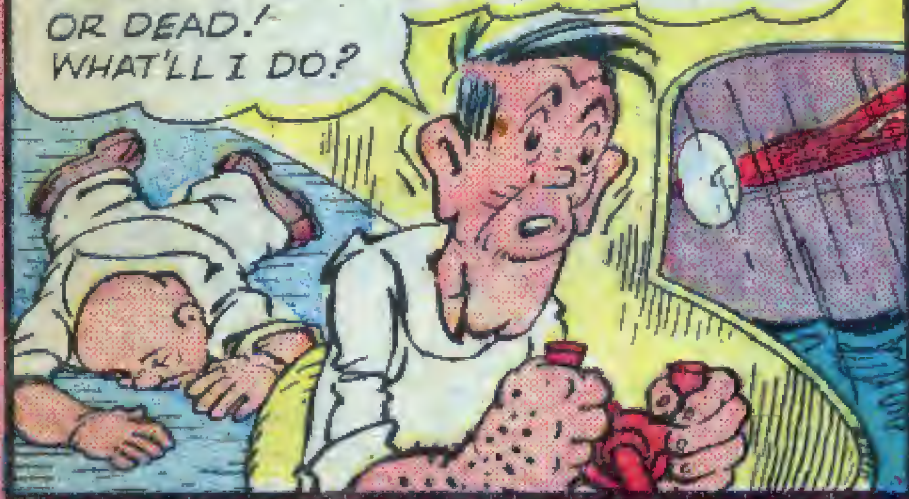
KRISKO AND JASPER WERE LEFT STRANDED ON A FLOATING MINE AND WERE PICKED UP BY AN ENEMY PLANE. THE PILOT TIED THEM UP, AND NOW THEY'RE IN A WORSE SPOT!



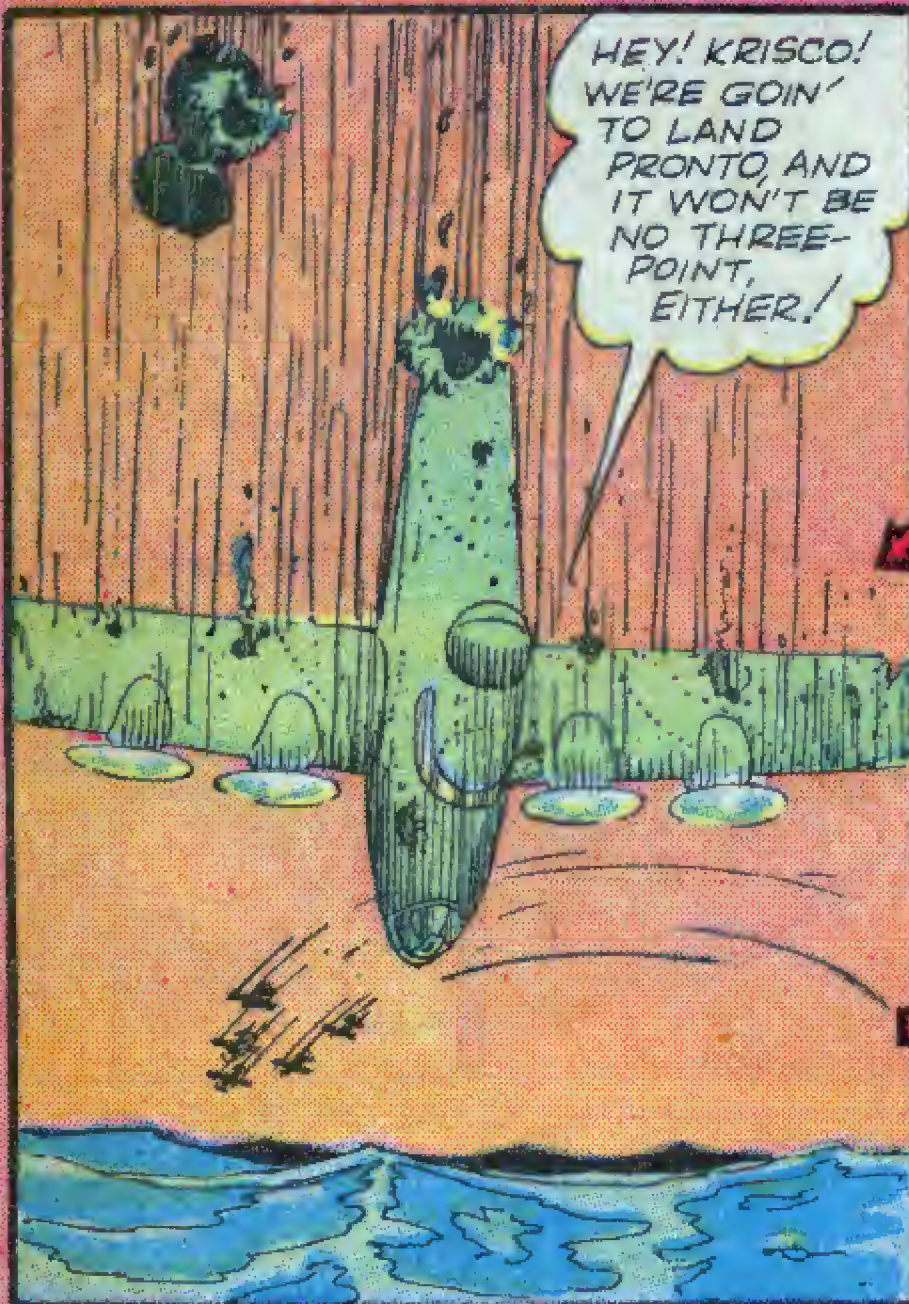




OMI-GOSH! I'M ALL ALONE NOW IN THIS
FLYIN' COFFIN. MY LIL' PARD IS
EITHER KNOCKED OUT, GONE LOCO..
OR DEAD!
WHAT'LL I DO?



HEY! KRISCO!
WE'RE GOIN'
TO LAND
PRONTO, AND
IT WON'T BE
NO THREE-
POINT,
EITHER!

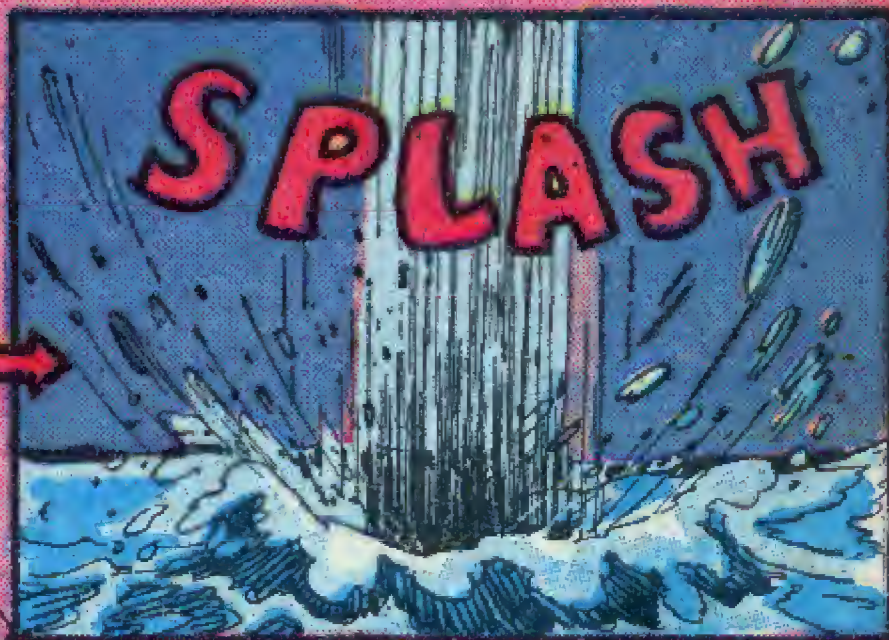


THERE, THAT'S THAT!
I CAN GO BACK AND
REPORT ANOTHER
ENEMY BOMBER
SHOT DOWN!



O-MI-GOSH!
THIS CRATE IS
FALLIN' INTO
TH' OCEAN!

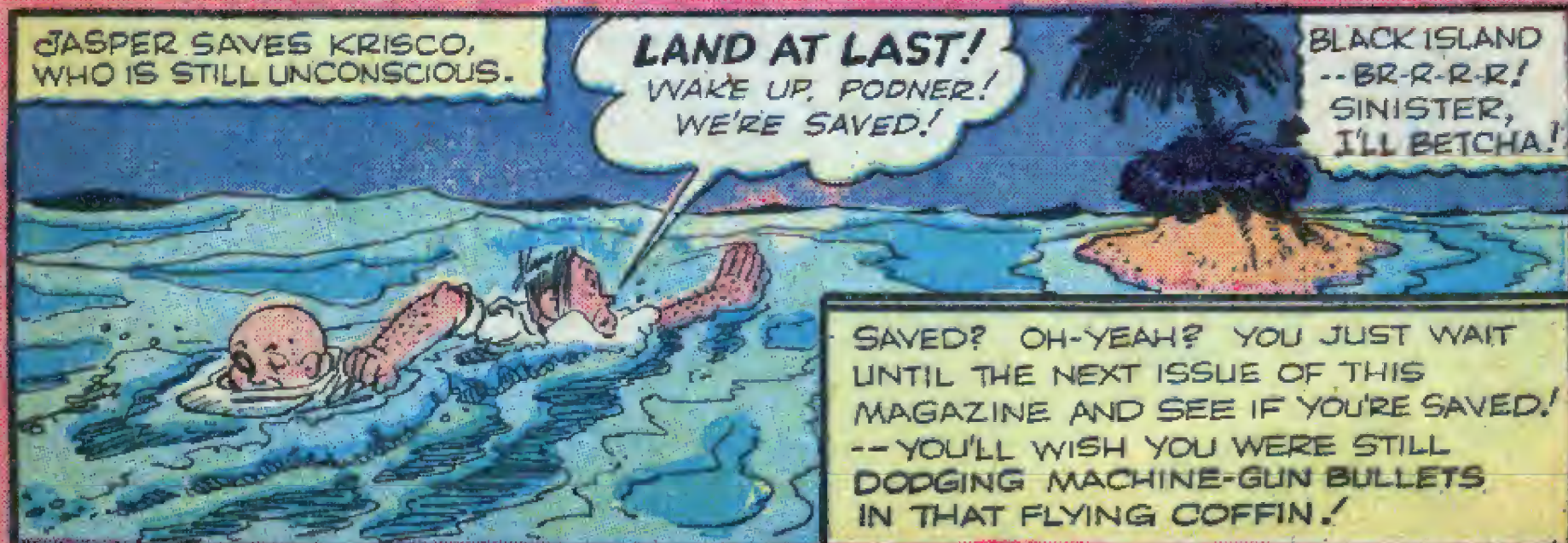
SPLASH



JASPER SAVES KRISCO,
WHO IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS.

LAND AT LAST!
WAKE UP, PODNER!
WE'RE SAVED!

BLACK ISLAND
--BR-R-R-R!
SINISTER,
I'LL BETCHA!



SAVED? OH-YEAH? YOU JUST WAIT
UNTIL THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS
MAGAZINE AND SEE IF YOU'RE SAVED!
--YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE STILL
DODGING MACHINE-GUN BULLETS
IN THAT FLYING COFFIN!

BLUE BOLT

The **AMERICAN!**



BLUE BOLT AND LOIS HAVE BEEN CALLED TO IRONVILLE, WHERE A SERIES OF DISASTROUS FIRES HAVE BROKEN OUT... THEY ARE IN CONFERENCE WITH THE POLICE CHIEF...

AND SO, BLUE BOLT, EIGHT OF OUR FACTORIES HAVE ALREADY BEEN BURNED DOWN! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!

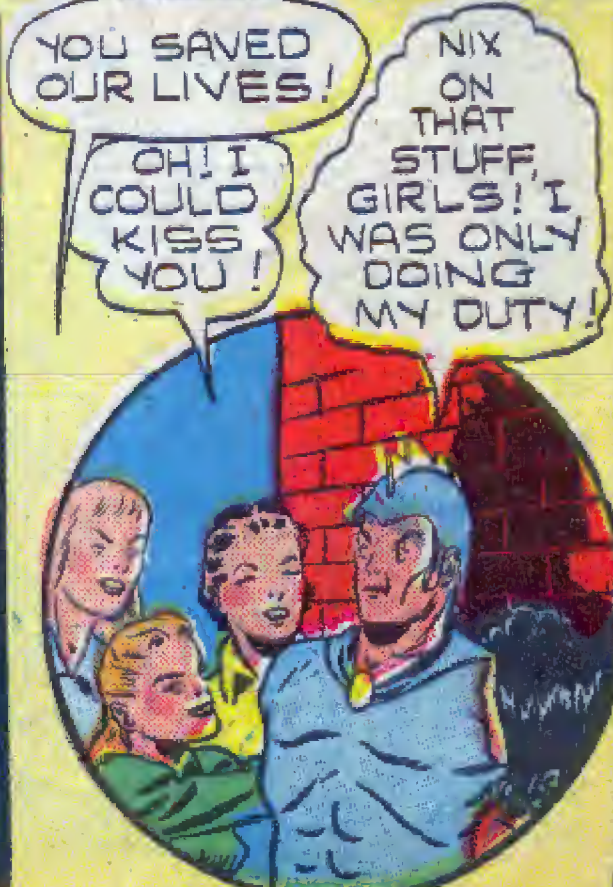
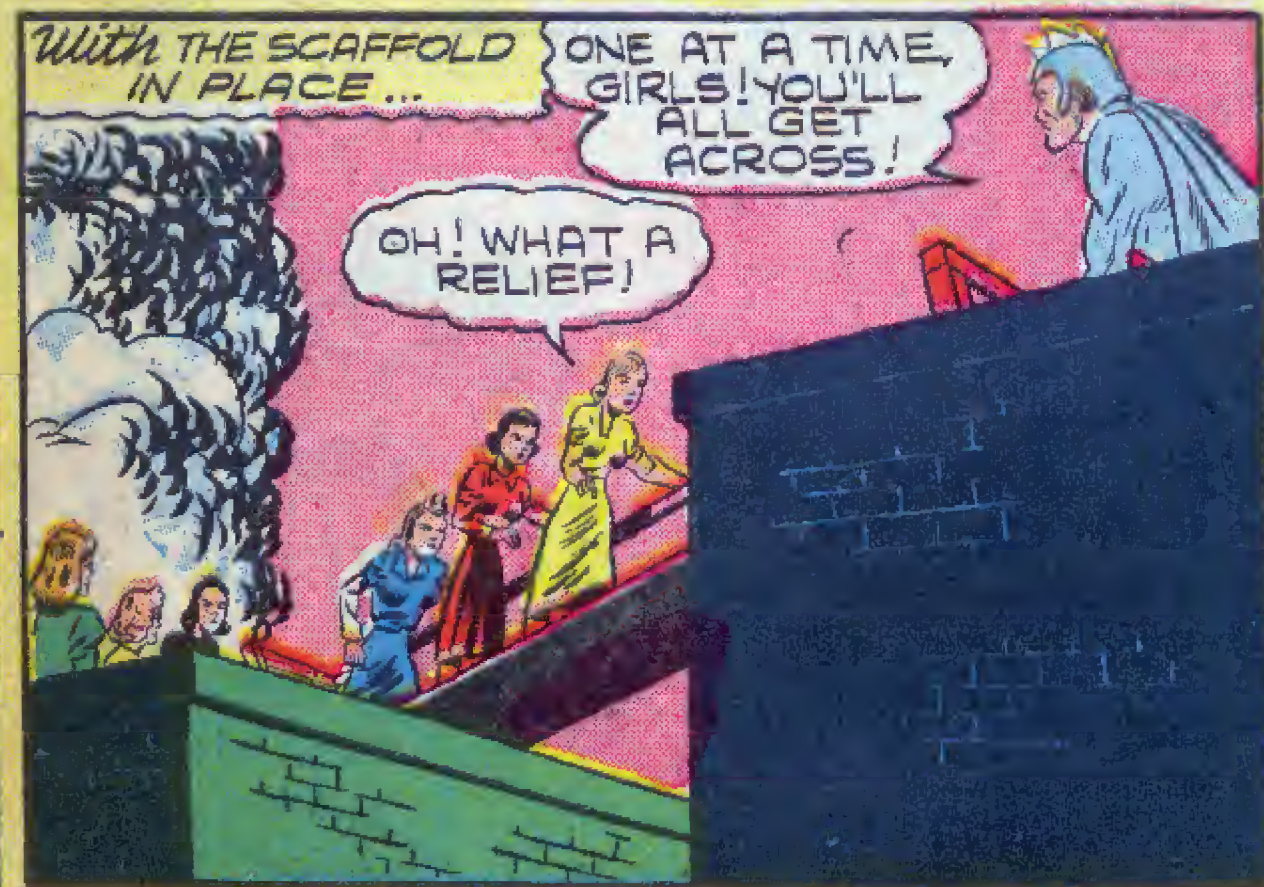
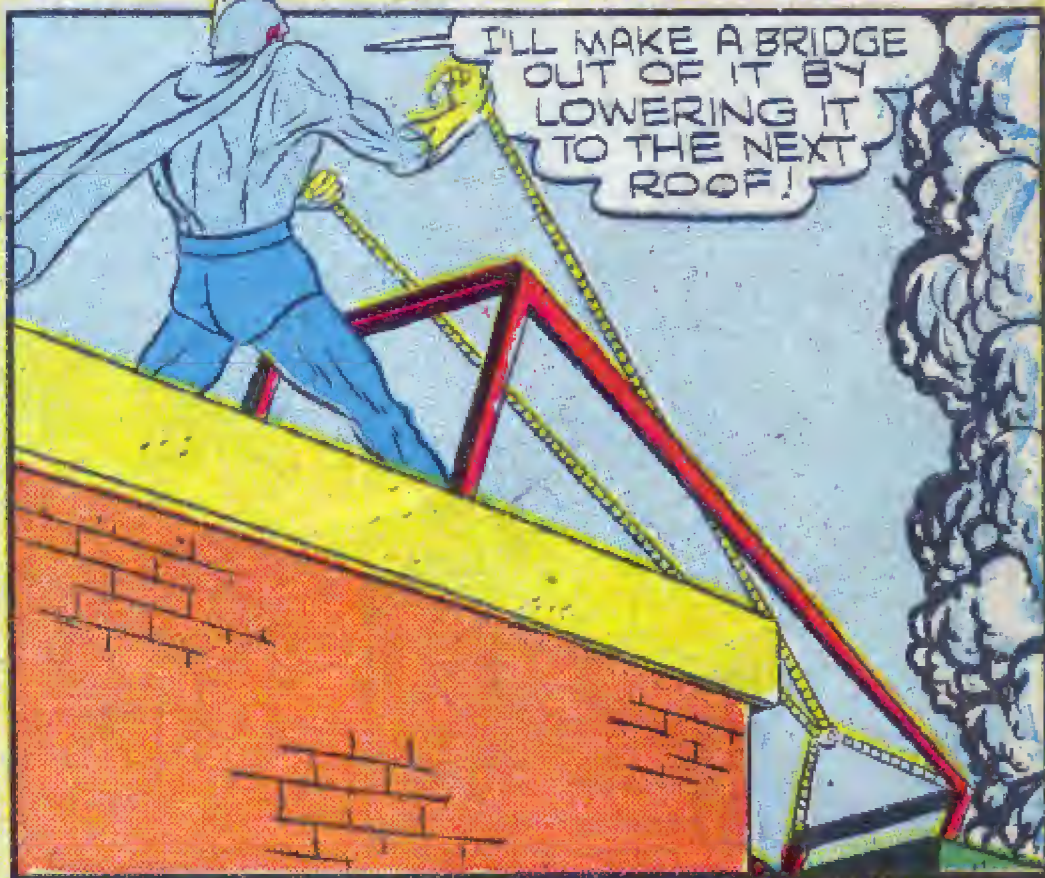
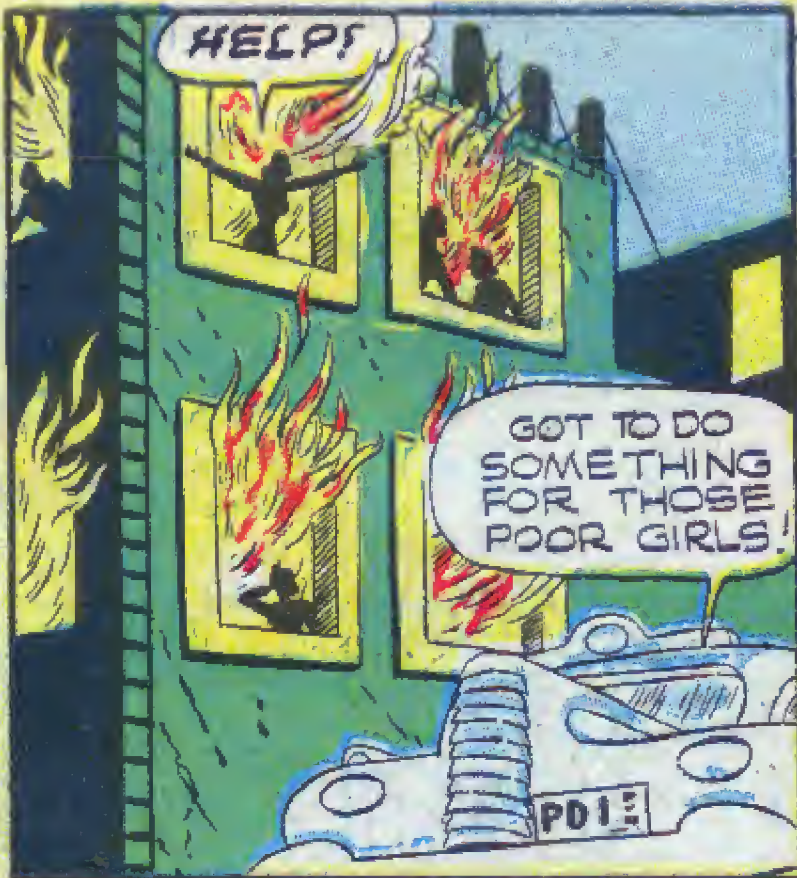
HMM...

CHIEF! ANOTHER FIRE! THE IRONVILLE TOOL COMPANY THIS TIME!

WHAT?

COME ON, BLUE BOLT... YOU TOO, LOIS! NO TIME TO LOSE! MURPHY, GET MY CAR!





THE CHIEF AND BLUE BOLT QUIZ ONE OF THE GIRLS...



ARE YOU SURE?

YES, I'M CERTAIN! THE FIRE IN MY PLANT STARTED IN MY OFFICE!



BLUE BOLT VISITS THE PRESIDENT OF ANOTHER BURNED PLANT!

AND YOU BELIEVE THE FIRE IN YOUR PLANT STARTED IN THE OFFICE?

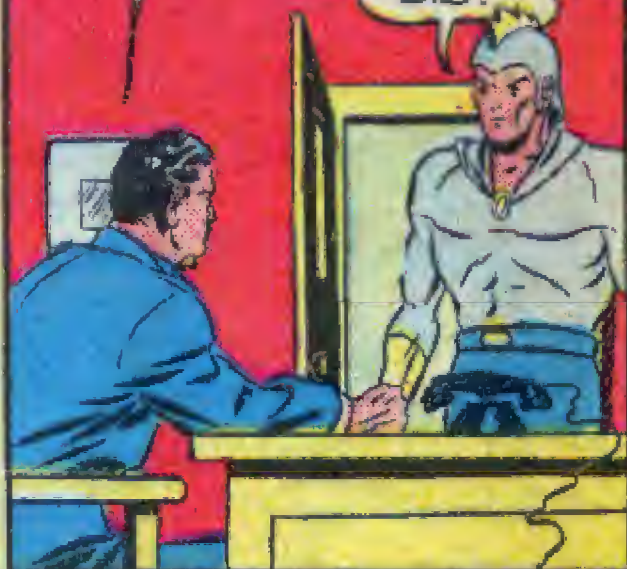
YES!

SO, IN EVERY CASE THE FIRES BROKE OUT IN THE OFFICE! NOW TO MAKE A LIST OF PEOPLE WHO FREQUENT THESE OFFICES!



HAVE YOU FOUND SOMETHING; BLUE BOLT?

NOTHING DEFINITE, YET! BUT I'M ON THE TRACK OF SOMETHING BIG!

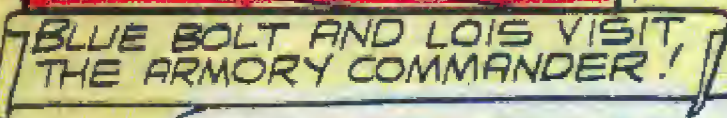
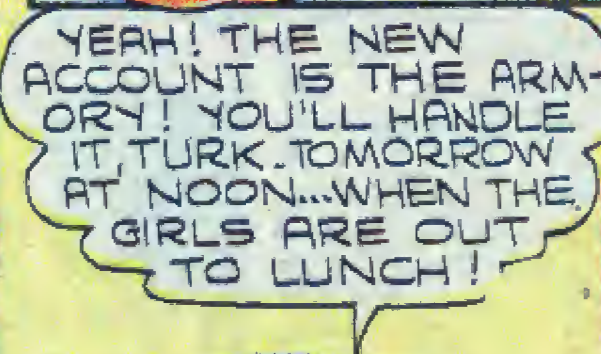
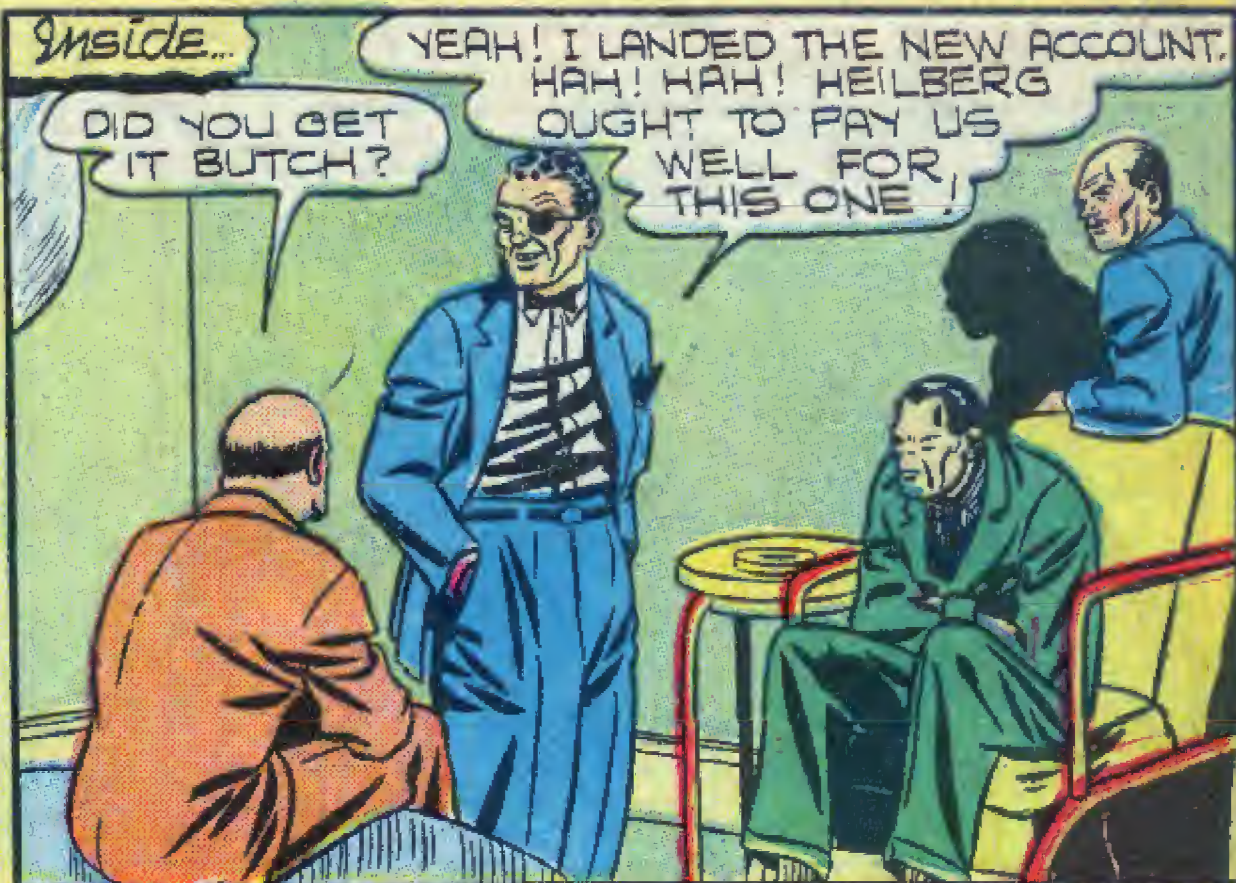
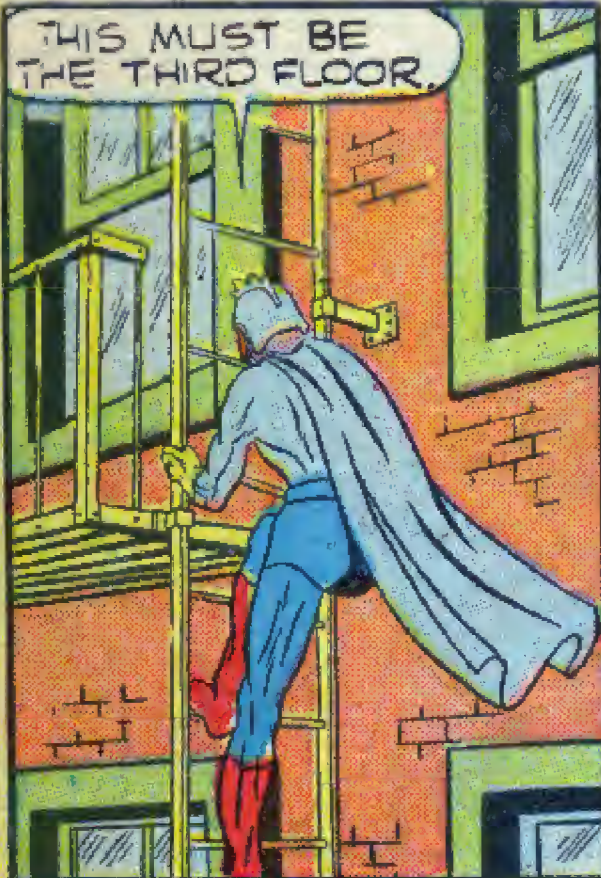


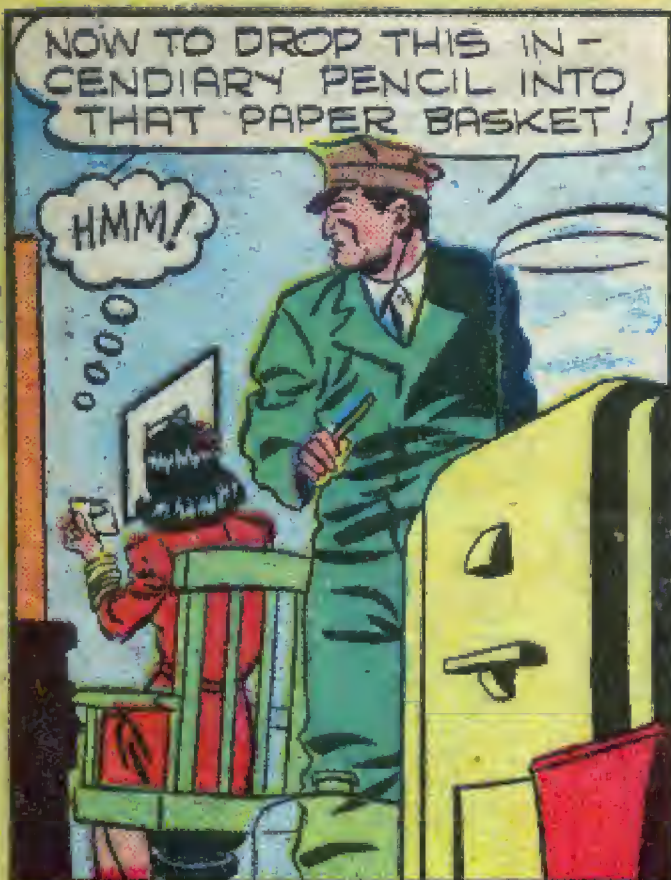
GO TO IT! YOU'LL HAVE MY CO-OPERATION ALL THE WAY!



I WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY FIRE ESCAPES HERE?







NOW TO DROP THIS INCENDIARY PENCIL INTO THAT PAPER BASKET!

HMM!



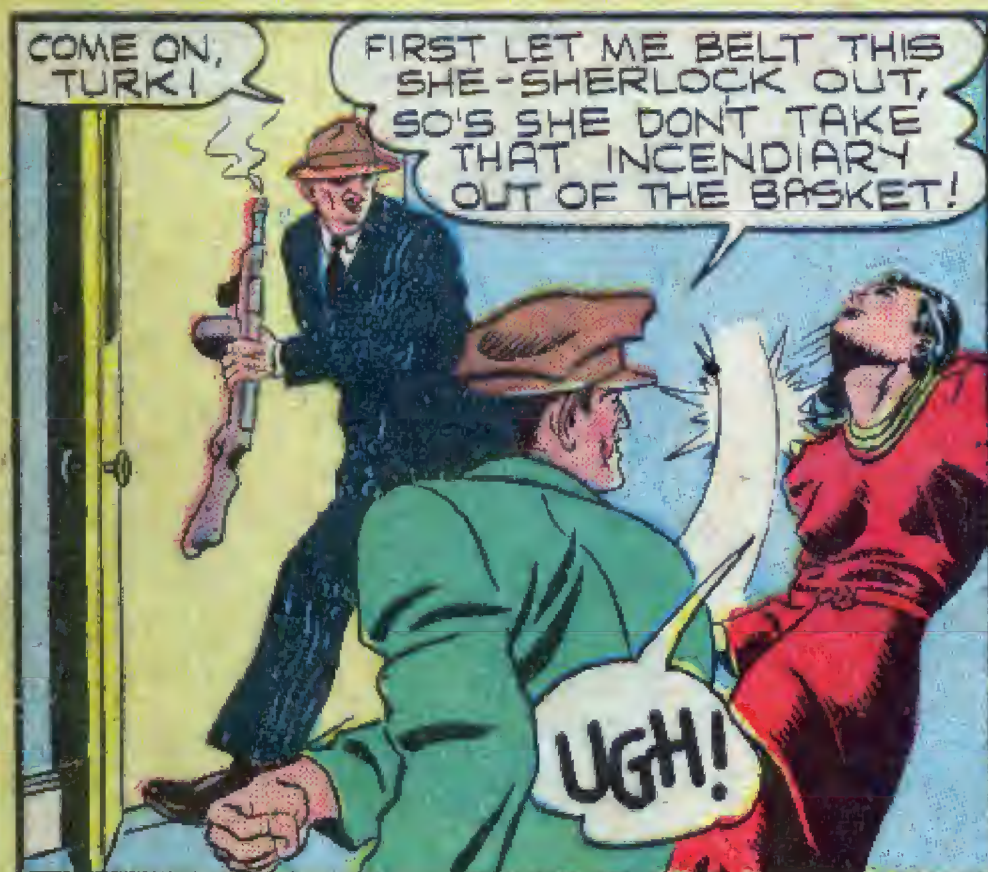
NO YOU DON'T! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!



THE UGLY NOSE OF A SUB-MACHINE GUN POKES INTO THE ROOM!

OH!

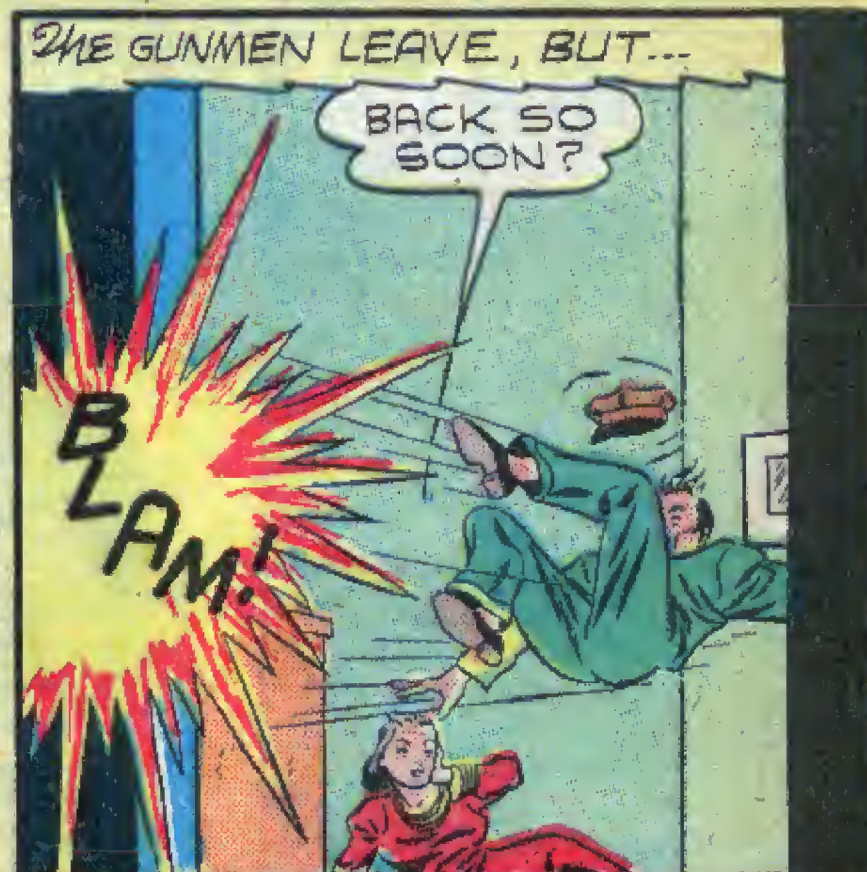
HA! HA! YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D COME ALONE DID YOU?



COME ON, TURKI!

FIRST LET ME BELT THIS SHE-SHERLOCK OUT, SO'S SHE DON'T TAKE THAT INCENDIARY OUT OF THE BASKET!

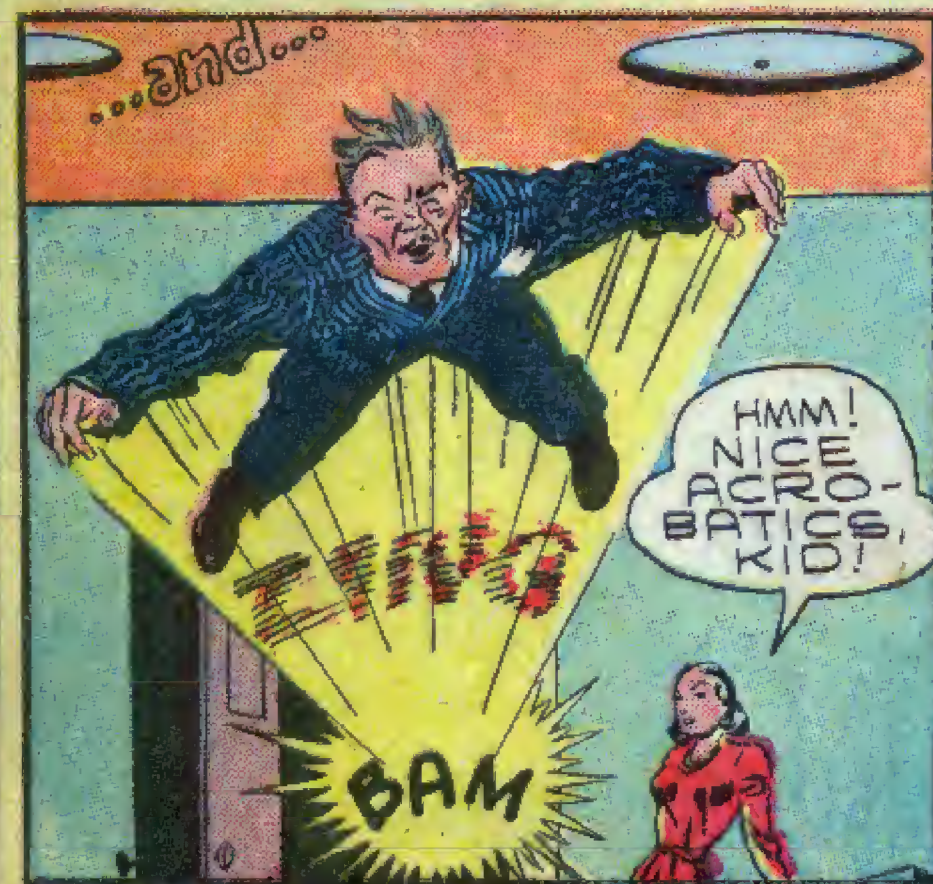
UGH!



THE GUNMEN LEAVE, BUT...

BACK SO SOON?

BLAM!



...and...

HMM! A NICE BRICK-KICK, KID!

BAM



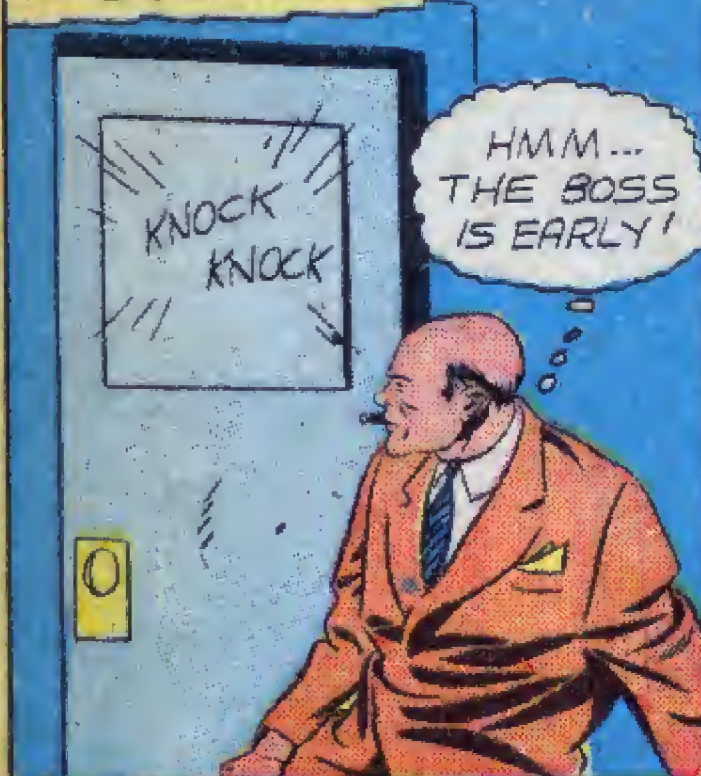
HAVE MY GUESTS ARRIVED?



I'VE CALLED THE POLICE. DID YOU FIND THE PENCIL?

YES! I'M GOING BACK TO THE WATER COMPANY.

THE OFFICE OF THE IRONVILLE
WATER COMPANY...



HMM...
THE BOSS
IS EARLY!

WHUP!



YOU'LL FIND IT
PLEASANT ON
THE ROOF,
HERE!

NICE PAPER
BASKET THE
BOYS HAVE!



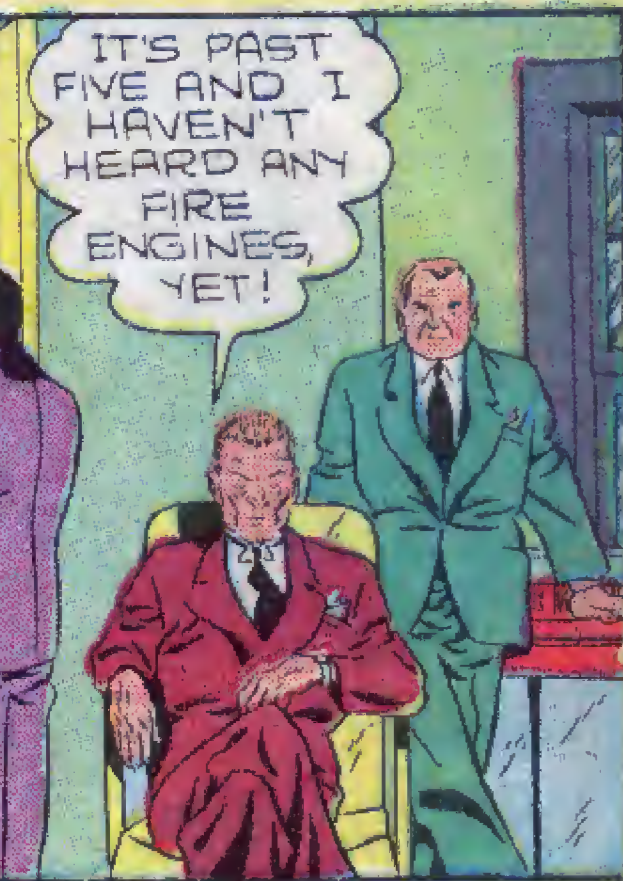
NOW TO TIP OFF
THE BOYS AT THE
POLICE DEPARTMENT
AND DROP THE
FIRE ESCAPE
LADDER!

THE GANGSTERS
RETURN...

THE BOYS SHOULD
BE BACK
SOON,
HEILBERG!

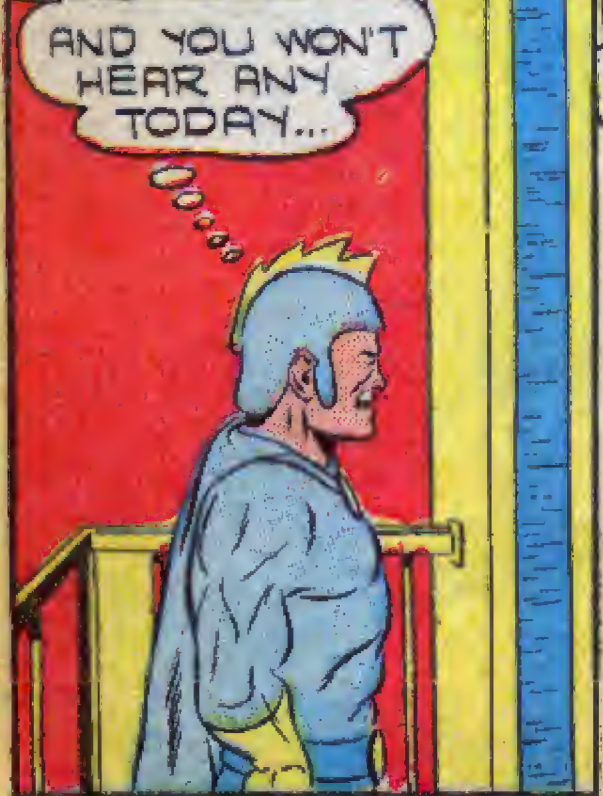


IT'S PAST
FIVE AND I
HAVEN'T
HEARD ANY
FIRE
ENGINES,
YET!



-OUTSIDE...

AND YOU WON'T
HEAR ANY
TODAY...



IF YOUR
BOYS HAVE
DOUBLE-
CROSSED
ME, I'LL...

TURK AND
LOUIE ARE
O.K. THEY
WILL BE
HERE!



Suddenly THE BASKET FLAMES.



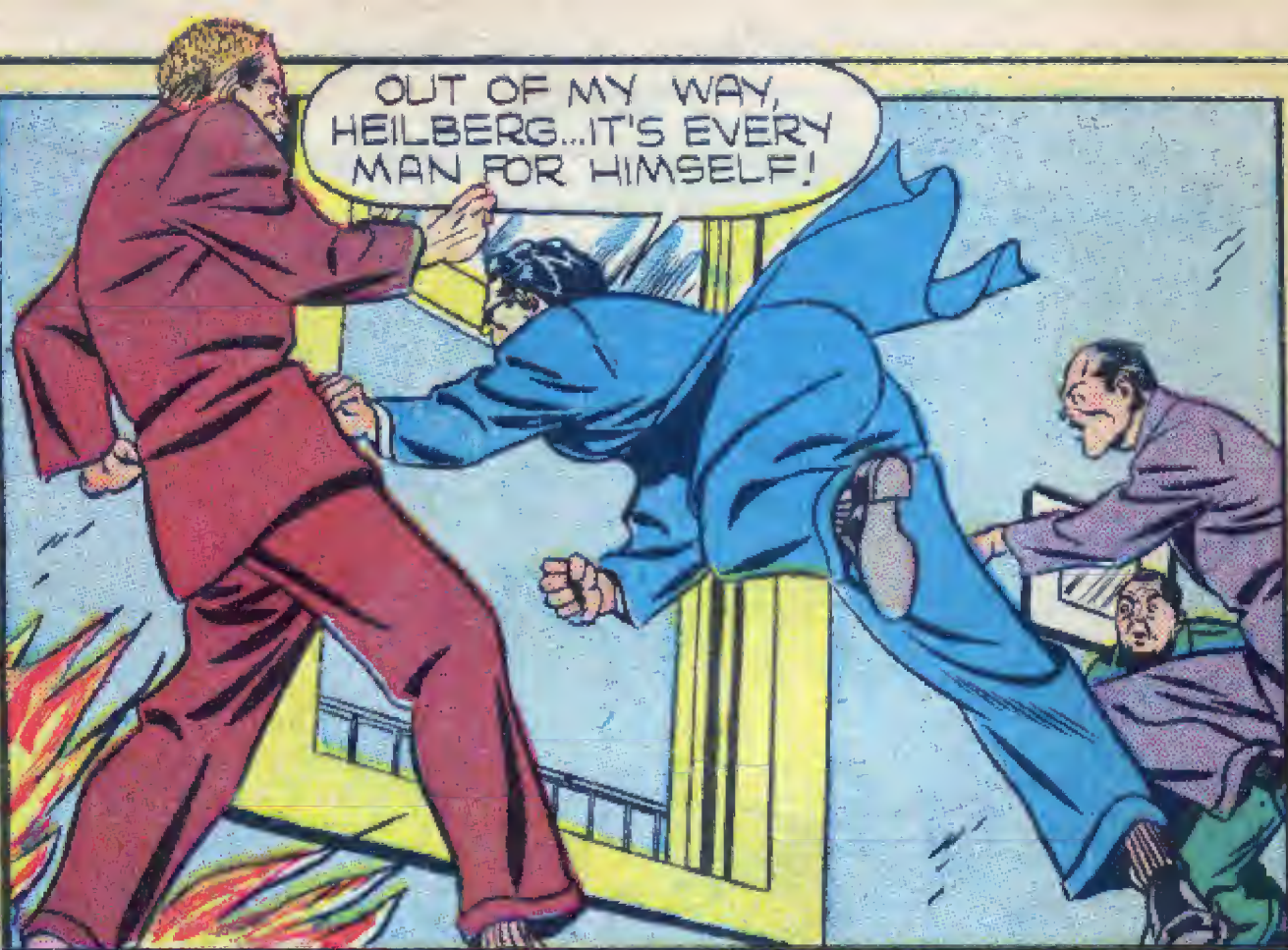
THE JOINT'S
ON FIRE!

LET'S
SCRAM!

THE DOOR'S LOCKED ON THE OUTSIDE!
THE WINDOW'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



OUT OF MY WAY, HEILBERG...IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!



HEY! SOMEONE'S DROPPED THE DESCENDING LADDER!

WELL, AT LEAST WE CAN GET TO THE ROOF!

HURRY! THE HEAT'S TERRIFIC!



WE'LL GO DOWN THROUGH ANOTHER BUILDING.



BUT-BLUE BOLT, WAITING ON THE ROOF, HAS OTHER IDEAS!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, PAL!

STEP ON IT! I'M BURNING UP!



C'MON, LET'S BLOW!

HERE'S WHERE THE FUN STARTS--THE FIREMEN HAVE ARRIVED!



ALL SET! LET'S GO!

ON A NEIGHBORING ROOF, LOIS IS READY WITH HER CAMERA!

BLUE BOLT HAD BETTER MAKE THIS GOOD! I SPENT FIVE BUCKS FOR FILM!



ON THE OTHER ROOF, BLUE BOLT GOES INTO ACTION!

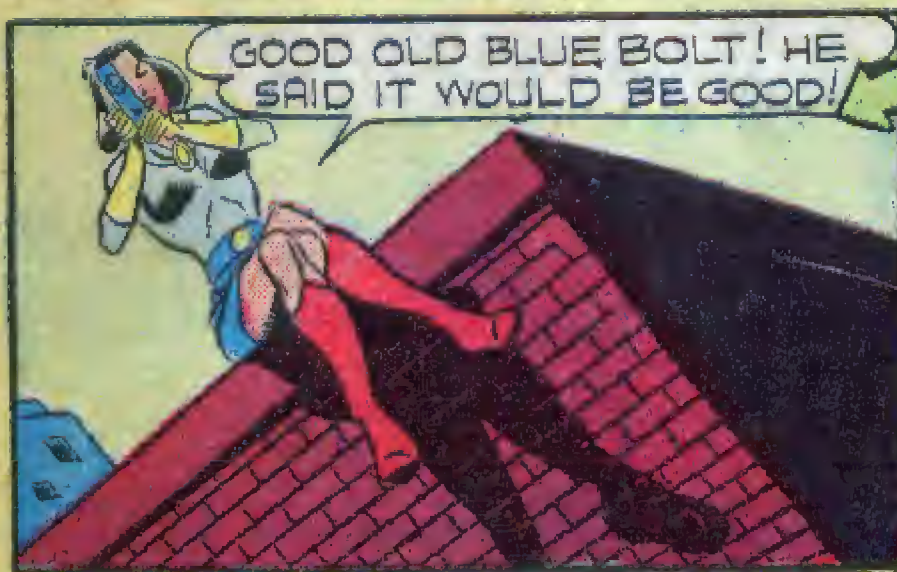


WANT A LITTLE RIDE? HERE GOES!



BACK IN THE YARD, THE POLICE HAVE TAKEN OVER...

SO! IT'S HEILBERG! THE F.B.I. WILL ATTEND TO YOU!



LATER, IN THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE!

BUT, BLUE BOLT, HOW DID YOU KNOW THE WATER COOLER OUTFIT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FIRES?

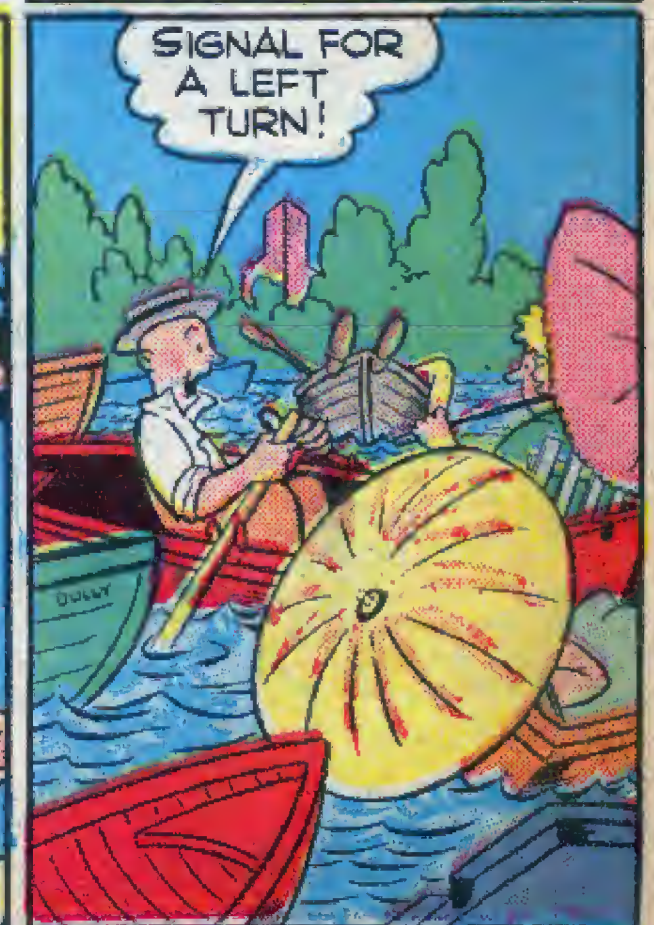
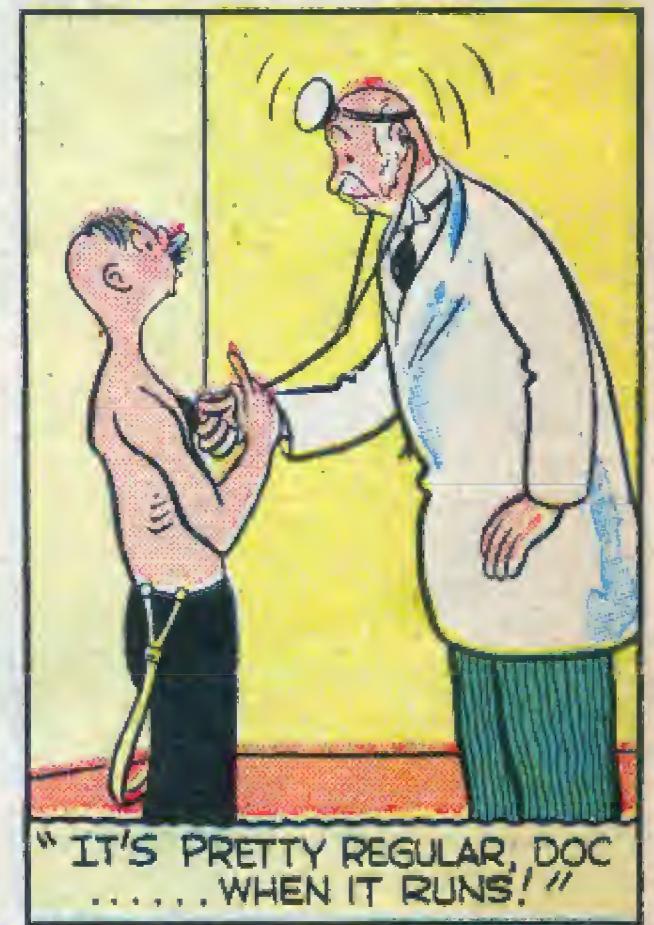
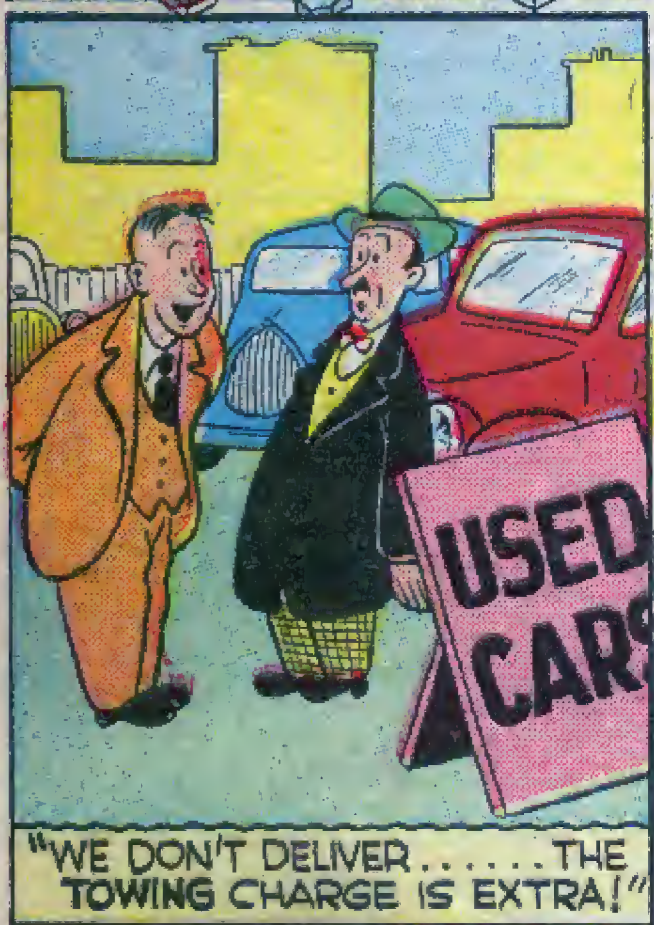
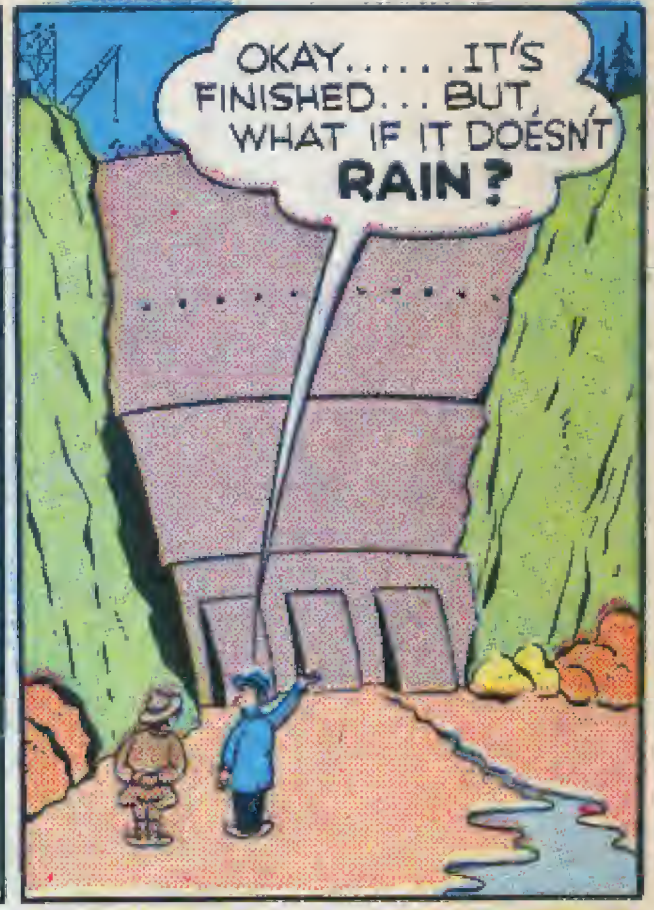
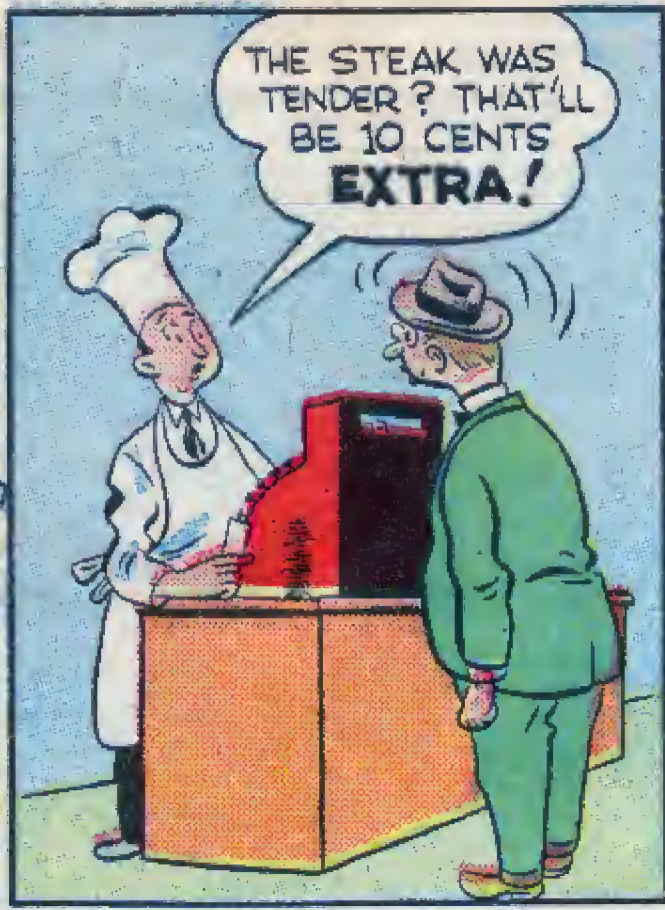
I FOUND THAT IN EVERY CASE THE PLANT HAD BEEN SUPPLIED BY THE SAME WATER COMPANY. THE BANK TOLD ME THAT SCHULTZ WAS A NEW MAN IN TOWN AND HAD JUST BOUGHT THE WATER COMPANY WHEN FIRES STARTED TO BREAK OUT ALL OVER TOWN, I INVESTIGATED, AND YOU KNOW THE REST.



BLUE BOLT BLAZES

Into
ACTION
Again
**NEXT
MONTH!**

BLUE BOLTS and NUTS





BIG NEW DICTIONARY

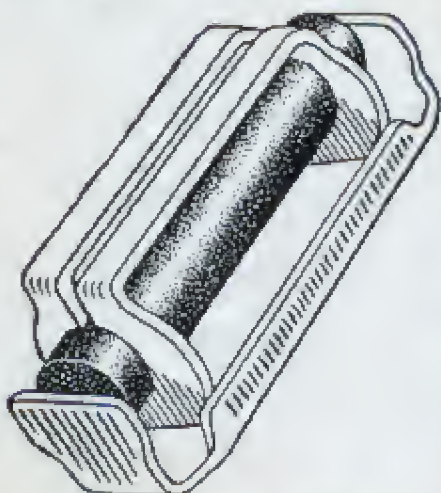
ONLY **30¢**

SHARP SKATES

FOR GREATER SPEED!

Pocket-sized for convenience, this handy 2" Skate Sharpener will keep your blades keen and glistening. Illustrated instructions for using are included.

No. MO-147 **30c**



U. S. ARMY PLANES USE SAME PLASTIC

The slick plastic from which REX RISTLITE is designed is used in new experimental fighting planes. Ristlite attaches to wrist, belt or coat button. Throws 500 ft. beam.

No. MO-202 (with batteries) **98c**



a flashlight that gives you

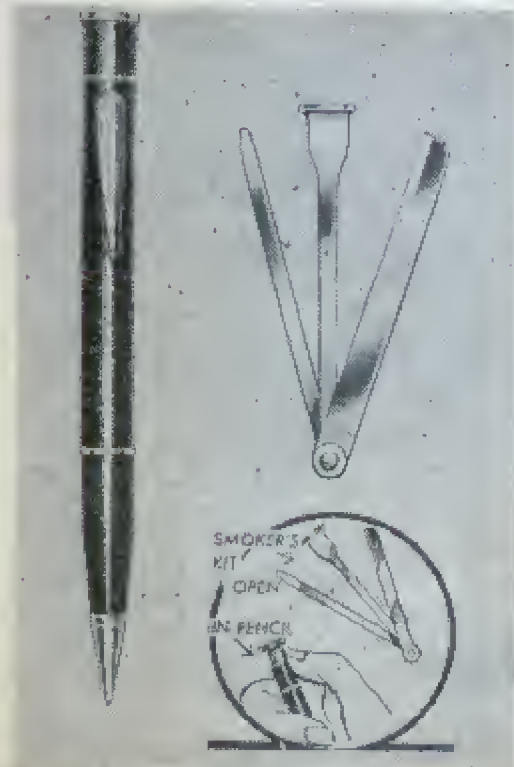
FREE USE OF BOTH HANDS!

A SWELL GIFT FOR MEN IN SERVICE

or

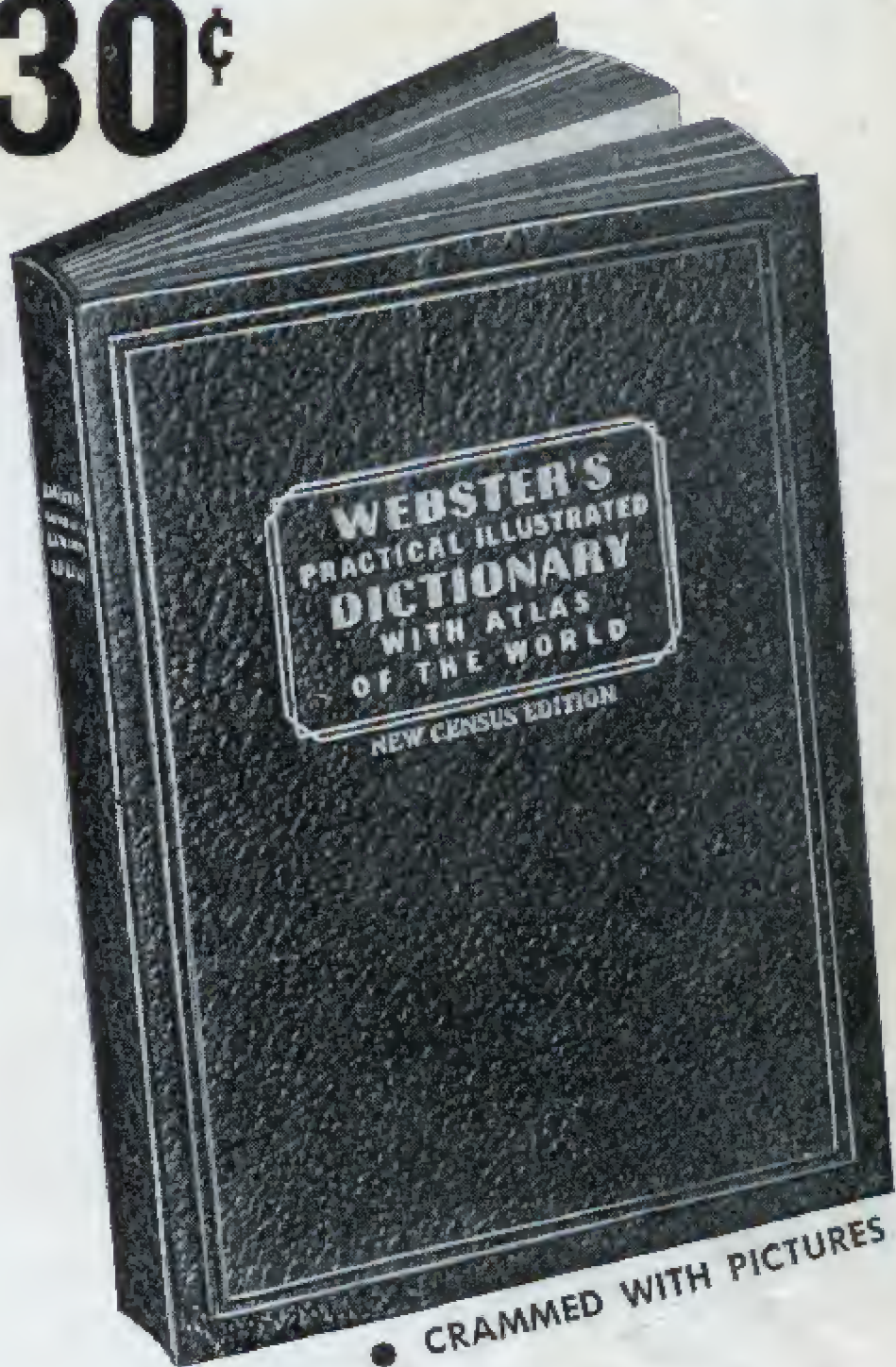
**A BIRTHDAY
PRESENT
FOR DAD—
BUY NOW
AND GIVE
LATER.**

PIPE SMOKER'S COMPANION PENCIL



This handsome black pencil contains smoker's kit in upper section which may be released by a flip of the finger. Features of kit include steel tamper for packing tobacco in pipe bowl; reamer for cleaning stem (reamer also acts as cigar piercer); scraper for cleaning bowl.

No. MO-208 **\$1.00**



● CRAMMED WITH PICTURES

● JAMMED WITH FACTS

THIRTY-TWO FULL COLOR MAPS FOR LOCATING WORLD ACTION CENTERS

Every up-and-coming boy who is interested in some particular branch of work or hobby will want this 394-page reference book always handy in his room. In addition to 40,000 word meanings and 192 pictures, it has 14 sections containing varied interesting information. Cover of smart-looking black simulated leather stamped with gold lettering.

No. MO-209 **30c**

—GIVE ARTICLE NUMBER—PUT COINS BETWEEN CARDBOARD.

EASY TO ORDER



Send Your Order and Remittance to

Treasure House Dept.

115 West 19th Street
New York, N. Y.

NOVELTY PRESS INC.



Customers living outside the United States must remit in U.S. currency only and must pay all duty charges on delivery of merchandise.

PRIZES FOR ALL!

Any prize shown in this circle, and dozens of others in our **FREE PRIZE BOOK**, is **GIVEN** to you for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Everybody wants American Seeds—they are fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once. Send the coupon now for **FREE SINGING LARIAT**, Seeds and Free Prize Book showing over sixty prizes like Toilet Set, Roller Skates, Radio, etc.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 803, Lancaster, Pa.

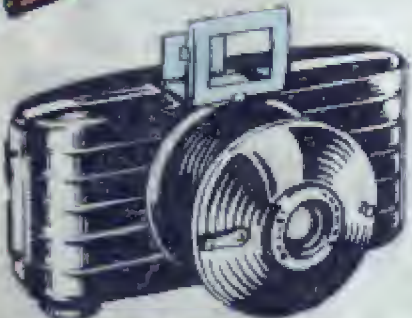


RED RYDER LICENSED BY
STEPHEN SLESINGER INC., NEW YORK



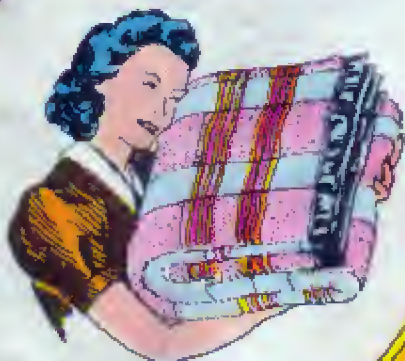
DAISY'S RED RYDER CARBINE

A lightning - loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot Air Rifle.

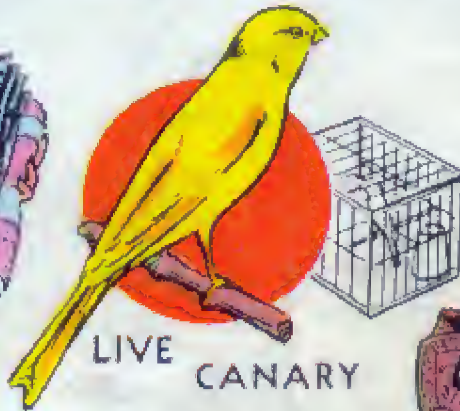


EASTMAN CAMERA

Given for selling only one order.



Pepperell "Warmweave" part-wool blanket. Warm, soft and fleecy!



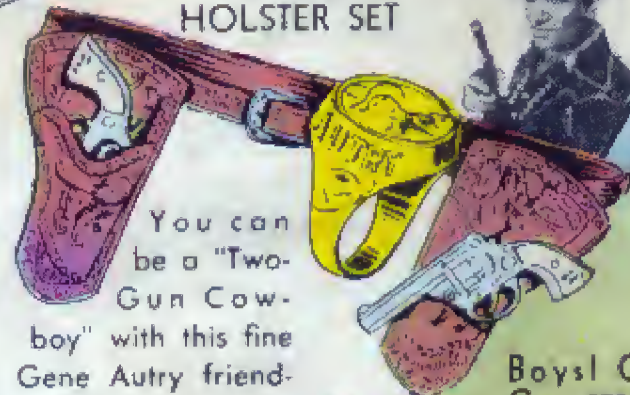
LIVE CANARY

given for selling only one order. Safe delivery guaranteed.

CROQUET SET
Complete set given for selling one order.

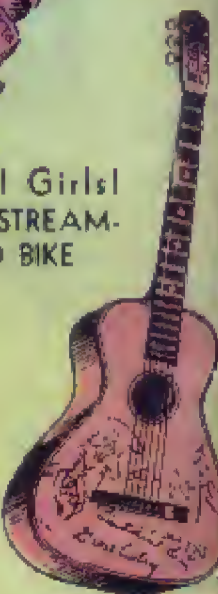


GENE AUTRY TWO-GUN HOLSTER SET



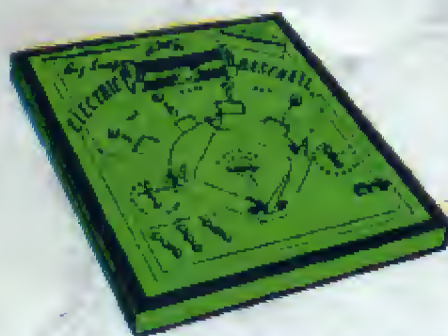
You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring FREE.

Boys! Girls! Get a **STREAM-LINED BIKE**



GENE AUTRY GUITAR

Full size, full tone, decorated with western scene and Gene Autry's signature.



Electric Baseball Game. Hours of fun for all the family—the game you'll never tire of playing.



Complete Basketball Set. For boys and girls.

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Given for selling extra orders as explained in **BIG PRIZE BOOK**.

SEND COUPON TODAY

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 803, LANCASTER, PA.

Please send my **FREE SINGING LARIAT**, the **BIG GIFT BOOK**, and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box or Street No. _____

City _____

State _____

FREE! A GENUINE SINGING LARIAT GIVEN FREE FOR MAILING THE COUPON TODAY! ACT AT ONCE



Publication: Blue Bolt Comics vol.2 no.11

Date: December, 1948

Publisher: Better Publications of Canada Ltd.

Notes: One less Black Terror story than the American version and no Spectro.

Scanner: Eric Schumacher <goldenyearspub@gmail.com>

Scanning Date: August 26, 2002

Credits:

Cover: A: Harold DeLay

Dick Cole: W: Bob Davis; A: Al Fagaly

Sergeant Spook: W: Kermit Jaediker; A: John Jordan

Edison Bell: W: Ray Gill; A: Harold DeLay

Phantom Sub: W: Bill O'Connor; A: Ben Flinton (p) and Lenoard Sasone (i)

Text: W: Andrew McWhiney

Sub-Zero: W: (?); A: Larry Antonette

Old Cap Hawkins' Tales: W: (?); A: Harry Ramsey

White Rider and Super Horse: W: (?); A: Bill Brady

Krisko and Jasper: W: Jack Warren; A: Jack Warren

Blue Bolt: W: (?); A: George Mandel (p) and Alan Mandel (i)

Blue Bolts and Nuts: W: Martin Filchock; A: Martin Filchock